

KARL GRIER

Strange Story of a Man With a Sixth Sense

By LOUIS TRACY

I. The Affair of the Tea-Garden

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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THE chief actor in the singular, perhaps unprecedented, incidents herein recorded now leads a sedate existence of British top-hatted respectability. Many reputable citizens of London and Edinburgh, not to mention cosmopolitan Paris and New-York, to whom he is known personally would be exceedingly surprised were they to recognize, through the thin disguise of places and people, the popular man of the world whose extraordinary career is now set forth for the first time.

Some few there are who dimly comprehend Karl Grier's secret. They, for reasons that shall be obvious, will keep their amazed imaginings locked in their own hearts. Others, men of precise science for the most part, who have been approached in order that certain remarkable phenomena might be sanely investigated, refute with scorn the suggestion that such a person ever lived. That is to say, they cannot defy Karl Grier, with his giant frame and his hearty whole-souled laugh, but they do deny most emphatically that he ever possessed the unknown power which he exercised in a marvelous way during several eventful years.

If aught could make Karl angry, it is the stupid agnosticism of these learned critics, true children of the dull tribe which began ages ago to create its own unbending gods of stone and wood, and has been setting up barriers to knowledge ever since, building dogmatic walls the crossing of which is forbidden by bell, book and candle.

Yet it is not within my province to rail against these infallibles, who smile at the density which imprisoned Galileo in the sixteen hundreds but refuse to-day's evidence of a new realm in man's mental activity. Sometimes Karl has been tempted, with me, his biographer, as tempter, to place before an astounded world such an array of facts as must convert these scoffers into fervid disciples. He has been deterred (and here I may claim some credit too) by personal considerations, by dread of the fierce light of publicity being shed on those near and dear to him, and, in lesser degree, by the fact that a settled, happy existence has stifled the weird and subtle sense which was vouchsafed to him during the growth and plenitude of his bodily and spiritual powers. So, peace be to the critics. "*E pur si muove!*" sighed the astronomer, recanting the truth to save his life.

For, without further preamble be it said, my friend Grier was endowed with, or permitted by Providence to use, a sixth sense, which he and I, seeking its correct classification in after years, named *telegnomy*, or far-knowing. That is the nearest the vocabulary of our times will approach to the description of his mysterious faculty. Strictly speaking, it was not a new sense, as one differentiates seeing from hearing, or taste from touch. Purists in words may even quarrel with us for using the term "sense" to denote a transcendental union of reason with animal attributes. But in writing a quaint, almost sensational, narrative of actual occurrences, it is well to be content with the simple phraseology of every-day life; and in that well-defined vehicle of plain thought the attribute given to Karl Grier was a sense.

Its stupendous range, its curiously rational limitations, will be grasped only by an intelligent reading of these memoirs. So a truce to the "Yea" and "Nay" of theorists. Let the story or group of queer incidents, as it may be termed, speak for itself.

"I have always thought," said Karl, speaking



Some Inkling of a Tremendous Fact Stayed the Remonstrance on Grier's Lips

once in analytical mood, "that my sixth sense owed its inception to the Babel-like jargon of languages which surrounded my youthful years. I remember distinctly being attired on my fourth birthday in a new sailor suit which showed to an admiring family circle that I was rated as a first-class A. B. on his majesty's ship Victorious. We lived then in India, where my father cultivated tea on a Darjiling slope. I had a half-caste French nurse from Trichinopoly, a Mahomedan bearer or male servant, a Scottish father and a German mother, and each, in our little Republic, spoke his or her own tongue when the heart was stirred.

"In my jubilation I endeavored to climb a creeper, and fell off the low veranda on to a path covered with sharp flints. Both I and the suit were damaged at all points of contact with the globe.

"My mother shrieked: '*Ach, Himmell!*' but being a woman of steady nerves she soon perceived that little real mischief had resulted, and she went on: '*Er ist zum seemann nicht geboren.*' (He is not cut out for a sailor.)

"My father said with a laugh: 'We should hae keepit the bairn in a cutty sark.'

"The nurse flew to my assistance, crying: '*Pauvre*

p'tit! Tu n'es pas assez adroit!' while Abdul Khan my bearer tried to console my grief with his:

"'*Kuchparwani, batcha, mainne mitai lata!*' (Never mind, little one, I have some sweets for you.)

"Now, these varied exclamations, conveying many distinct ideas in four languages, of which the Eastern differed in every respect from the European, were instantly intelligible to me.

Abdul Khan alone comforted me—the others hurt my pride. But the real point is that

I understood them all, to the finest shade of meaning. In other words, sounds and not words conveyed clean ideas. It was the first unknown step along an uncharted road, the step a fox terrier takes when he grasps the inflections of his master's voice."

"I suppose that is what people mean when they say that you can never really speak a language well until you learn to think in that language?" said I.

Karl laughed gently, and a dreamy look came into his eyes. At one time this would have been the certain prelude to a condition which, for want of a more accurate word, we called a "trance," though it was far removed from the muscular or mental subjection induced by mesmerism or clairvoyance. Now he simply dropped his eyelids, took a whiff or two of his pipe, and when he glanced at me again there was quiet humor, not phantasy, in his big blue orbs.

"No," he answered, "the states may be kin, but they differ, as the visual powers of a daisy, which can see the sun, differ from those of man. Education, by its necessary artificiality, tends to destroy natural gifts. The daily growth of a living language supplies adequate proof of this truism. The first sounds uttered by man, quite apart from signs and symbols, implied a want or an emotion. Those primary words run in unbroken gamut through all variations of speech or dialect. Of course they vary, but not greatly, no more than the bark of the Indian dog, the grunt of the Indian pig, the caw of the Indian crow (I could recite hundreds of examples) vary from the typical cries of their European congeners.

"To my childish intelligence sounds were all-sufficing. I knew the voice of nature. The whinny of a horse told me whether he was hungry or thirsty, afraid or angered. I heard the kites whistling their fellow-ghouls to the feast. I could actually distinguish the answering bleat of a kid to the hoarse summons of its dam amid a flock of goats. Good Heavens! If only my baby mind could have uttered its knowledge, and found a scientific recorder, what undeciphered mysteries of human development might I not have solved?"

Although this train of reminiscence was somewhat removed from the far more curious and complex sense he developed afterward, it was interesting as showing a tendency toward the abnormal.

"Have you any reason to believe that animals ever knew you possessed the key to their utterances?" I asked.

"Not in a convincing degree. Oddly enough, my intelligence was more receptive than creative. Certainly my dogs, ponies, birds, and other so-called dumb creatures with which I was brought in contact, were in extraordinary sympathy with me. But such human and animal collusions are far from rare. And I could not speak to them with effect. Our physical appliances are fashioned by

use, remember. If the nasal sounds of French will change the shape of the roof of a Frenchman's mouth, or singing develop the singer's throat in a single lifetime, how much more profoundly must untold generations of ordered language have modified the vocal organs. So my four-footed friends could not understand my harsh imitations. They were too far down the scale. I could plumb their depths, but they could only gaze at me wistfully, as men look at the stars."

He went on to tell how he startled his father one day by the information that a colony of minas (the Indian starling) had found a snake in a flower-bed, which was true, though none could guess how the child knew it, and he made me shake with merriment as he described the antics of a monkey whose chattering rage he did succeed in burlesquing with some degree of realism.

But these are not serious contributions to science, and I am truly endeavoring to help forward my fellow-men along the path which Morse, Edison, Marconi and many another earnest worker, each in a separate sphere, yet each striving for the same goal, have indicated to a world not yet ready to advance. I pass, therefore, to the first recorded use of his sixth sense. In all probability there were minor instances, which were unnoticed either by his parents or by the child himself. This one could not be gainsaid. It verified itself most dramatically.

Karl's peculiar gift of understanding the crude languages of nomads (he lost the hidden key long before anyone thought of testing him with Homeric verse or the polished periods of Cicero) enabled him to converse with the unkempt Nepalese and wilder Tibetans who occasionally visited the station in the guise of petty traders. He was six years when the famous Hutchinson Raid took place. Already he had learned to read, but luckily his parents, being wise folks, determined that such a precocious child must not be encouraged in his studies, else the growth of method in that wondrous little brain must have dimmed his comprehension of primeval speech.

*

The Grier's tea-garden, with its fine bungalow and spacious coolie quarters, was an old estate. It stood on the outskirts of the scattered houses that comprised the station. In a neighboring valley, two miles away, a London company had established a huge garden, employing nearly three thousand coolies, and the manager was a Frank Hutchinson.

One day, at the beginning of the hot weather, Hutchinson drove to the local bank and obtained a considerable sum of money, some twenty odd thousand rupees, to pay the monthly wages. Being a "brither Scot," he called on the Griers, left his wife there for a gossip, and his little daughter Maggie for a romp with Karl. The three set out for home in time for dinner, and Karl was naturally reluctant to part from his little playmate.

She too nearly wept, so he consoled her by saying:

"Don't cwy, Maggie"—for he had a slight lisp—"Mamsie says we are coming

to see you soon, and I'll think of you until Nanna (the French nurse) puts me to bed."

Maggie evidently found consolation in this limited promise of fidelity. It can only be assumed that the boy kept his vow. In his mind he followed the child and her parents down into the valley, across the river, and up the hillside to the spacious compound which held the house and offices. Arrived there, in fancy, his active brain roamed about the place, which he knew well. Then his wits wandered. His father, quitting the monthly accounts in time for dinner, found the nurse sitting on the veranda, sewing in a dim light. Near her was Karl, unusually quiet, curled up in a big peg-chair. Grier spoke, but the boy did not answer. Stooping, he noticed a tiny stream of blood issuing from a nostril.

Though not a nervous man, he lifted Karl into his arms with quick anxiety, and the youngster appeared to wake from a light sleep.

"What is the matter, sonny?" he asked, somewhat puzzled. "Why is your nose bleeding?"

"I don't know, daddy, but I have been a long way, and maybe I hurted myself."

"Been a long way? Has Master Karl been out, Mathilde?" he inquired.

"*Mais non, m'sieur.* He play sometime, then he sit himself in ze chair."

"But I have, daddy," persisted the child. "I went with Maggie. I heard Mr. Hutchinson tell Mrs. Hutchinson that their tea crop was not a good one, as the soil was too light, and he thought the company had not chosen a good pitch."

This was sufficiently bewildering from a boy of six, being an opinion which Hutchinson would not utter even to Grier himself. But Karl, whose lisp need not be reproduced, was brimful of news.

"Oh, it is quite, quite true!" he cried in response to his father's laughing protest. "Maggie went in and was a naughty girl because she could not sit up for dinner. Then I went around the house, and I saw some hill-men in a wood. They said they were going to kill Mr. Hutchinson to-night and steal his money. One of them will give the *chowkidars* (watchmen) something to make them sleep. They will put the bags of money on some ponies and go by a hill path into Sikhim. There are eight brown ponies and one white one. I counted them."

Some inkling of a tremendous fact stayed the remonstrance on Grier's lips. He was Scotch, you see, a Highlander bred and born, and he almost believed in second sight. So he encouraged Karl to talk, obtained additional and more convincing details, for the child gave him the exact phrases of the Shillong patois used by the bandits, and finally handed over the youthful visionary to Mathilde, telling her to ask Mrs. Grier to keep some dinner for him—he was called away on urgent business.

He rode to the house of the district superin-

tendent of police. As a favor, for Grier was a popular man, Captain Melville gathered a few mounted constables, and they all cantered off to the Hutchinsons' garden. In the compound they found a stranger fraternizing with the servants, and in his possession was a quantity of sweetmeats which subsequent examination proved to be rank with a species of datura, an Indian drug which can induce sleep or death.

A raid on the wood secured a dozen rascals armed to the teeth, and the nine ponies exactly as Karl had described them. There was a small fight, in which a sepoy's head was cut open, but the surprise was too effectual for any serious resistance to be offered. "Conspiracy" was the root-word of the legal indictment which sent the gang to the Andaman convict settlement.

The affair was known as the "Hutchinson Raid." Such things happen in India. But Karl's share in the adventure was kept quiet by the authorities. It would have discredited the otherwise conclusive evidence, they thought.

II. The Saving of Constantine

THOUGH others might calmly dismiss the child's vision as an extraordinarily accurate delusion—"an unusually elaborate series of coincidences," the policeman termed it—not so his parents. A man from Inverness, a woman from the Schwarzwald, may be dour and stolid to outward seeming, but they are highly imaginative by nature.

An ancestor of Grier's, a warrior bard, took service with the Elector-Palatine, and this remote link led to the Indian tea-planter's marrying a stout and pretty Gretchen from the borders of the Black Forest. Karl, named after his German grandfather—not altogether without an eye to the main chance, I regret to say—was their only child, and were he the ugliest duckling ever hatched he would yet have been their greatest treasure. But he was a good-looking, merry-eyed, manly little fellow, with a face like one of Murillo's angels and eyes with the blue of the Red Sea in them. If you are in doubt as to the true blend of sapphire and ultramarine meant by that tint ask any sailor-man of your acquaintance, and he will tell you that the blue of the Red Sea is a deep, unvarying, steadfast color, while the blue of the Mediterranean is, often as not, a steely mistral gray.

In a word, Mr. and Mrs. Grier secretly worshipped their bonny chick, and it was a great shock to them to discover that his developing brains held compartments not within common ken. Therefore, although Karl ate his meals heartily and thrived apace, they kept a close eye on him and compared notes whenever any curious action or utterance caught their attention. And what eagle-like intensity there is in that wistful parental glance! How it detects and interprets signs and portents! What degenerates must be the father and mother whose first

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SUN SONG

By EMMA BELL MILES

Way for the Lord of the earth and the air!
Way for the Sun, the Sun!
Cometh his word from the ranges afar
Swift as his heralds may run.
All the world wakens, and wondering-whist
Passes the breath of dawn,
Bidding the shivering wraiths of the mist
Straight to arise and begone.

Welcome his light in a plangent flood!
Welcome the Sun, the Sun!
Here is the partridge astir with her brood,
Here is the doe with her fawn.
All wild mothers of things new-born,
After the night of the birth,
Turn for the blessing and strength of the morn
To the Redeemer of earth.

Sing the glad morning, O swift sudden flight!
Sing of the Sun, the Sun!
Open your deep fragrant hearts to his light,
Blossoms and buds, everyone!
Even the barrens, the poor naked stones,
Flushed with his glorious stain,
Dream of soft verdure, of moss on their bones,
Dream of life's pleasure and pain.

Out of the dark under cavernous hills
Into the Sun, the Sun!
Leap the free rivers and white-flashing rills
Forth to the dew and the dawn.
Ringed with young rainbows and dancing for joy,
Here in the ripples shall play
Fin, scale and feather—yes, otter and boy—
Glad in the glorious day.

Steeped in the noonday, the wide meadows drone,
Drunken with Sun, with Sun!
Harken the harvest fly's dry monotone,
Harken the grasshopper's tune.
Ah, but the reek of lush growing is sweet—
Life-blood, to these of the air,
Elfin-eyed lovers of honey and heat,
Swarming the weeds everywhere.

Low on the hills in the smoldering west
Lieth the Sun, the Sun!
His is the world that is drooping to rest;
His is the day that is done.
Oldest of lovers, most ancient of gods—
Quickener, Healer divine—
Red heart of life and desire of dead clods—
All the world's first love is thine!



thing of a native sense of humor. So, repressing his first impulse to correct his hostess' erroneous impression of his real relations toward Mrs. Tringham-Tamms, he decided to let her remain in undisturbed possession of this idealistic view of himself.

"I am leaving here early to-morrow morning," continued Mrs. Slimms-Slosson, "for Boston, to sail for Europe, where I am intending to remain for several years. But before leaving I resolved—"

"Excuse me, ma'am," the servant respectfully interrupted, "but I was told to deliver this message instantly. The bell-boy has just come from Mrs. Tringham-Tamms' apartment, to say she has returned from New-York and wishes to see Mr. Tringham-Tamms with as little delay as possible."

"My dear young friend, your mother is naturally anxious to see you—not more, though, I am certain, than you to welcome her. I congratulate you on the termination of your loneliness. Don't mind me; I am willing to excuse you. I enter into your feelings thoroughly. There was something more I had intended to say; but—well—we may meet—or—you may hear from me at some future time."

With this enigmatical, prophetic farewell sounding in his ears, Arthur took his leave and hurried to the elevator. His wife stood expectantly in the middle of their sitting-room. He noticed, with a little surprise, that she held the framed photograph of his predecessor, Tamms the first, in her hand. He was about to greet her in his customary, easy-going way—with a careless word of welcome and possibly a joke—but stopped short, taken back, in spite of his temperamental self-possession, by her unusual expression, demeanor and attitude. The last was nothing if not melodramatic—it could scarcely be called tragic, because there was in it too much suggestion of the narrow line dividing the sublime from the ridiculous. The general effect of the group formed by herself and Arthur was that of a genuine stage situation—a kind of gay Sir Kay or second Mrs. Tanqueray moment—and unquestionably it was as striking as the unconscious art of two actors perfectly true to nature could make it, the portrait of Tamms the first filling its own inanimate rôle as ably as the living mummies theirs.

"Mr. Tringham-Tamms"—the Tamms having a sarcastic intonation, as if Arthur was some unworthy masquerader, the ass in the lion's skin—"it's quite plain now why you find Beachcombers so attractive. Still, I would not condemn you precipitately—not until I had put your perfidy to the proof, until I had established your guilt, until"—she raised her hand, in which was the portrait of Tamms the first—"until I had caught you in the act! I came home unexpectedly, and find my worst fears to have been no worse than they should be."

"Don't go through the farce of a denial," she resumed, hastily swamping Arthur, who was attempting to speak above the raging flood of her denunciation, "when I discover you, during what you supposed was my absence, in the very arms, I may say, of your enchantress."

"Great Scott!" cried Arthur. "The woman's ten years older than you are; and she told me she took us for mother and son!"

Words failed Mrs. Tringham-Tamms; but her good right arm did not. With a swing and a smash she brought down the framed and glazed memento of the earlier and worthier Tamms upon the head of his decadent successor. Luckily, the doomed Arthur, in his haste and surprise, had not taken off the check-adorned steamship cap he had worn on his return from his Circe's bower, which omission saved him from more fearful consequences. As it was, however, what he lost in battery he made up in burlesque—a shower of splintered glass broke in a prismatic halo around his head, and the frame of the photograph descended over and below his ears, making him resemble the recently familiar pictures of Chinese

criminals prepared for execution; while the lower end of the mat, a torn fragment, took up a position directly beneath his chin, with Mrs. Tringham-Tamms' large defiant handwriting plainly visible on its white surface, so that even those who ran might read: "Not lost, but gone before."

*

"I give and bequeath to Arthur Tringham-Tamms of New-York, United States of America, all my real and personal estate of which I may die possessed, the estimated value of which is about six million dollars. I impose upon him no conditions of inheritance, beyond that he continue to display toward his mother, as long as she may live, the same thoughtful

care and tenderness I have seen him show her. Here at sea, as I write, old memories crowd upon me. His mother's hair has silvered, like mine; but I think, as in the Casino at Beachcombers, of the days when we were girls—and rivals. I won the man for whose love we both strove—perhaps she forgives me, for her son's sake. She is the one more blessed, for I am childless."

After Mrs. Slimms-Slosson, on her way from Havre to Paris, was killed in the French railway accident which caused so many other casualties, this, her last will and testament, duly dated, signed and witnessed, was found among her effects when they were opened at the American Embassy.

KARL GRIER

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warning of danger to their young comes from a nurse!

So it came to pass that once, aged seven, Karl had the earache. "Goodness me!" cries the experienced matron, "that is nothing to cause domestic flutterings. A pinch of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of hot water, or in severe attacks a few drops of laudanum on cotton-wool, will deaden the pain and induce sleep."

Yes, madam, but if your little Tom, Dick or Harry remarked that "the music was doing it," and when pressed for details began to explain that some one was playing a flute, thus—whereupon Karl softly hummed part of the obligato to the "Nightingale Song" from the "Marriage of Jeannette," if, moreover, your budding genius went on: "There is a lady singing now. Listen:

*Au bord du chemin qui passe ma porte
Fleurit un bel aubepin, un bel aubepin...*
and you knew well that the Commissioner's niece, helped by a love-sick

subaltern who fluted, was probably singing that identical song in a house over a mile distant—what would you do?

Send for the doctor, of course.

The doctor came, a hard-headed Scot (they thrive in India, those Scotchmen) and heard the story. At first he was inclined to place a mother's vagaries firmly on one side, but when a *chuprassi* (messenger) brought a reply to Mrs. Grier's note, and he read what the Commissioners' niece had written, he stroked his long nose silently.

For this was the answer: "Yes, Mr. Browne was here for luncheon. About two o'clock he ran through the 'Ros-signal' song with me, first without the voice, afterward with all the frills. But what on earth made you guess it? Mr. Browne is so amazed that he is staying to tea. Do come and tell us all about it."

"And ye say ye mentioned the chune yerself, Mrs. Grier?" said he meditatively.

"Yes, indeed. I heard Miss Nicholls sing it at the Gloucesters' concert, and

Karl was not there. What can it all mean, doctor?"

"I wish I could read that riddle. Ye would soon see all the letters of the alphabet affther me name. But trouble not yer head aboot Karl, Mrs. Grier. A slight discharge is beginning, and that brings instant relief."

He sought Grier in the big drying-room of the tea-factory. "That boy of yours is a phenomenon," he said. "The sensory zone of his brain is, I should imagine, of remarkable size and unique capacity. With care and ordinary luck he should grow into a marvelous man. But your wife must not fret if he puzzles her. He has the digestion of an ostrich and the stamina of a young bull."

"Is there any way of accounting for his queer faculties?" asked the planter.

"How can the normal account for the abnormal?" answered the doctor. "Here we have a set of nerves the functions of which are ill understood, we know that unilateral destruction of a center will partially abolish sensation on the opposite side of the body. A bilateral lesion will destroy all sensation. In simple language, if the hearing nerves are damaged on the right side you are somewhat deaf in the left ear, but general destruction means total deafness. That is what happens when the ordinary appliances are deranged. It is beyond me to explain the process whereby these same appliances obtain a tenfold, perhaps a thousandfold, activity."

"Is such a thing possible?"

The civil surgeon selected a cigar from five exactly similar weeds in his case with a care that betokened a nice discrimination. "One does not discuss these subjects with women folk, Grier; they think ye are flying in the face of Providence," he said. "Therefore, keep my opinion for yer own lug, so to speak. I have a theory, a pipe-and-tobacco bit of pheelosophy, mind you, that human inventiveness is bound only by the latent powers of the human brain. The limits are absolute, but they are far beyond our dimmest comprehension, as yet. I suppose you never saw an epileptic lunatic?"

"No."

The tea-planter disliked the abrupt question. When you come to think of it, it had a disagreeable sound in a discussion of a pretty child's simple ailment. Doctors are apt to forget their hearers' unscientific feelings.

"It provides a most interesting study," said Dr. Macpherson, with grim glee. "Such a case is frequently accompanied by sensory hallucinations and certain subjective sensations, such as unseen flashes of light and color, strange and often offensive tastes and smells, the result of some morbid irritation of the cortical sensory centers, which are the anatomical substrata of ideation."

"What the—what has all this got to do with Karl?" cried Grier, with wrath.

"Softly noo, ma man. Before ye build ye mun have a foundation. I am one of those who think that insanity is closely akin to genius. An extra dense membrane may convert a potential Isaac Newton into an actual eediot. The other day a clever Frenchman—they are daring deevils the French—opened an imbecile's skull, rearranged his brain-lobes, and gave space for expansion. The imbecile went through all the processes of intellectual growth and is now a sane man. Why should not nature go one better than the surgeon and suddenly irradiate her wide realm by some lightning gleam? In other days her efforts in that direction led her subjects to martyrdom or sanctity, by the sheer chance of their being on the winning or losing side. Mostly, both then and now, she sends her unfortunate failures to the madhouse."

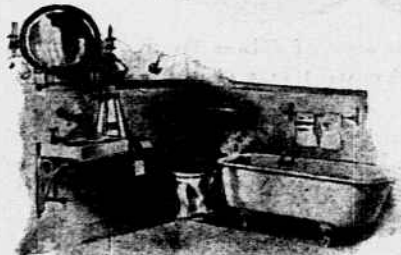
"Look here, Macpherson," interrupted Grier hotly, "you are talking about my boy, remember!"

"Deed ay! He's a credit to ye, but he wouldn't have the earache if ye hadn't dowered him wi' a thick cranium."

And the doctor hurried away, sore because his grains of sciencé had fallen on such unreceptive soil.

Karl, of course, recovered speedily, and the more he learned to appreciate a

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BE SURE THAT IT'S A MONARCH

Manipur pony, a brace of sporting fox terriers and an air-gun, the less prone was he to uncanny manifestations. As the sway of Mathilde declined, the more did he unconsciously acquire the lore of the jungle, until at ten years of age he had the wisdom and beauty of a young god, though he could scarce write his name, and spelled as a Scotchman jokes.

So a family council sat many times, and there came a day when Mrs. Grier and Karl leaned against a rail of the P. & O. steamer Ganges, and watched the form of the stalwart planter until he and the Calcutta Ghaut and the busy banks of the Hugli River dissolved in a mist of tears.

For India is an evil land in which to rear tender plants of European stock, and Karl must go home, not to see the glowing East again until he was a man. His mother went with him, and if God favored the loving family they would all be reunited when Grier sold his tea-garden in its highest state of efficiency some three years later. These partings yield the sternest test of an imperial race. Hearts which do not break suffer fierce strain.

Karl, who had forgotten the sea, being scarce able to toddle when his parents left Britain, quickly lost his sorrows in the marvel of the Bay of Bengal. His mother, restraining her tears until the boy slept, watched him narrowly. She was an intelligent woman, and although her formula was wordless she had a definite belief that the immensity of the ocean, its far-flung silence, might affect her extraordinary son in some unexpected manner.

Luckily, Dr. Macpherson, time-expired and pensioned, was on board, and in him she had a sympathetic friend who was also a skilled observer. He concurred with her that repression or secrecy was not to be thought of in connection with Karl. The boy's insatiable curiosity about ships and their ways was not denied such information as was obtainable. The Captain, attracted one day by his joyous laugh, took him up to the chart-house, showed how to take an observation, explained the curvature of the earth, and finally made him pull the cord of the siren, thereby summoning all hands to collision quarters for inspection.

Now, the raucous blast of the fog-horn spoke to the youngster as the voice of the ship. It stirred depths in Karl's soul. He heard the tremendous waves of sound speeding over the face of the waters long after the steam-breath was dry in the whistle. He heard, though he knew it not, the solemn echoes as the rolling harmony was sent up from sea to clouds and back to the sea again.

And he began to "dream." Mrs. Grier, fearful of the outcome, would have distracted his attention, but Dr. Macpherson, who never had seen the boy in the actual state of exaltation, besought her not to check him.

The day passed without incident. After dinner they were on deck, enjoying the glorious tropical moon, "that orbéd maiden, with white fire laden," which some globe-trotting impressionist has described as yellow. Macpherson, thinking Karl's visionary mood had passed without result, pointed out such planets as were ascendant, and added the information that several hundreds of smaller bodies were invisible, except to astronomers.

"I can see a good many," said Karl instantly.

"Nonsense! Those are stars," smiled the doctor.

"No. I mean round black things, like balloons. Some of them are shiny on one side."

"By gad!" muttered the man under his breath. He gazed up at the glittering firmament. "That big fellow there is Jupiter," he said. "Can you discover anything peculiar about him?"

"Yes," said Karl instantly. "There are three little dots quite near. They look like pins stuck in a blue cloth."

"Karl, did anybody ever tell you that Jupiter had three moons?"

"I never heard of Jupiter before, but



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I have often seen the three moons," was the amazing answer.

"That is true," interposed Mrs. Grier. "We kept such problems from his ken."

What Dr. Macpherson might have said will never be known. They were standing on the port side, well forward. On a clear space aft some light-hearted people were waltzing. In utter disobedience of the ship's rules, a young Armenian, scion of a great commercial house in London and Calcutta, was sitting on the rail. Some one cannoned against him and he fell yelling into the sea.

Instantly there was a hubbub of screams and rushing feet. A cool-headed man threw a life-buoy after the unfortunate youth, and others shouted to the officer of the watch. Speedily the steamer's way was stopped and the engines reversed.

The ship's frame throbbed under the agony of the giant machines thus rudely checked in their work. British quarter-masters and lithe Lascars worked like fiends to clear a boat's hamper and swing out the davits. But it was a hopeless task. Great steamers slip through a mile of water with such rapidity, and the course was so interfered with by reversing the propellers, that nothing short of a miracle would reveal the whereabouts of the hapless Armenian, even if he still floated and retained consciousness.

"Mrs. Grier—" began Macpherson.

"I know what you would say," she cried bravely. "Yes, let Karl help, and let me try to thank God he has the power."

Were it not for Macpherson's great reputation and personal popularity the Captain would scarcely have listened to him in that confused moment. Even as it was, he only understood the doctor to say that Constantine the Armenian could be found, and he gave permission in a dazed way for the man and the boy to be seated in the boat before it was lowered.

Then Macpherson had to convince a sceptical third officer, and, greatest difficulty of all, he had to bend Karl's excited wits to the task in hand, for the child was delighted with the adventure.

The splash of the oars, the stealing away of the huge black hull of the Ganges, the earnest words of Macpherson, soon had their effect. Karl began to know what was expected of him.

"Yes," he said, standing up on a seat in his eagerness, and pointing to a different course, "he is there, crying out loud! He is calling for his mother!"

Not the best sailor of them all could see or hear aught. Yet, for want of other guide, the third officer swung round the boat's head.

Ever and anon Karl told them where the Armenian was, and even shouted in his shrill treble to encourage him.

At last, after twenty minutes of strenuous tugging, a quartermaster in the bows roared hoarsely: "By the Lord, I can see him!"

"Of course," chirruped Karl. "He was there all the time!"

So a half-drowned, wholly hysterical Constantine, clinging desperately to a buoy which he refused to abandon, was dragged into the boat, and Karl was restored to his weeping mother's arms, while strange tales ran through the ship when the screw jogged merrily onward once more.

That saving of Constantine meant a good deal to Karl, as shall be seen.

[To be continued next Sunday]

By the Summer Sea

By Clinton Scollard

I mark the radiant reaches of the sand,
The long, low breakers creaming in the sun,
The sea-horizon like a sapphire band—
And dream that rest is won, and care foredone.

My soul sets seaward with the seaward ships,
A willing waif and wanderer with the wind;
They call to me with lute-alluring lips,
The joys unguessed, the raptures undivined.

I heed them all, and so am wafted far
Unto a port where only Love beguiles,
And the clear light of Love's celestial star
Burns steadfastly above the Blessed Isles.

KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A
MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

III. The Finding of Maggie Hutchinson

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

Illustrated by William de L. Dodge

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SIR WILLIAM MACPHERSON earned his K. C. I. E. not so much by his thirty years of Ind as by the comparative leisure of a pension, which enabled him to write that famous essay on "Brain Excitations." He has told me since that the genesis of the theory which likens man to an induction-coil came to him as the oars swung merrily back to the Ganges, he striving the while to restore the Armenian's vitality.

"Karl," he whispered, stirred by the impulse of the moment, "can you see your father?"

The boy looked unerringly toward the north, where Darjiling lay, eight hundred miles distant. "No," he said after a slight pause, "it is dark."

"Dark?" repeated the scientist.

"Yes, like a fog at night, you know."

"But there is no fog, and it was just as dark a few minutes ago when you saw Mr. Constantine in the sea."

Karl seemed to focus his thoughts once more. Then he nestled wearily close to his friend. "Something seems to press me back, and I am tired," he said.

Every woman who reads this in all probability would like to box Macpherson's ears. And indeed he had the good grace to be ashamed of himself; so one may admit that if doctors did not push individual experiments a trifle too far occasionally, humanity would be the worse for their caution.

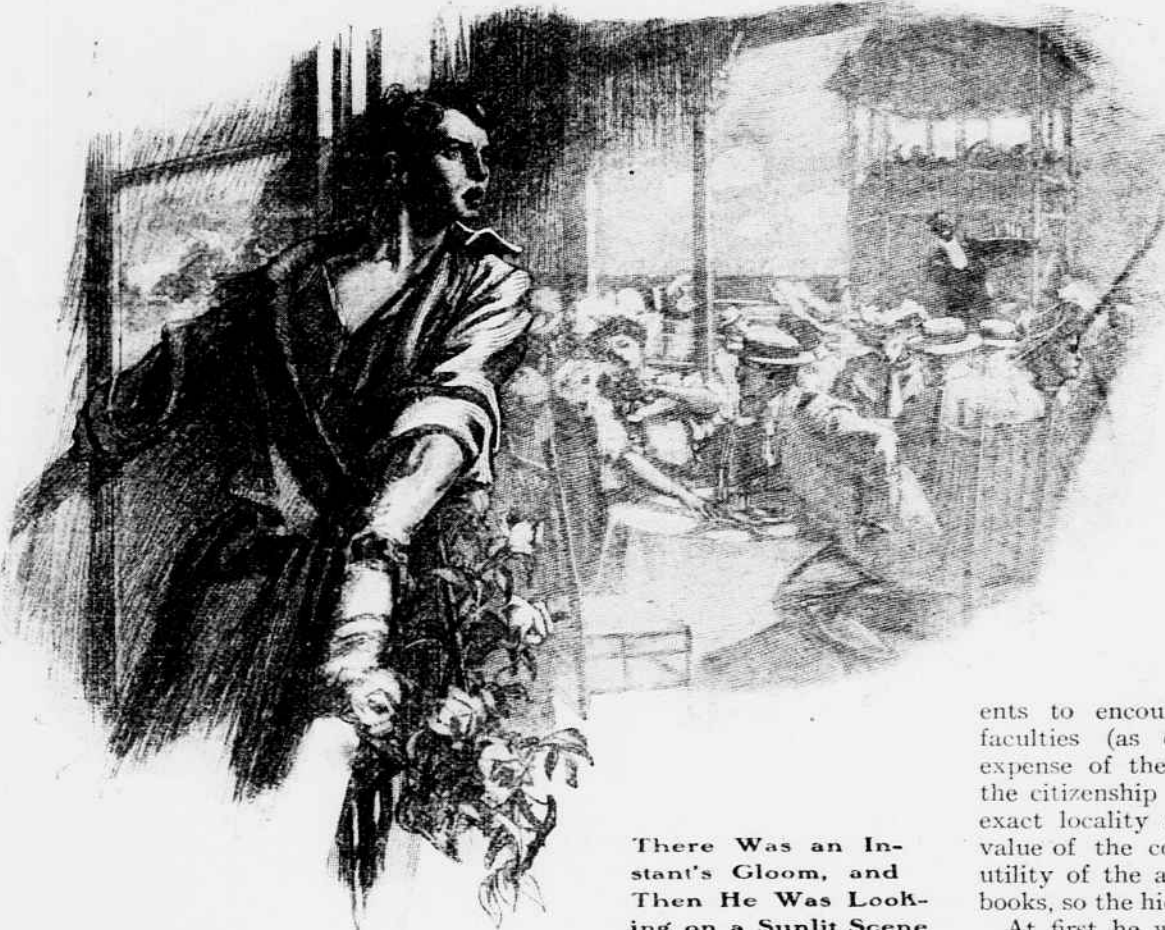
Nevertheless, though he contented himself with asking the third officer to shield the boy from the keen surface of the sea, his mind was busy. Karl's wonderful comprehension of root words was known to him, and he felt that the expressions "dark," "fog," "something seems to press me back," even the unwonted excuse of being "tired," were not chosen at random.

Then he remembered how a friend had taken him once, when home on furlough, to witness certain telephonic tests conducted by the post-office engineers at St. Martin's-le-Grand. An instrument was affixed to an appliance which registered ten, fifteen, twenty, thousand miles of resistance at will, for such high tensions are needed when sea-cables are laid. It was instructive to hear the same human voice dying away as the conductivity of the wire decreased. Again, he happened to be present when the Indo-European Telegraph Company carried out its famous experiment, and actually linked a transmitter in Paris with a receiver in Calcutta. As far away as Teheran the action of the electric indicator was sharp and distinct, but from Constantinople westward through Vienna the current became sluggish, until the supreme effort of Paris required slow and careful manipulation ere the message emerged from chaos.

Here were unfailing indications of what Karl meant by "pressing back" and "tired." But what was the significance of the darkness, the fog? Suddenly Macpherson asked himself: "What was the force which fought against the thousands of miles of telegraph wire? Suppose there was no wire? Yet the force remained!"

It came to him that the child cast his bright intelligence forth in ever-spreading Hertzian waves, and that his perceptive powers diminished with distance, on the well-established ratio of the decrease of sound as the circle widens and the air-waves lengthen with slower movement. More-

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 15



There Was an Instant's Gloom, and Then He Was Looking on a Sunlit Scene

over, the apparent difficulty of reconciling his instant discovery of planets known only to astronomers with his inability to penetrate deeply the gloom of earth vanished when the lateral density of the air mantle was taken into account. To see the three moons of Jupiter! That was a marvel in itself. Strangely enough, Du Maurier, an artist dreamer, had attributed the power to one of the characters in his novel "The Martian." But Barty Josselin was a single phase in the many existences of a spirit's romance; here was a child, an intensely human child, with eyes like telescopes and ears like telephones.

Greatly was the scientist tempted to try Karl again on the nearer and wholly unknown physical features of Colombo. But he resisted and vigorously chafed the Armenian's chest and back, though to be sure the tenacious clinging of the youth to the canvas buoy rendered such massage difficult.

*

Thenceforth, during the voyage home, Constantine pestered Karl with his attentions. He seemed to be drawn to his heels with a ludicrous dog-like fidelity. The Armenian was lean, tall and dark, with the big black eyes, large mouth, small ears and prominent nose of his race. Ordinarily, he was a bumptious and exceedingly "clever" young man, the heir to scores of rupees and a business of world-wide renown, yet the mere sight of Karl skipping toward him along the deck would stop his blatant chatter and convert him into a sort of two-legged spaniel, of exceedingly timid disposition, which had just caught sight of its master. This submissiveness amused the other passengers, annoyed Mrs. Grier, and caused Macpherson certain ponderings.

Constantine told the doctor that when he found himself in the water grasping the life-buoy his first impression was that the ship could not possibly find him. He began to cry in a frenzy, but suddenly he became reassured. After that he had no fear of being drowned, but he had a horrible premonition that a huge shark was rushing from the depths with incredible speed to devour him. The memory of this shark always returned whenever he saw Karl. The monster's jaws opened. He could feel it crushing his bones. The sensation passed away quickly if he remained near his rescuer.

The boy thrived splendidly aboard ship. Constantine went to England overland from Marseilles,

but he again met the Ganges at Tilbury, and Mrs. Grier could hardly refuse the aldermanic gold watch and absurdly heavy chain he presented to Karl. The watch had a fine inscription too: "From Paul Constantine to Karl Grier, in memory of the S.S. Ganges, Bay of Bengal, Lat., 12:10 N.; Long., 84:40 E."

There was a date, but Karl was saved from mind-searchings by the fact that his mother placed the gift in the bank, to await later years.

And then Karl went to school. Just picture this sturdy little human dynamo, with his superhuman eyes and ears, sitting down in class with a number of youthful Edinburgh contemporaries! Yet it was impossible for his par-

ents to encourage the growth of his spiritual faculties (as one may describe them) at the expense of the equipment needed to fit him for the citizenship of the world. So he learned the exact locality of the North Cape in Lapland, the value of the common denominator and the great utility of the algebraic X. And as he pored over books, so the hidden spark dimmed.

At first he was wont to startle his companions no less than his tutors. When a master was explaining that the moon was a satellite of the earth, and was popularly known as a destroyed world owing to the arid mountains and volcanic chasms with which her bright face is desecrated, it was slightly ridiculous to be told by a boy of eleven, all aglow with interest:

"Oh yes, sir. I saw the lunar mountains quite plainly last night. And there are several great pits as black as ink."

"Nonsense, Grier!" the master would say sharply, and Karl would be stilled for the hour. Hence he kept to himself the daily knowledge he had of the hours of high water in the Forth, many miles away.

Once by chance the same master had arranged to take his class on a boating excursion up the Firth, and the question of tide arose. Karl volunteered the information that the tide would be high about three o'clock. Examined as to his accuracy (he was a careless young dog in spelling or arithmetic), he admitted that he had no actual knowledge except the "feeling."

Fortunately, David Malcolm, the master, was a man prone to take stock of the young idea, so he wrote to Mrs. Grier, and received a positive shock when that sensible and level-headed woman gave him the assurance of evidence that her son was not romancing. Indeed, it may be assumed without fear of contradiction that to Malcolm's growing appreciation of the boy's powers was due in great measure their retention. Even under his kindly sway Karl was rapidly assimilating to the mold of the school. Games, lessons, discipline, the smaller issues of daily intercourse with other boys, were coating the inner perceptiveness with a dense membrane.

At this period Karl almost lost his universal-language key. Declensions and conjugations choked intuitive knowledge, and to all seeming, when his father brought him to Oxford at the age of eighteen, young Grier was only a lively, intelligent and muscular undergrad.—exceptionally bright perhaps, but in no wise the "phee-nomenon" Sir William Macpherson had dubbed him.

So Dame Nature, not to be balked in the development of her prodigy, arranged matters with that happy knack of hers whereby she cloaks design under the guise of accident.

Grier had been at Oxford for two years when a menagerie visited the classical city on the Isis. Although wild-beast shows are not regarded by the authorities as essential aids to Oxonian success,

Karl and others visited the evil-smelling place. Now, a man will remember through his nose and finger-tips when other more highly trained senses fail. The first sniff of the closely-packed laager of caravans brought to Grier's mind a series of vivid pictures of early days in the Himalayan foothills. He lost himself a little, but his dreams were interrupted by a scene that yielded an exciting paragraph for next morning's newspapers.

A defective iron screen enabled a gorilla to get at a black panther. The two beasts had a peculiar antipathy to each other, and the showman placed them close together for effect. Like many another dramatist, he obtained a "curtain" he had not bargained for. Once the way was clear, by reason

of the giving way of the corroded lattice, the animals met in Homeric combat. It was a fine fight, but it did not last long, for the gorilla tore the panther's head off.

But the other denizens of the menagerie, aroused from lethargy by the mortal defiance hurled forth by cat and ape, scented the battle and spoke in strange tongues. And behold! Karl knew what they were saying. He heard the lion and tiger roaring "Kill!" the deer and buffaloes shrieking "Run!" the monkey tribe chattering "Climb, brother, and reach from above!" Above all resounded the raging challenge of the elephant, who when stirred to fury is the real master of the jungle.

Whips, hay-forks and heavy bars of iron soon

ended the disturbance. A number of fainting women were carried out into the fresh air, and Karl, to his intense chagrin, for he was a great dandy in those days, found that his nose had bled freely during the hubbub.

When Mr. Verdant Green was "up," his friends would have asked who had tapped his claret, but Karl's companions were anxious to learn the identity of the man who had "punched him on the boko." Youth is perennial, though it may change its idioms. It was disappointing to learn that the gore arose from natural causes. The slaying of the panther had evoked the boy's fighting instincts. Pugilism—to use the naked hands on a foe—that

Continued on page 15

"LORD" TIMOTHY DEXTER'S OLD HOME

By Susan Ethel Hodge

THE famous old Dexter mansion of Newburyport, Massachusetts, after passing through various vicissitudes and transformations, has become the object of renewed interest among New-England visitors by the reason of the fact that it has passed into the possession of N. G. Pierce, a wealthy business man, for many years resident in St. Louis, who now makes it his home.

"Lord" Timothy Dexter was a most eccentric man, and the old mansion is intimately associated with so many of his eccentricities that it has been one of the most interesting landmarks in Newburyport for more than a century. The story of Dexter, therefore, has been an oft-repeated tale, but one that loses no whit of its interest in the retelling.

Born in Malden, Massachusetts, in 1746, he began as a leather dresser in the village of Charlestown. Later he removed to Newburyport, where he married a widow nine years his senior. She kept a huckster's shop, and her income added to his aided him in amassing several thousand dollars.

Just at this time, which was after the adoption of the Constitution, Continental money became greatly depreciated in value. Securities were worthless, but several influential men in order to preserve the confidence of the people and to assist friends bought many of these securities. Taking his cue from these leaders, Dexter began buying in small amounts all the securities he could afford to purchase. Then, with the institution of Hamilton's funding system, the securities began to increase in value until they could be redeemed at par. Dexter therefore sold his formerly useless possessions, and was a rich man.

Having attained to this position of wealth, he determined to live as became a man of means—according to his own notion. To begin with, he affixed the title of "Lord" to his name, and was pleased only when he was courted and fêted and received the salutes and attentions usually accorded to royalty.

He bought the "Tracy House," now the Newburyport Public Library, but soon took up his abode at Chester, New-Hampshire, where he purchased an expensive country seat. Here he showed to a marked degree his great desire for notoriety, styling himself "King of Chester." But he made himself so presuming that Chester became too hot for him, and he returned to Newburyport, where in 1798 he bought a large house on High-st., erected by Jonathan Jackson in 1771. He at once proceeded to adorn this residence in accordance with his peculiar tastes.

He had gilt balls placed on the minarets of the house, and ordered forty columns, fifteen feet high, to be erected in front, each column bearing a statue of a noted man. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, William Pitt, Bonaparte, George IV., Lord Nelson, General Morgan, the Goddess of Liberty and an Indian chief were among the celebrated group; and apparently for variety he changed the names of these heroes as the fancy struck him.

These effigies have been widely scattered. Some were blown down and neglected, others were sold at auction, the Goddess of Fame bringing the highest price, and that only five dollars, and still others have been given away by the various successive owners of the estate. Several of them, still in a fair state of preservation, are owned by residents of Newburyport. One reposes in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and still another was purchased and removed to Florida where it graces a Southern garden. The eagle surmounting the cupola has been the only figure to remain undisturbed. It has lately been regilded, its four feet of height and two of breadth requiring two layers of gold-leaf in the operation. The carving, unlike that of many of the figures, is said to be a most excellent piece of work, and is supposed to have been done by a grandfather of Wilson



Brothers, the last firm of carvers in Newburyport.

It is related that one of the statues (presumably that of Adams), represented a statesman holding a parchment, supposed to be the Constitution of the United States. When having this statue painted, Dexter, with his usual desire for contrast and sensation, instructed the painter to place on the scroll words that were entirely irrelevant to the Constitution. The painter remonstrated, whereupon the irate proprietor procured a gun and chased him off the premises. As a proof that the imitation lord considered his attitude praiseworthy, he incorporated the incident in a volume that he afterward published.

Whether Dexter was animated by shrewd or foolish motives in erecting these statues is a mooted point, and for the following reason: He was the largest stockholder in the old toll-bridge over the Merrimac River, and in order to increase toll receipts he occasionally erected a new statue or changed the name or appearance of an old one, advertising freely that there had been a new acquisition to the group. This drew curious sightseers and visitors to the town from all the near-by country, and as they were compelled to cross the bridge to visit the place, the profit accruing from the collection of toll were greatly enhanced.

In the midst of all those curious figures, and as if illustrating the extreme vanity of this self-created lord, stood a statue of himself, bearing the inscription, "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western world."

His admiration for royalty, whom he aped in every possible way, amounted to a passion, and fashioning his life after this class of society, he sent an artist abroad to buy paintings with which to adorn his home. But as he had no knowledge of art himself, the selections he made from the artist's purchase comprised a most inferior collection. With books he had the same experience, scattering about the apartments of his house volumes whose bindings were their only feature of recommendation.

Going a step further, he hired a poet-laureate from among the villagers of Newburyport, and this singer, who bore the unpoetic name of Jonathan Plummer, having served in all sorts of capacities from peddler to farmer and book agent, turned his lyre to the song of Dexter's praise. The first of his effusions ran:

Lord Dexter is a man of fame,
Most celebrated is his name;
More precious far than gold that's pure,
Lord Dexter, live for evermore.

Not content with the laudations of his laureate, Dexter decided to try his own hand at literary production. His effort in this direction was called "Pickles for the Knowing Ones," or "Plain Truths

in Homespun Dress." It is a conglomeration of incidents and reflections put together without the least regard to form, punctuation, spelling or capitalization. At the end is a group of various punctuation marks with the instruction: "the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put in A Nuf here and thay may peper and solt it as they ples." Thousands of copies of this remarkable attempt were printed and given away broadcast.

But one of the oddest caprices of this exceptional man was his building of a tomb for the reception of his own remains. A handsome coffin was made at his direction, with rich linings and pillows and solid-silver handles. Invitations were then issued for a rehearsal of his funeral. After the mock ceremony was over at the tomb, the company was led to the house, where they were served to costly wines. In the midst of festivities, cries were heard issuing from the kitchen, and upon investigation it was found that they were occasioned by a beating that Dexter was dealing out to his wife for not shedding tears at his funeral services.

His eccentricities did not end, however, with his fantastic home, his mock funeral, his coach with coat-of-arms copied from a book of heraldry and the cream-colored horses; nor did his financial success terminate with his sale of the Continental securities. Having acquired a small fortune by this means, he set to work to increase his revenue. It is said that he cornered whalebone, opium and other articles, selling at his own price when he had monopolized the market. And, what would seem more improbable, it is told that he bought forty-two thousand warming-pans and sent them to the West Indies, where they were sold at a good profit as ladles in the sap industry. This story is vehemently discredited by William C. Todd, who has called into question several points of Knapp's "Life of Timothy Dexter." He doubts also the tale that Dexter sent several thousand Bibles to the West Indies where they were sold as charms against the evil spirit; but judging from his numerous outlandish actions one could believe almost anything about this counterfeit lord. A shipment of red woolen nightcaps to Guinea also strangely resulted to his profit, as did almost everything he handled.

He had a genius for bargains, but was so superstitious that before making a deal he always consulted one or two sorcerers, among whom were Madam Hooper of Newburyport and the famous Moll Pitcher of Lynn. The most influential of these fortune-tellers was Lucy Lancaster, a colored woman, who, having nursed him through a serious illness, at last made her home upon his estate.

Timothy Dexter was the father of two children, a son and a daughter, who were both mentally deficient and after leading melancholy lives died somewhat immaturely. "Lord" Dexter, having taken to drink when he became wealthy, also spent his latter days in a distressful condition. His life was shortened by his intemperance and ended in 1806.

His will, in which he left a fair proportion of his property to charity, was a remarkably sane document, evincing none of the eccentricities that had characterized his whole career. This circumstance, together with his business shrewdness and the benevolence that attended his acquisition of wealth (although it was often concealed by his gross oddity), lead one to think that possibly "Lord" Timothy Dexter was not the fool he was supposed to be, but rather the one who fooled, blinding the public with his queer ways while turning to gold everything that he touched.

He was buried in the "Old Hill Burying-Ground" at Newburyport, the Board of Health refusing to allow his interment in the tomb that was intended for his remains.

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 10

was the ideal! Had not the gorilla thought so?

That night he found he could not sleep, so he rose and threw wide a window. His chambers overlooked the college quadrangle with its well-kept lawn. In this time of high summer the exquisite profiles of Oxford were blended with the soft luxuriance of the trees guarding the peaceful precincts.

Karl was now a tall and graceful young man. A devoted follower of the favorite university sports, he was studious withal, and his natural bent inclined him more to the uncompromising tenets of science than to the literature and dogma of the classics. While following the routine laid down by his father's advisers, he read deeply in the less popular branches of knowledge. Lectures on anthropology, comparative anatomy, philology and physics—subjects which certainly provided a varied intellectual pasturage—invariably counted him among the note-takers. Hence it is not to be wondered at if on this particular night he should give earnest thought to the half-forgotten and long-disused powers of his childhood, powers called back into vivid potency by the roaring of a few beasts.

He recalled clearly the incident in which his friendship with little Maggie Hutchinson figured so dramatically. Again, through the photographic lens of memory, he conjured up the Darjiling Valley. He saw the green slopes dotted here and there with planters' bungalows, the tea-gardens resembling gooseberry bushes in the first tender shoots, the winding roads, the tropical foliage.

Yielding to a whimsical surprise at the accuracy of his impressions, he endeavored to reconstruct some of the incidents of the raid; but he quickly discovered that beyond following events in ordered sequence he could achieve nothing outside the range of what appeared to be a precise and realistic recollection.

"I wonder where Miss Margaret is now?" he murmured, with a smiling glance skyward. "She must be a demure young lady of eighteen or thereabouts. I think my mother said she was in Berlin having developed a great talent for playing the violin. Berlin! That is a long way from Oxford, and Maggie is abed, sound asleep, little dreaming that a young man in England is picturing her in a 'Kate Greenaway' costume of fourteen years ago."

So, in this fanciful mood, the notion suddenly seized him that he would like to see Maggie Hutchinson. What he really meant was that he would be glad to meet her again, and exchange juvenile reminiscences of early days in India. It is important to insist on this point, as his undoubted intention, or desire, when contrasted with that which did really happen, goes far to prove telegraphy a sense and not a mental state.

Remember, he fancied the girl was in Berlin and in bed, and being an extremely considerate person Karl would certainly not have wished to disturb her, even if such a thing was sanely possible.

He thought the external light fled with exceeding rapidity. There was an instant's gloom, and then he was looking at a sunlit scene. The surroundings were novel to his eyes. He seemed to be standing on the spacious veranda of a fine hotel. The flooring the walls, the pillars, were all of wood, and Karl never had seen a hotel built of that material. Hundreds of well-dressed people were seated around small tables; waiters were flitting to and fro; on an empty table near him he noticed an "Engaged" card, and even a dinner menu of the previous day. (It was nearly one o'clock when he went to the window.) Beyond a crowded lawn were a theater, a band-stand and a raised promenade bordering the sea.

He stared about him with the frank curiosity of the stranger. On the right



The Boy Who Killed "CAN'T"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

offered the agency at a certain town in Michigan to three boys in succession—sons of the minister, the photographer and the dentist. But "Can't," The Dragon, devoured them. They said: "You can't establish a magazine delivery here. Only the daily newspapers are wanted."

Maurice Hinkley sold ten copies among friends the first week. The next week he ordered thirty copies, and won a cash prize for beginners. Then he made a house-to-house canvass of the town, competing with *newsboys* for every customer. He sold over 1000 copies that month, earning \$33.00 in commissions and prizes. Now he sells each week a larger number of copies than either of the morning *newsboys* sell through their agents at this town during an entire week. The town lies about fifty miles west of Detroit. It has a population of only 2400. Maurice is thirteen years old.

He writes: "The other boys said, 'You can't do it.' I said, 'I can.' Now I have started a bank account. They're 'on their uppers.'"

Write to us and we will furnish the first week's supply of ten copies without charge, to be sold at five cents each; after that all you require at the wholesale price.

\$300 IN CASH AS PRIZES FOR BOYS
Who Do Good Work Each Month

A part of this month's prizes reserved for those who start this week.

The Curtis Publishing Company
3632 Arch Street
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This Washing Machine Costs You Nothing.

You pay for it after it has paid you for itself.

It will do a regular EIGHT hour washing in FOUR hours, and it won't wear the clothes. We prove this before you pay a cent.

We send any reliable person our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a month's trial. We pay the freight on it to your home station, at our own expense.

YOU don't risk a penny, and WE don't ask from you any cash deposit, note, contract nor security. You simply write us for the month's trial, and we do the rest.

If, on a four weeks test, you can't wash clothes with it equal to best hand-work, in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear, and with HALF THE EFFORT, send it back to your nearest Railroad Station, that's all.

When you are convinced it saves you FOUR hours labor out of every EIGHT hour weekly washing, KEEP the machine. Then you must pay us 50 cents a week, till the washer is paid for.

The four hours a week our "1900" Washer SAVES YOU would have cost you for washer-woman's time 60 cents. Your own time (if you do the washing yourself), is worth as much as a washerwoman's, and any servant's time costs you board and money equal to this, in the long run.

The "1900" Washer lasts at least five years. Every year it will save you about \$31.20 in labor. In five years this amounts to \$156.00—think of that!

In the free month's trial alone it will save an average family \$2.00 and you assume no risk whatever, no responsibility during the trial.

Isn't this the broadest, and fairest offer ever made you?

We may withdraw it tomorrow, if it overcrowds our factory.

But all reliable persons who answer this advertisement shall have the benefit of the offer, provided they write to us promptly on reading it. Shall we send you a Washer on trial, to be paid for as it pays you? Answer TODAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. Address me direct for person's attention, viz: R. F. Bleber, Gen'l Mgr., The "1900" Washer Company, 814 North Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it.



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study in Voice Culture and Sight Reading. I will mail it and terms for course of instruction to you on receipt of a two-cent stamp. HARVEY SUTHERLAND, Box 81, "THE GRAMERCY" NEW YORK CITY.

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Estate Claims and Pedigrees.—English expert now searching America for heir, can be consulted by mail. Fee \$5. Mr. Keynell-Upham, P. O. Box 229, Washington, D. C.

the hotel buildings shut off the view, but on the left the veranda ran a long way. It was bounded, apparently, by the turnstiles of a railway station, and he read distinctly a prominent notice: "Trains depart for New-York every 15 minutes between 6 p. m. and midnight."

Away in the distance he saw a gigantic pale-green building bearing a flag with the sign "Oriental Hotel," and he was stooping to pick up the menu—thinking to discover his whereabouts by that means—when his attention was drawn to two persons who separated themselves from a laughing party grouped near the band-stand. The couple, a tall, slightly built, foreign-looking man and a pretty girl whose costume and figure alike bespoke her youth, slowly drew near to the hotel veranda.

Grier experienced no amazement when he recognized in the man Constantine the Armenian. The young woman was unknown to him at first, until some gesture, accompanied with smile and a quick upward glance of the eyes, recalled Mrs. Hutchinson, and he reflected that Maggie's mother must have appeared like that when she was eighteen.

So this was Maggie herself? How extraordinary! But what was Constantine saying, that her face should flame and her big brown eyes survey him scornfully? They were both talking vehemently. In his eagerness he bent forward to listen. He was inclined to step from off the veranda and join them. Perhaps Constantine the Armenian required to be kicked.

At that instant he was conscious of sharp physical pain. He was plunged into a dark void, and he came to his ordinary senses to find that he had escaped from falling through the window into the quadrangle only because he had pressed his left hand heavily on top of a pointed stick used to support some flowers in a window-box.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author terms *telegraphy*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away.

Gentlemen of the Old Régime

Continued from page 6

came toward him, her face white and full of torture.

"Well, what hope?" she gasped.

"There's to be no fight," he said. "Carden has apologized and your father is satisfied."

"Oh, I'm so glad—so—so glad!" she sank on to a sofa and covered her face with her hands; but she rose immediately. "I must go to him," she said. "He will not repulse me now."

She was gone only a few minutes, and when she returned her face was aflame with a light Hanbury had never seen in it before.

"Father told me what you proposed," she said, her eyes on the floor. "You could not have touched him so deeply by any act of yours, and I can't tell you how I feel about it. I simply can't."

"That was nothing," said Hanbury. "I could not have done otherwise, loving you as I do and having the respect I have for all that pertains to you."

"You asked me to be your wife," Evelyn said as she put her hands in his. "I think I have loved you ever since we met in Augusta; but I never loved you so much as now. Yes, I'll be your wife, and shall consider myself a very fortunate girl."

KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A
MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

IV. A Cat and Frank Hooper

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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IN relation to the every-day affairs of life, Karl Grier had nerves of iron controlled by a well-ordered brain.

"As soon as I recovered my wits," he said laughingly afterward, "I closed the window, examined the injury to my hand, which was painful but of little account, undressed and went to bed, resolutely determined to sleep. I knew I was overwrought, and that the worst thing I could do was to strive uselessly to read the puzzle of the trance, or vision, I had just experienced. I estimated that it had lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. During those fifteen minutes I had seemingly paid a visit to the United States. That would suffice for one evening. I closed my eyes, endeavored to construct equipotential lines on an imaginary surface containing two electrified spheres, and as a consequence was soon sound asleep."

This time, be it noted, there was no sanguinary result of the spell cast upon him. Sir William Macpherson, in the work already alluded to, guardedly called attention to the symptoms of bleeding at the nose and ears, and came to the conclusion that Karl presented a hitherto unrecorded phase of hypertrophy of the brain.

There were periodical expansions of the encephalon, or, in simple language, the nerve-cells, nerve-tubes, and the rest of the marvelous apparatus which constitute the mental and govern the physical equipment of man were increased in number and power, and consequently to a slight extent in size. All cases previously noted had revealed deficiency of intellect. Either the skull could not accommodate its unwieldy tenant or the heart could not nourish it. Grier, exercising unknown faculties in childhood, secured the requisite nutriment without effort, and growth was permitted by occasional bursting of a distended membrane. Obviously, a full scientific explanation of the phenomenon is impossible here. Not one scientist in ten thousand would even admit its existence, and the few who do believe would demand a bulky tome to set forth their reasons.

Karl, untroubled by such considerations, overslept himself, was late for chapel, and was reprimanded for his somnolence. He retained the liveliest impression of all that had taken place, and being convinced that he had seen some well-known seaside resort in North America, invited to his rooms a New-Yorker who was taking a degree at Oxford.

He merely described the scene, without any explanation of its significance, and his friend recognized it at once. "That is Manhattan Beach," he cried, "one of the places where New-York dines when the weather is hot. Society goes to the beach, the crowd to Coney Island. They are not far apart as the crow flies, but miles asunder in every other respect. Say, I thought you never had been to the States?"

"Nor have I, to my present knowledge," said Karl. "I have, so to speak, constructed the picture, by force of imagination, let us say."

"I congratulate you. Personally I never fail to construct places I have not seen, but I find invariably that the reality differs from the conception as greatly—well, as radically as my version of that cat's plaintive remarks might differ from their true inwardness."

*

It was night again, and the two were sitting near the open window. Somewhere beneath in the "quad"

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 17



"That Cat Is Using a
Chant of Defiance"

a seemingly disconsolate feline was mewing its aspirations. There was a moment's silence while they listened, the American blithely unconscious that he had done aught except utter a harmless pleasantry.

"Tell me what you think the cat is saying," said Karl quietly.

"I am not strong on cat," was the reply. "Like Lord Roberts, I detest the whole tribe. Away back in the origin of species I must have an affinity with either the cat's mortal enemy or its prey. But as a guess I should credit puss with remarking that he or she, is waiting in the gay-arden ne-ow. 'It's a fine ne-ight; oh, won't ye-ou come over the we-all,' is the burden of the song."

Your true American can do that sort of thing and preserve the face of a sphinx. His natural drawl lent an adroit buffoonery to his joke. He had not the least notion that his friend was speaking in earnest.

But he pricked his ears, metaphorically, when Grier said, beginning in a low monotone but ending excitedly: "You are mistaken. That cat is using a chant of defiance. It is old as the hills, the product of the wind-mutterings of storm and the crash of thunder. Listen:

"Who art thou who seest with fire, snake-creeping among the bushes?

Think not thou art hidden—

I also have eyes of flame. Beware!

I am young and strong; I can bite and tear.

I spring far to conquest.

My claws are sharp.

Fly, ere I rend thee!

Comest thou yet? Kill, then, kill!"

As the concluding words rang through the room there came from without the spitting and snarling of a pair of frenzied cats. There was a rush and a scurry, and all was still.

The American leaped to his feet with a somewhat hysterical laugh. "Say, Grier," he cried, "that's one against me. In the name of the father

of all cats—how did you manage to wind up your epic of the Tertiary Period at the exact moment when the fur began to fly?"

"Sit down, please. I was translating, freely but accurately enough. Animals contrive to enfold many parts of speech in a single sound."

"Do you mean to tell me you understood that cat's mewing?"

"I—I think so."

"Your thinking is uncommonly realistic."

"Try to credit me, Hooper. I am not romancing. Somewhere at the back of my head I have a language code which explains these things. If Max Müller can declare with conviction that every thought which ever passed through a human brain may be expressed in one hundred and twenty-one radical concepts, if the earth and the heavens can be composed of sixty chemical substances, surely it is not outrageously impossible for a lower animal organism to contrive a large vocabulary with a few elementary sounds?"

Hooper produced a cigar. "This requires a profound smoke," he said.

"I want help," murmured Karl. "Criticise and question as much as you like, but scoffing will serve no purpose."

"The deuce a scoff! I am far too interested. To begin at the beginning: What is the cat, or cattish, for 'seeing with fire,' and 'snake-creeping,' both exceedingly apt phrases, by the way?"

"I cannot tell you. I only know that these are

handy symbols of root ideas. Musicians would comprehend a mental condition of definite thought without syllabic form. Mendelssohn wrote: 'It is exactly at that moment when language is unable to voice the experiences of the soul that the vocation of music opens to us; if all that passes in us were capable of expression in words I should write no more music.' Wagner goes to the extreme of assigning a measured musical phrase to a given idea. Were I not deficient in the parrot's skill of sound-reproduction, I could most certainly converse, in crude suggestion, with many animals. What is speech? Merely the trick of conveying ideas by articulate sounds. Can it be affirmed that man alone is gifted with the power? I once heard a gamekeeper calling a corn-crake by using a little mechanical instrument. The bird came, in response to the fancied cry of its mate. It was shot for its credulity. Were my vocal cords differently shaped I could have warned it against danger. Is not that speech?"

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, you are expounding a new thesis of life, Grier," said the American. "Is there any limit? Do you go down the scale? How about insects, reptiles, fishes?"

Karl paused a little while. "Would that I might answer!" he cried at last. "Who am I that I should add unknown words to the sparse total which serves human needs? Think what it means, that list of Müller's! Six score root-ideas, from which we have named two hundred and forty-five thousand species of living animals, classified nearly one hundred thousand fossils, produced the works of Shakespeare and Milton! Yet I swear to you that, many a time in India, lying awake and listening to the croaking of innumerable frogs, I could distinguish the one final shriek of agony of a frog seized by a snake from the million-voiced chorus of its fellows."

"Are these unknown languages always recognizable? If a dog yelps because he has been booted, do you hear him say: 'Stop that, you biped

ruffian! What have I done, I should like to know?" If so, you must have a lively time of it, at a cattle-fair, for instance."

Karl laughed. He rose, pulled down the blind and switched on the electric light.

"I am quite serious," protested his friend. "For goodness' sake don't be vexed if my questions seem idiotic. When I came here to-night I did not expect you to play 'Hail Columbia' with all my preconceived notions."

"Vexed? Why should I be vexed with so strenuous a listener? No, I do not gather up all these animal utterances, else I should go mad. The exercise of my peculiar faculties requires effort. I am like a loaded camera. To take a picture I must raise the shutter."

"You speak in the plural. Was your description of Manhattan Beach based on some other species of intuition?"

"Yes. If you care to listen, I will tell you some strange things. But first I must have your pledge of inviolable secrecy."

Hooper gave ready assurance, and Karl acquainted him with a good many, substantially all the main points, of the facts I have previously recorded.

The American was shrewd and precise. He was studying Roman law and jurisprudence in the English university, his avowed object being to devote his life to the codification of his own country's law. Therefore, among the young men of his college, Karl could have found none of quicker and clearer perceptiveness.

When the recital reached the previous night's

inexplicable events he checked each item as though it was a section of a statute. "There is one feature of your unparalleled experiences which stands out in bold relief," he commented at the close of Grier's story. "You can see and hear only that which is taking place at the precise moment of your trance, as we shall call it. You can look into neither the past nor the future. Last night, allowing for a difference in sun-time of five hours, you actually saw people dining and listening to the band at Manhattan Beach. It is noteworthy that you saw only, and did not hear. Yet you heard the Armenian yelling for help when he was a mile away from the ship. The deduction is obvious. The electric waves, or whatever they are, which convey impressions to your brain, follow the known laws of the transmission of light and sound. If I were poetically inclined, I might put it that you can see the spheres, but you cannot hear their music. Now, I am going to ask you, straight out, if you will oblige me by ringing up that young lady again."

"Now?"

"Right now. It is not far from the same hour."

"I will try," said Karl simply.

*

In order to reproduce kindred conditions, he extinguished the light, raised the blind and the window and looked out.

"Last night," he said, "I nearly fell into the 'quad' in my excitement."

"No fear of that, unless I fall too," was the emphatic reply.

Karl concentrated his thoughts on Maggie Hutch-

inson. He found it easy to follow the trend of circumstances which led up to the vision of the preceding day. Soon there came the now almost familiar darkening of the air and the instantaneous disappearance of surrounding objects, to be succeeded by a well-defined view of a somewhat dimly lighted but spacious apartment.

It was a large room, with an unusually low ceiling, but the decorations, carpets, panels and several queer little windows were fashioned or conceived with much taste. At the farther end was a grand piano. In the center of the floor was a sunken space, guarded by rails. Seated on a sort of divan which ran round the walls were a great many women and half a dozen men. They were reading, talking or lying comfortably ensconced on cushions. But the odd thing was that the room and its inhabitants absolutely defied the law of gravity. No earthquake that ever shook the globe could make a house sway in such fashion without causing irretrievable ruin. Yet the people in this uncanny apartment appeared to be disturbed in nowise by its vagaries, and, most amazing thing of all, when any individual crossed the room, or entered or left it, he or she walked with a ridiculous disregard for either the changing angles of the floor and walls or Newton's theory.

So astonished was Karl by the spectacle that it took him a long time to realize that he was looking at the saloon drawing-room of a big Atlantic liner, which was evidently plunging through a stiff gale.

He saw the ship's name, the *Merlin*, on a printed notice swinging on the wall, and he laughed so

Continued on page 17

THE KING OF ALL CRABS

By Charles F. Holder

NEARLY everything about the kingdom of the Mikado has a peculiar individuality. The people are essentially artistic—it is inborn—and we find the most ordinary and common objects having a certain beauty and art value.

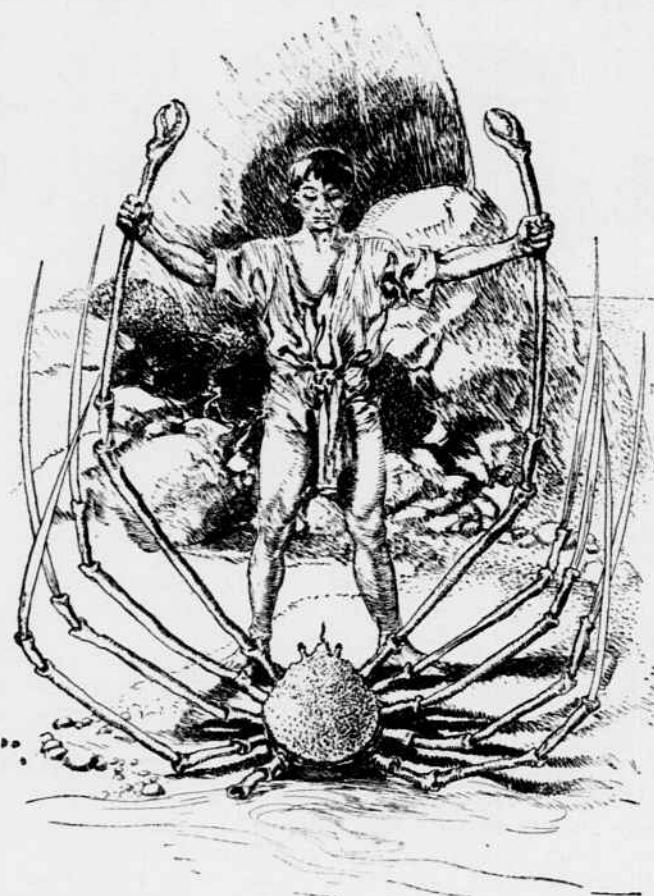
This peculiarity applies to many of their animals. The mandarin duck is distinctly Japanese, and some of their fishes are grotesque. The carps of the black, white and golden cross, the turtles with "hair," or covered with streaming green weed, are peculiar; but the most remarkable animal in Japan is a crab, found in the bays and inlets, a crab so gigantic, so unlike any other known member of the family, that it seems like a figure of the imagination.

Several years ago an American naturalist went to Japan on his way around the world, with a view to collecting crabs for a client who was devoted to these animals, as many collectors are to stamps. In the islands of the South Pacific he found a remarkable crab, known as the birgos, a native taking him to a cocoanut grove where the trees were undermined by the crabs, which lived in dens at their roots. They were seen climbing the trees, where they would bite off a nut, allowing it to drop; then they would cleverly tear off the husk, bit by bit, using it to line their dens, eating the fruit either by inserting a back claw in the hole and so taking out the meat, or fracturing it by dropping it from the tree.

To carry away these crabs, which in some instances weighed eight or ten pounds, the naturalist put his specimens in oil cans, but discovered in the morning that several had escaped by biting through the can with their powerful claws and turning up the tin. The natives stated that one of these large crabs had been known to seize a kid by the ears and hold it—an illustration that will give some idea of the power and strength of the animal. This crab lives entirely on land, and when out of its shell resembles the hermit-crab.

Arriving in Japan, the traveler heard of the singular crabs of that coast: the stonecrab, that imitates stones; the painted crab of many colors; and, the most remarkable of all, the big crab, the king of crabs. The fishermen informed him that it was rarely caught, as it lived in certain localities, but for a consideration they would form an expedition and go to the place and remain until one was captured. The collector accepted the proposition, and one morning they sailed from the little port and bore away down the coast, in two days reaching a shallow bay on which was situated a fishing village, which despite the fact that it previously had been ruined and overwhelmed by an earthquake was still a thriving settlement.

On one of the fish-houses the collectors saw a claw that was at least ten feet in length; indeed, when a Japanese at his request held it up it was



The Giant Crab of Japan

twice as high as himself, and he said that he had seen a crab twice as tall. Early one evening the party started out with a number of long seine-like nets that were set at high tide at the entrance of a small shallow bay by which ran a deep channel. The men explained that the big crabs came up out of the channel at night to feed on the flats, where at times they could be trapped. The nets set, the fishermen went ashore to wait for the tide to go down, knowing that the crabs, if any had ventured out, would go down with it to the channel, and so run into the net. The men slept on the sands until the moon was waning, when the head man gave the signal and they took to the boats, which were quickly shoved off.

The water was now not over three feet in depth on the flat, and numbers of large fishes were heard leaping and splashing, as the net had completely filled the entrance. Reaching the spot, the men divided, one boat going to one end, the second the other, while several men leaped overboard and took their positions on the outside midway between the ends. At a given signal the end men began to haul and all to move up the little bay, gradually closing in to the boats. It was a long and arduous

pull. The water gleamed with phosphorescence, and now and then fish of various kinds leaped from the water.

When most of the space had been covered, and the water was so shallow that the men were satisfied that nothing was to be found, they hauled up the net to the boats and began the slow work of taking it aboard. It is always fascinating to watch an incoming net, and this was no exception, for the contents were remarkable. There were strange fishes, porcupines, sea-urchins with black spines six inches long, huge shells with pink lips, crawfish, small crabs and many more. Finally a shout from one of the fishermen, and something appeared waving slowly something that brought shouts from all the other Japanese. With a quick spring the head man was upon it. He grasped the long waving object with his right hand and with his left took hold of something in the water, while another man grasped another long object that came up; then after a few moments spent in disentangling the net from it the king of the crabs, the great *Macrochira*, was lifted out and slowly the men waded with it to the boat, where it was held up so that the delighted American might view it.

The crab proved to be one of the largest specimens that had ever been taken there. Its long claws were each twelve feet in length; its body was about one foot across; and later when the crab was stretched upon the sands it was found to have a radial spread of twenty-six feet. It was not quick of motion, yet possessed strength that made it difficult for one man to handle. But the ingenious Japanese fishermen had prepared for this. They had a rack of bamboo made with a radiating branch for each claw; upon this the great creature was lashed carefully and carried ashore without danger to the long spider-like claws.

A more extraordinary animal it would be difficult to imagine. The body was not much larger than a man's head, but broader, and in appearance resembled a rough stone. From this radiated ten long legs, eight nearly ten feet in length and terminating in points, and two much longer with biting claws, small, but so powerful that the wound made by them would be more than unpleasant. The animal is well-named the spider-crab, for when the men held it up it bore a marked resemblance to a huge impossible spider.

In the course of a week several of these giants of the crab tribe were taken and ultimately shipped to European cities to constitute striking parts of famous collections.

Exactly how large these crabs will grow is not known; but a specimen has been seen with a radial spread of thirty feet; and a claw of another crab was fished up which suggested a crab much larger and equalling in weight the giant pterogotas of the ancient days of the earth.

BINFORD MAKES A "REP"

Continued from page 14

was the cause of it. My spurs wouldn't stay straight, and them little old heels wouldn't take hold of the stirrups. That horse can't sort of throw me when I got my boots on with some heels to brace against. Are you going to keep with your agreement?" he demanded in conclusion.

"If I agreed, of course I'll stay with it"—a promise which was to require a greater degree of fortitude for its fulfillment than he then foresaw.

When they returned to camp with the horses, the outfit was assembled at breakfast. Binford dismounted from the apathetic Pancho with an apparent painful effort and limped to a roll of bedding. It was a performance so amusing to the outfit that for several minutes he sat helpless before the onslaught of laughter and witticisms at his expense. "Why didn't you grab the saddle-horn?" asked one, to which another instantly retorted: "Grab the saddle-horn? From where he was at?" "All the trouble was that that horse didn't pitch high enough. If he pitched as high as you went, you could have stayed with him." And throughout Binford sat stoically enduring.

Meanwhile Bowlegs was zealously engaged in making himself as inconspicuous as possible, a fact that drew Towhead's attention to him. "Your horse must have turned his pack too," he observed, looking hard at the angry bruise on Bowleg's cheek.

"Naw," came the unblushing rejoinder, "I run into a limb."

"Did you ever try dodgin' them limbs? It works some better ridin' in the brush," volunteered Garmouth patronizingly.

Towhead's gaze was still on Bowlegs, who sat uncomfortable beneath it. Presently Towhead rose and walked out to where the two saddles lay upside down on the ground just as the horse-rustlers had pulled them off. Bowlegs watched him uneasily, and groaned aloud when he saw him pick up both blankets and examine the under sides.

With an exultant yell, Towhead waved a blanket in each hand. "Say, fellows, what shall we do to him?" he roared. "There are fresh sorrel hairs in this blanket and white ones on this pretty new one of our visiting friend!"

"Why, the liars!" ejaculated "General Miles" in an outburst of pained surprise.

"Any cow-puncher that would get thrown by an old locoed horse like Pancho and then attempt to lay the blame on a poor innercent tenderfoot deserves to have the leggin's jerked off of him!" declared Corky Williams, "We'll just lay him across the wagon-tongue and let this gentleman here," indicating Binford, "jerk the leggin's off of him."

Forthwith the luckless Bowlegs was stretched across the pole of the chuck-wagon, with one man firmly holding his shoulders, while another sat on his feet. Williams picked up a heavy pair of leather *chapereros* and handed them to Binford. "Now go to work," he commanded. "Jerk the leggin's off of him."



"He doesn't appear to have any on," replied Binford. It was a literal view of the situation which doubled the outfit up with convulsive mirth.

"Well, put a pair on—so fashion." Williams took the leggings and swinging them above his head brought them down across that part of the victim's anatomy that had been made available for the process. "Put 'em on! Jerk 'em off!" The blows came thick and fast. Bowlegs squirmed in vain. Williams paused at length, out of breath. "Now it's your turn," he said, proffering the leggings to Binford.

"No, I'm not going back on him now." "Oh, you're his side partner, are you?"

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Then you get it, too!" And before he could make even a show of resistance Binford was stretched alongside his fellow conspirator. When he was finally released, he felt both in body and spirit much the same sensation he could recall having experienced after the paternal strap had been brought into requisition in the days of his boyhood. Bowlegs shook himself together and grinned ruefully at him. "You got me into a jack-pot, you did!" he observed.

Binford wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "There seems to obtain among cow-boys a system of ethics which I have not yet fathomed."

"It ain't no 'system of ethics,' whoever he is, it's them spotted socks that's caused all the trouble. But never mind, you're ketchin' on fast. There's lots to learn in the cow-punchin' trade."

Bowlegs picked up his bridle and started for the *remuda*, whistling "Little Dogies"—and work for the day had begun.

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 10

heartily at the antics of a fat man who essayed to carry a shawl to a woman on the opposite side of the vessel, that he regained his wits to find Hooper holding his arm and eagerly demanding:

"Well, what have you seen? Why are you laughing?"

Grier, not bewildered in the slightest degree by the sudden transition from the saloon of an ocean-going steamship to his chambers in an Oxford college, told his attentive friend what had transpired.

Like every up-to-date American, Hooper knew most of the great liners and kept track of their sailings. An Englishman drops a letter into the pillar-box and trusts to Heaven and the post-master-general that it will reach its destination, but the average American would wonder what ailed him if he could not follow the missive by sea and rail, with precise details of the journey from start to finish.

So Hooper ejaculated: "The Merlin! Great Scott! She sailed from New-York to-day. Was the girl on board?"

"I do not know," admitted Karl. "I did not even look for her, so greatly was I mystified by the wobbliness of everything."

"Well, I guess we've done enough for one séance," said the other. "I've read and heard of some top-notch clairvoyants, but I give you best. To-morrow evening, after Hall, I shall have the tangle a bit less knotted, if pen and paper will follow its twists. You were away somewhere for nearly twenty minutes, your eyes were closed, and you reeled so that I thought you would have fallen. Guess you felt the deck heaving. But, say, old man, do you sleep well after this kind of circus?"

"Sleep? I sleep like a healthy navvy!" said Karl.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters
KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowledge. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young "telegonomist" was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England.

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KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

V. Karl's First Meeting With Steindal

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

Illustrated by WILLIAM DE L. DODGE

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Hooper Did Not Think He Was Justified in Permitting the Trance to Continue Indefinitely

HOOPER turned up next evening armed with a note-book. "I did not go to bed until long after sunrise," he said. "When I began to marshal my thoughts into some semblance of order I was amazed to find how far back into the twilight of human origins you carried me with your cat language. Has it ever struck you how old this world is? how long men have waited before they took their first sure step toward knowledge?"

"Are you speaking of the evolution of matter in general or of mankind in particular?" asked Grier.

"Of our noble selves, to be sure. Geologically, there is practically no limit backward, but we have been so fed up on individualism we are beginning only now to abandon useless speculations as to the eternity of the future for a more definite study of the eternity of the past. Now you, with your animal language and your genuine far-seeing, have cleared the mist from a theory I have held nebulously for a year or more. Let me state it in progressive theses: (a) Human inventiveness is bounded only by the zone of human intelligence; (b) the capacity of the brain extends far beyond our present scientific comprehension; (c) every new discovery is, therefore, a mere quickening into activity of some special attribute latent in all properly regulated brains; (d) a time may come when man shall know all things, as nothing can happen, nor can have happened, which the brain is not capable of conceiving."

"Your theorizing vaults a long way in advance of my experiences."

"Not a bit of it. You are merely a living testimony of faculties either undeveloped or deemed dead owing to disuse. Oddly enough, you, my friend, possess powers which we modern degenerates—beef-fed and stodgy with misapplied civilization—coolly relegate to the lower animals or at the best to savage tribes. Watch cattle in a field, birds in the air—are they not skilled weather-prophets, far more reliable than any meteorological bureau? They don't tap a glass cylinder of mercury or write learnedly about cirrus clouds and convex cumuli. No, the cows and horses just nibble the grass on the exposed hills, the birds fly about unconcernedly, if the advancing gloom simply heralds a passing shower; but see them all scoot for shelter before ever a leaf is stirred if a real storm is about to break. That is pure, undiluted, unquestioning knowledge. The power of transmitting news instantly over long distances possessed by certain human nomads is of the same type. Therefore, my dear Karl, you hark back in the centuries. You are away down the social scale. I, an up-to-date demigod, to whom the real meaning of nearly every word I use is unknown, tell you this unblushingly."

"Is that a part of your theory that the world is still in its infancy in its search after truth?"

"Well hit, my prehistoric man, my vitalized fossil! You are old as many of the hills. Oh, if only I could put a date on you! Say, have ever heard of Eridu?"

"Do you mean the Chaldean city?"

"Yes. Well, six thousand years ago it was a sea-port and the sanctuary of the Chaldean god, Ea. Now it is a dust-heap, miles inland. A friend of mine, sorting among the rubbish last year, found a tomb. The gentleman buried therein must have been an Akkadian antiquary, who hated, even in death, to be parted from his treasures, because the brick vault containing his remains also held a variety of objects several thousand years older than himself."

"Are the facts entirely clear?"

"Clear? Just listen to the evidence. You, as a bloated Britisher, are aware, no doubt, that

the year, when it first attained the dignity of record, began with the vernal equinox, and the opening month was named after the 'propitious Bull.' Thus, Bull headed the twelve constellations of the zodiac, and was an important character. Well, in the tomb aforesaid, the excavators found a small stone urn bearing not Taurus the Bull's sign, but Aquarius the water-bearer. The sun, at the vernal equinox, has been in Aries since 2500 B. C., and it first entered Taurus somewhere about 4700 B. C. Lots of centuries must have been passed in observation before the astrologers formed the calendar we use to-day; so the urn could claim, at the least, a venerable antiquity, unless it was a hoary Chaldean hoax. There is good reason to believe it was anything but a joke. It was brought to Washington, eagerly examined by a gathering of archeologists, and dropped by some trembling enthusiast to a marble floor."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, the finder said something like that. Indeed his language was even more fluent. Yet the accident led to a discovery. The shattered urn consisted of two vessels, one within the other. Between the two was a thin slip of ivory, and on this was a cuneiform inscription, with a lively drawing showing how one gentleman hammered a big nail into another gentleman's skull."

"Do you propose to treat me in that way?"

"I have reached my point now. That record of a crime, probably a murder of revenge, was kept secret for at least seven thousand years, and only Schliemann or Haynes could tell us how much longer. So your peculiarly constituted brain, my friend, has gone on repeating itself through many a forgotten ancestor until the accident of environment enabled its hidden recesses to burst their bonds. It took a great many clever men a great many years to decipher the cuneiform characters of the Akkadians, and you will probably be dead long before some genius yet unborn tells an anxious world why you can see things that are taking place at a distance of over three thousand miles. Meanwhile, behold in me your patient observer and chronicler. To-night—"

"To-night we shall talk and smoke and pursue vain conceits," said Karl determinedly. "I think I ought to forego these glimpses into the void. They are unpleasing in many ways. Of what

personal benefit is this unusual gift? I wish to qualify myself for a commercial career, and the only practical use of such escapades as those of the two preceding nights is something in the detective line. I mean to resist the impulse for the future."

"Now you are indulging in banalities. You can no more resist the occasional use of your splendid gifts than a duckling reared by a hen could hold back from a pond. And do you really think that I have written twenty pages of notes merely to fool away three hours? I guess Maggie can't be a nice girl, or it's a sure thing you would want to see her again."

Karl smiled, and a charming way he had of revealing his white teeth with the kindest and most good-natured expression of genuine fun. "Even if you are smug-ging at law, Frank," he said, "you should spare your friends the tricks of counsel. You fancy, and probably your belief is justified, that if I allow my mind to dwell on Miss Hutchinson's appearance, such as I have recently discovered it to be, I shall wander off hopelessly across the ocean to find her. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am firm in my resolution to discourage these telescopic escapades as much as possible."

Hooper sighed. He put away his note-book and viciously bit the end off a green cigar, a feat by no means so easy as the smokers of British dry weeds may imagine. "Then let us talk of ships and kings and sealing-wax," he said.

"I am rather strong on ancient Egypt. Would you like to hear my views on Ka?"

Hooper was speaking with careless sarcasm. He was grievously annoyed that Grier should cut off a highly interesting experiment in such a summary fashion. Yet there is an unconscious art which is superior to all intent, and Hooper had blundered on a question that set his hearer's mind in a whirl.

"Ka!" he said softly. "Surely that is what we call the soul? It is animism, the shadowy second self evoked from dreams. Yes, that is a root-word, direct from the earliest mint. Man, in his first speech, described Ka."

The American veiled the joy in his eyes by a cloud of smoke. "If I can only plunk him near the window now he will switch onto Maggie with a jerk," was his ready reflection. But the "plunking," whatever it may mean—for your good American, when not undergoing the embalming process which finally fits him for Paris, can coin words at will—was not necessary. Karl, without effort or volition, passed through the umbra which separated his known senses from the sway of their unknown congener. He leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and was forthwith, to all appearance, sleeping lightly.

Hooper, whose nostrils quivered with repressed excitement, flung away his cigar and applied himself to the task of recording all external physical indications of the emotions his companion might be experiencing. It will be remembered that this trance-like condition was usually preceded by some slight disturbance of the blood-vessels infringing on or adjacent to the brain. There was no such sign of cerebral disorder on this occasion. Karl seemed to have yielded to a desire for a pleasant and refreshing doze.

Again, when he saw Maggie Hutchinson and the American at Manhattan Beach, he had endeavored to approach nearer to them, and was prevented only by the fortunate interposition of a window-ledge and a stick stuck in a flower-pot, while his temporary flight to the storm-tossed saloon of the Merlin had caused him to sway in Hooper's arms. To-night he sat immovable, though he witnessed a series of really remarkable events, the sight or hearing of which would assuredly have

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on next page

evoked some reflex action or cry during any of his earlier manifestations.

Luckily there was present in the young American a sympathetic watcher, who, notwithstanding his comparative youth, had all the coolness and critical acumen of a hardened investigator. Hooper, true to his own theory, was convinced that he was assisting in the development of a hitherto unsuspected function in man's brain. He knew that the obscure sum of influences we call heredity affects the adult man in a surprisingly small traceable degree as compared with education.

If it was possible to leave an infant, born of civilized parents, wholly to its own devices, what direct characteristics of human ancestry would it exhibit? It would possess no articulate language, its knowledge would not extend beyond the limited recognition of a few articles of food, its reasoning faculties would be a blank, its highly convoluted brain a storehouse of potentialities as hidden as the wonders of its nervous system or the chemical building of its tissue. In a word, a child which under tuition might become the discoverer of a new province in human thought would sink instantly to the condition of paleolithic man. Let the key be lost which should unlock the treasury, and untold ages of horror and suffering, of seemingly endless and unavailing effort, must be endured ere it could be found again. Yet the treasure was there intact, as surely pent within the protoplasmic ovum as displayed in all its splendor on the printed page of the world-convincing treatise. That was the great miracle of Nature, and Hooper asked himself what phase of her manifold powers was now unfolding itself before his intent yet uncomprehending eyes.

He knew that mankind to-day could produce in facsimile types of ancestors found in pliocene strata at least five hundred thousand years old. Stone knives alone could make the intentional cuts found on the ribs of a cetacean stranded on the shores of the Pliocene Sea, and what that meant to a prehistoric tribe was clearly shown by Lord Avebury's (Sir John Lubbock's) summary of a description by Captain Grey of a recent whale feast in Australia:

When a whale is washed ashore it is a real godsend to them (the aborigines). Fires are lit to give notice of the joyful event. They rub themselves all over with blubber and anoint their favorite wives in the same way. Then they cut down through the blubber to the beef, which they eat raw or broil on pointed sticks. As other natives arrive they "fairly eat their way into the whale, and you see them climbing in and about the carcass, choosing titbits. . . . There is no sight in the world more revolting than to see a young and gracefully formed girl stepping out of the interior of a putrid whale."

Hooper had plenty of time to let his imagination run riot in this wise. The light fell fair on Grier's face, but the watcher looked in vain for any indication of the sights or sounds in which the sleeper was participating. Karl, to outward semblance, might be either really asleep or brought to muscular rigidity by the influence of an anesthetic.

He was reluctant to disturb his comrade. This present flight through space promised to transcend its predecessors in the prolonged sequence of its events. Nevertheless, there was a limit to his friend's endurance if not to his own.

When the expiration of another fifteen minutes revealed no sign of Grier's return to consciousness, Hooper did not think he was justified in permitting the trance to continue indefinitely without assuring himself, at any rate, that Grier's pulse was normal and his heart beating regularly.

He stooped and caught Karl's wrist gently. He noticed that the breathing was slow and measured, and he had just succeeded in detecting the pulse when Karl opened his eyes.

He gave one surprised, almost bewildered glance at Hooper, laughed cheerfully when he looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, and said, in the most matter-of-fact way:

"Have you ever heard of a man named Steindal in New-York?"

"Y-yes." Hooper nearly stammered, he was so taken aback by the curiously commonplace question.

"Is he connected with the stage?" Karl asked.

"Yes, in a sense. He is a dramatic agent, I think."

"He is unquestionably a dramatic scoundrel. Why did you interfere? At the very moment I left him he was giving his own precious character to Constantine. Never mind! I will find the rascal and beat him to a jelly."

"Bully for you! Things have happened, then?"

"My dear Frank, I have not only seen but heard. Think what it means! Three thousand miles of wireless telephony! And what a first-rate brute that fellow Steindal is!"

"A regular holy terror, I have no doubt. But say, I thought you had rung up Maggie Hutchinson?"

"I did not see her, thank Heaven! but I heard so much concerning her that I shall make it my business to meet the Merlin at Liverpool and warn her against that pair of beauties in New-York."

Hooper selected a fresh and extra green cigar. "Now, indeed, I can smoke the calumet of peace while you talk," he said, curling up in an easy chair with the comfortable abandon of one who has faithfully kept a long vigil.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

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Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CONCERT-ROOM

By Frederic S. Law

JUST now musical Germany is interested in a proposition to make a radical change in the arrangement of concert-rooms. It is urged that these follow too blindly the plan adopted for the theater, in which a clear view of all that is done on the stage is essential; that in a concert, on the contrary, the hearer should be unconscious of the necessary mechanism, since it distracts his attention from the enjoyment of the music. The manipulation of the instruments, the gestures of the conductor, the personality and dress of the soloists, are looked upon as so many disturbing factors which prevent the mental concentration demanded by the complex music of the present day. It is argued that since Wagner in his festival theater at Bayreuth has given an example of a model auditorium for the music drama by shutting out all mechanical accessories, a similar work should be done for the concert-room.

The ideal of these reformers calls for complete concealment of orchestra, conductor, chorus and soloists, and partial concealment at least of the audience itself by a darkening of the auditorium during performance. Consequently there must be no balconies or boxes materially elevated above the main floor, and it must be lighted so that it can be darkened readily, not necessarily to complete obscurity, but to a mysterious twilight in which all details are softened or absorbed. Experiments have been made with a movable stage—one that can be lowered so as to be hidden entirely from the audience; but the difficulty in such case is to secure satisfactory acoustical conditions; then, too, such an arrangement is neither dignified nor impressive from an architectural standpoint.

More attractive is the picture given by an enthusiast who has carefully thought out all details, as follows:

He sees a large oval-shaped hall, one end of which—perhaps a third or fourth of the entire space—is cut off by a balustrade rising to a height of from six to nine feet, with a slight inward curve. Above this balustrade and separated by wide pillars are three mighty window-shaped openings reaching almost to the ceiling, the middle one larger than those on the sides. These openings correspond to three stained-glass windows at the opposite end of the hall. The effect of the whole in decorations, proportions, etc., is suggestive of the nave of a Gothic church.

In the concealed space the musical forces are disposed on platforms descending by successive stages: the conductor with the soloists directly back of the balustrade, the chorus on a lower level, the orchestra still lower, and the organ on the basement or cellar floor. Two sounding-boards are provided, one over the singers in front, the other at a lower level over the orchestra in the back. The latter is capable of being raised or lowered by means of an electric motor, which is governed by a button on the conductor's desk, so that when a particularly strong orchestral effect is desired it can be secured simply by pressing this button. The auditorium is lighted from the ceiling in such wise that the source of the illumination cannot be seen; behind the balustrade and following its curve is a double row of incandescent lights; in addition, there are the ordinary desk-lights of the orchestra. During the music the lights in the auditorium are turned off; a faint glow, however, breaks in from lights behind the rear windows and from the reflection of those in the orchestra.

In such a temple of art no applause is allowed between the movements of a symphony or similar work, and none whatever during the performance of sacred choral works—masses, oratorios, passions and the like.

Such a plan may seem exaggerated and overwrought to those who look upon music merely as an agreeable diversion to while away an idle evening—not to speak of those who partake of Dr. Johnson's opinion that it is the most expensive of noises. Others, however, who see in music a potent influence second to none in its cultivating, refining power will welcome attempts like these which have for their aims the raising of the art to a nobler, higher plane by means of suitable and dignified surroundings.

PEGGY'S SUNBONNET

Illustration by Grace G. Wiederseim



By M. G. Hays

Grandma said: "That little face Will get freckles on it"; So when she came home to-day She brought me this sunbonnet, And I am going to wear it When in the sun I play. I guess that I'll be glad I did When I am big some day."

KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A
MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

VI. In Which Constantine Has a Vision

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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ALTHOUGH he had not the slightest difficulty in recounting the precise phrases of conversations, the exact details of actions, which during the previous hour and a quarter had their habitat in New-York, Karl unquestionably did feel the need of choosing his words when he began to tell Hooper how a new and wholly entrancing phase of his extraordinary powers was opened up by the discovery that mere distance no longer diminished his sense of hearing. It was so vitally important to be accurate. First impressions are of prime value in describing a sensation. If a man retained only his first impression of the taste of alcohol, what a sober world it would be!

When his conscious intelligence left the room in which he and Hooper were sitting he had no fixed objective in his mind. This fresh departure was noteworthy, and indeed absolutely essential to the theory propounded by Sir William Macpherson, namely, that Karl was a living installation of wireless telegraphy. If this rough-and-ready definition of the phenomenon was reasonably correct, it was essential that the human "station" should have the power of receiving as well as transmitting the electrical influences which called into activity its sixth sense. Hitherto Grier, so to speak, had swept the mental horizon with a search-light, hoping or expecting to find the object he sought. Now, in a state of quiescence, yet tuned to the proper pitch by the sound of one of those strong deep words that vibrate back to the twilight of human origins, he was encountered by another radio-active force, and became for a time a machine-like recorder of impressions.

After the familiar passing through darkness into light—this momentary eclipse being apparently a mechanical readjustment of the normal functions of the brain to their novel requirements—he found himself a spectator of a meeting between two men, a meeting that seemingly was taking place in a second-floor office overlooking the junction of two busy thoroughfares.

He could hear nothing. He was in the position of an audience watching the cinematographic representation of an express train thundering through a station—there was all the realism of life and motion, but no sound. In his case, of course, there were the added illusions of color and sunlight, nor was the vision distracted by perplexing flutterings of a winding film.

One of the men was Constantine, tall, sallow-faced, dark-eyed, habited in evening dress, but showing an Oriental love of display by the pair of diamond studs blazing in his shirt-front, the thrilling design of his brocade waistcoat, and the braid, two inches wide, that seamed his trousers. His companion, also attired in the garb abhorred by George Bernard Shaw, was, in all except his un-American aspect (both men being unmistakable "aliens"), the exact antithesis of Constantine. A short, tubby man, the product, it appeared, of a Polish-Jew father and a Mexican half-caste mother, he might be likened to a human olive. He was so round, so smooth-pollled, so greeny-bronze in complexion, that Karl, summing him up afterward, said:

"When I meet him, I shall half expect to see him preserved in vinegar inside a bottle with

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 17



"Look!" Constantine Shrieked. "Can't You See That Shark? It Will Devour Me"

a flamboyant label pasted around the outside." The two were discussing a subject of grave interest, judging by their faces. Karl made a subconscious effort to listen to what they were saying; but it failed, though he subsequently recalled a faint knowledge of vague sounds, as though he was endeavoring to hear through thick glass.

The room was sumptuously furnished. The walls were decorated with photographs, large and small, of men with wide and expressive mouths and abundant hair, and of women with "goo-goo" eyes, wearing picture-hats for the most part. Several framed letters, either type-written or hugely scrawled, were crowded together over the fire-place, and they set forth in unguarded terms the varied excellences of "Dear Steindal," or "Mr. Wilhelm Steindal," or "Wilhelm Steindal, Esq." Through the open windows Karl saw electric cars hurrying to and fro beneath, the bright steel rails demanding a clear center of the street, while the general traffic was made up of light trollies, delivery vans and bicycles, with hardly ever a cab or private carriage. On two sides of a diminutive street-lamp he read "Broadway" and "E 22 St," so he assumed that for some occult reason he had found his way to New-York.

His attention was caught by a flush of anger on Constantine's face. The Armenian emphasized his comment with a passionate thump of his clenched fist on the table. Steindal, if the fat man was the recipient of those flattering letters, seemed to be expostulating. After some argument, in which Constantine was apparently brought round to the other's view, the olive-skinned person

"THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE," a story of absorbing interest by Gordon Holmes, will begin as a serial in The Sunday Magazine next Sunday. By special arrangement with the author and his American publisher this story will not appear in any other form until next year. Gordon Holmes is a new man in the literary world, and when his first mystery tale, "A Mysterious Disappearance," was published, Sherlock Holmes was suspected of having a big brother as artful and clever as himself. "The Arncliffe Puzzle" closely approximates the ideal serial, and is as thrilling in its action as "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and as mystifying in its interest as a Gaboriau tale. It has literary excellence too, and marks the author as a genius highly endowed with the Art of the Story-Teller.

stretched out a pulpy hand for a code-book, which he consulted, and framed a message.

And now, for the first time to his adult knowledge, Karl purposely changed his position without interrupting his sight of events in the least degree. That is to say, his experiments of the two previous nights had the aspect of a vivid dream, but on this occasion he acted as if he had the power of physical movement. When he saw Maggie Hutchinson at Manhattan Beach, he endeavored to stoop over the hotel table and also to step off the veranda to the grass lawn beyond, but he succeeded in neither instance. Today, except that his body was in Oxford, he fancied he had complete liberty of movement in New-York.

*

So he passed behind Constantine's companion, looked over his shoulder and read what he had written. The words "Margaret Hutchinson" stood out clearly from a jumble of non-

sense. Karl had never used a code, and the meaningless nature of the script puzzled him, until he saw that the writer had jotted down sentences opposite each word on a separate sheet of paper. Perusal of this key soon made the message coherent. It read:

Meet the Merlin on arrival at Liverpool on the 10th inst. Offer Miss Hutchinson star concert at St. James's Hall in my name and promise her prolonged engagement on good terms for exclusive contract.

STEINDAL.

There was an evil leer on Steindal's face when he read the draft to Constantine, and the unpleasant smile with which the latter showed his curt approval warned Grier that an ulterior purpose lay behind an offer which, under ordinary circumstances, should prove highly acceptable to any girl at the outset of a professional career. Karl was eager to learn more of the compact into which these two had entered, but strive as he might he could distinguish only some faint, quick, vibrating noises that had a vague resemblance to taps on a cymbal. He did not realize until later that he even then was extending his range of hearing and the sounds he caught were the bells of the street-cars.

Steindal summoned an assistant, gave him the cablegram, with instructions, and Constantine and he, donning dust-coats, descended to the street. It was a perfect joy to Karl to discover that he could accompany them. They were taken down by an elevator (which smacks of Cork, though it is pure American) and passed out into the street.

And then Karl Grier's sixth sense took its first ride on a Broadway car. Being on the up-town track, it was crowded with business people.

"Did the conductor take your fare and ring you up on the indicator? Anyhow, he would say things if you tried to work in a sixpence for a dime," cried Hooper when Karl reached this part of his story; and the spirit passenger confessed to a singular dread of being in the way of the men and women who were clinging to the straps.

This was a somewhat remarkable instance of a mental record of a purely physical sensation. Once he began to roam about in his trances he had to learn that matter and space did not exist for him in their every-day acceptance.

The car swung round a curve to Madison Square, crossed 23rd-st., swept past a number of fine hotels and shops, passed under a section of the elevated railway, and clanged its way into newer New-York.

At last Constantine and Steindal alighted oppo-

site a spacious restaurant, and Grier, being a ghost of quick perception, saw that even a rich man like the Armenian would use the street-car in preference to a brougham because it was much safer and twice as speedy.

He went with the pair up the steps of the restaurant and noted the deferential smirk of the head waiter. Nothing would have pleased him more than to play some prank on this flunky, but the means did not exist, so he perforce rested content with a careful scrutiny of his surroundings. In another week or two the patrons of this fashionable eating-house would be scattered over the cooler parts of the earth. Already the attendance was thin, but there were sufficient diners to warrant the cosmopolitan claims of America's chief city.

All speculation on this and kindred matters, however, was suddenly extinguished by a subtle, immensely remote, yet distinct, sound of harmonious music. And then, with an exquisite delight that was almost painful in its intensity, he became aware that he was listening to the strains of a band playing one of Strauss's waltzes. With each few

bars the lilt of the composition became clearer, the orchestration more defined, until he could distinguish the violins, the piano, the piccolo, and finally the clarinets and cornet.

His brain reeled under the intensity of this new emotion, and there was some danger that he might react into physical consciousness had not a voice whispered, at exceedingly close quarters:

"Dot schwein-hund Steindal says we cahnd gook a poulet en casserole worth a cent." It was the head waiter murmuring confidences to the manager.

So, the music had bridged the void! He could hear as well as see across the Atlantic! Again had that strange gift of language prepared the way for the exercise of an unknown faculty. Rhythm, singing, those inarticulate sounds that Noire calls *clamor concomitans*, were the first utterances of primitive man when working in concert. Every savage race sings and dances, whether in peace or war. Uncivilized men work best when they can sing. In olden days soldiers sang as they marched against the enemy, and civilization has only substituted the bugles and drums for the songs. Be-

yond all question, the unfettered exercise of Karl's additional sense, that marvelous adjunct whereby his visual and auricular nerves annihilated distance, arose from the chance that an orchestra, mainly consisting of stringed instruments, struck up a measured cadence at a moment when Karl was actually straining his faculties to obtain some more precise notion of all that was taking place.

And now Grier, who was somewhat in the position of an operator controlling some rarely sensitive electrical apparatus, learned that he must focus the instrument with delicate precision if he was to avoid confusion. So he bent his attention on the pair at the table, seated himself metaphorically astride the iced cantaloup that decorated the center of their board, and gathered in each word they uttered with the added zest of seeing the wary glances, the twitching nostrils, the drawn lips.

Steindal had ordered a meal with the air of a connoisseur. That he had not exercised much tact in conveying his wants to the head waiter has been proved by the latter's private opinion whispered

Continued on page 17

TAMENESS OF WILD BIRDS

By Charles F. Holder

Author of "Adventures of Torqua," "Big Game Fishes," Etc.

ONE of the most interesting experiences of the naturalists of the Challenger Expedition was the discovery of tame birds on certain islands. They had never seen man, so did not recognize him as an enemy, and some of them would alight on a man or his gun as they would on a branch of a tree. Others, when the men attempted to shoot, ran toward the marksmen, eying them with the liveliest curiosity, completely disarming the explorers, who were obliged to kill some of them much against their will, as specimens.

The most remarkable experiences these naturalists had were in Kerguelen Land, Heard Island, and other places in the so-called "penguin cities," where the birds displayed no fear; on the contrary, attacked the men so viciously that they were forced to beat them aside with clubs, and several dogs were killed by the ferocious throng. In shooting some birds it was necessary to rush at them, or a certain gull, which ignored them, would dart in and seize the dead bird and make off with it before the men or their dogs could pick it up; and then if disappointed in its prey the marauder would often dash at the hats of the men.

The young humming-birds—grotesque, absurd little creatures, appearing more like some odd insect—are the tamest of all birds, when owing to their structure, one might think them the wildest. I have found it necessary to take several of these humming-birds under protection, and in nearly every instance it was when they were almost fledged and ready to fly. When I first appeared they exhibited no fear, in fact, greeted me after their fashion, sitting on the edge of the nest and eying me complacently and demanding to be fed. To this appeal I responded, feeding one family of two with sugar and water, their having lost their parents in some way. This I kept up for two days, the young birds scrambling out of the nest at my approach and eating the liquid offered on a straw with avidity and without any display of fear.

They now began to exercise in flying, manipulating their wings rapidly, which lifted them an inch or so from the nest; and then I broke the twig and removed nest and family to my room, which opened into the garden a few feet distant. These birds had never seen a flower, but in their first flight in the house they flew to some curtains upon which were bright-colored flowers and attempted to insert their bills into them, and evidently were nonplussed at the result.

Their confidence was complete. They often flew toward me when I went into the room, alighted on my finger, and in various ways informed me of their needs, singing after their fashion, and chasing the members of the family about the house. At meal-time they would frequently alight upon the flowers on the table, and if up-stairs their mistress could call them down by the absurd name she had given them, the bird twins following up the sound until they found her, immediately alighting upon her outstretched finger, or they would poise before flowers held in the hand as they would out of doors. These two birds slept on the edge of a little

a drop was taken out, and poising in air the birds would lick it with their marvelous tongues until satisfied, when they would retire to some point of vantage and take a nap or make their toilet, and return for a second breakfast later.

When grown up the birds demanded insect food, which is their normal diet. That

they are "drinking honey" from flowers is a stretch of the imagination perpetuated by some one, as the minute birds when poising before flowers are searching for small flies, gnats and other insects which creep in between the petals of blossoms. That they drink some of the dew or moisture in the flowers is probable, but it does not constitute their food.

No birds are more pugnacious; they are continually fighting. Those which habitually live in my garden resent any intrusion and fiercely chase out the strangers, shooting at them in long lines of dazzling light, with quick sputtering cries, then retiring to some favorite branch on the orange-tree to begin the peculiar hissings that constitute their normal song.

The courtship of the humming-bird may be seen here. The male secures the attention of the demure female and begins a remarkable series of gyrations. He poises before her, dazzling her eyes with his ruby throat-piece if the sun shines, then shoots up into the air with a marvelous bound, twenty or fifty feet, then swoops down like a blaze of color, to rise again, repeating this time and again, making so strange and loud a buzzing noise that it can be heard distinctly two hundred feet away.

My fox terrier and other dogs are worried by the mocking-birds, which bite their tails, alight on their backs and pluck out hairs. Even the cats are not safe, as the birds always approach from behind and seize the terrier by the tip of his tail and the cat on her back. I have seen the latter spring into the air a foot, then turn and strike in desperation at a mocking-bird that had insisted on pulling out its hair.

The blackbirds in this garden are even more savage. They charge dog and cat with loud cries, and once when stooping over at work in the garden a blackbird, enraged at my proximity to the nest, gave my hair a vicious tug, screaming in my ear at the same time. But the humming-birds, except when chasing their own kind, are models of amiability.

The gulls of the Californian coast are often remarkable for their tameness. In crossing San Francisco Bay great flocks of these birds follow the ferry-boats and are fed by the passengers with crackers and bread, which they take on the wing at times. They follow the steamers from San Pedro to Avalon, nearly thirty miles, and back, often alighting on the tip of the mast. On the beach of the latter town they are so tame that they approach to within a few feet of the fishermen and fight for the rejected parts of the catch. One fisherman had fed gulls so long that sometimes he could pick up the old birds. I have lifted noddies from their nests on Bird Key on the Florida Reef, with only a slight protest from the beautiful mild-eyed creatures, some of which, doubtless, had never seen a human being before.



basket that was placed in a closet at night, the door of which was kept slightly open. At the approach of day a loud humming would be heard, and out through the opening would come the hummers, flying at once to the bed and poising over my face, creating a current and so loud a noise that it awakened me. It was impossible to disregard them then. They were demanding breakfast, and intended to have it then and there. If no attention was paid to them, they would alight on the bed or near-by and look at me reproachfully for a few moments, then poise and create a noise that was sufficiently penetrating to have aroused the "sleeper awakened." A small glass of sweetened water was kept on the table within reach, and with a straw

TOOVER, A STRAY DOG

Continued from page 10

has fallen from the canine estate. He has become an abject, hated, wretched, hunted thing—a stray cur.

Almost this was Toover when he had reached the ripe maturity of three years, when he should have been at his best—almost, but not quite; for Toover never could lose faith wholly, fear did not possess him entirely. Always there remained the children.

Straight from the big house he had gone to the little cottage where the Biggses had lived. Even from a distance the place had an unfamiliar appearance. The shutters were closed. A printed card was tacked on the front door. In the yard tall brown weeds stood waiting for the sickle of Jack Frost.

Around and around the little cottage went Toover. He scratched at the back door and whined. Within everything was silent. He peered through the broken slats of a shutter into the empty kitchen. The Biggses, one and all, had gone. There was no scent to follow, nothing by which Toover could trace them out. Yet he must find them. Somewhere in the land were little Doshy and all the rest of them. Wherever they were, that was Toover's home. He would search until he found them.

How hopeless such a search would be was knowledge kindly withheld from Toover. That the threatened closing of the big factory had come, wrapping in the dread shadow of utter poverty all the Biggses; that the family had been scattered, some here, some there, among uncles and cousins and aunts; that Ephraim Biggs was in a hospital ward fretfully waiting the slow healing of a broken leg; that Mrs. Biggs was scrubbing floors in a big office building; and that little Doshy was passing lonely hours in bare tenement rooms many stories above the street—of all these sad things Toover could have no notion. Blindly he started out to find his former play-fellow.

It was thus that Toover came to be a tramp. He skulked through city streets, he trotted along country roads. Lucky it was for him that he had learned to forage. He was seldom hungry, but he was often cold and wet. He was kicked and stoned and clubbed. Boys, whom he loved and trusted, chased him, yelling savagely. Women shooed him away. Men cursed him on sight.

There were exceptions of course. Now and then he found persons who neither were afraid of him nor hated him without cause, persons who patted his head, looked into his black eyes and understood the wistfulness therein. Sometimes they gave him food and shelter, but this was rare.

Then came that tragic day when, hungering for a crumb of human companionship, he tried to make friends with a little group of street urchins. They pushed him aside roughly, but he only wagged his tail and smiled. They watched his black nose wrinkle, caught the gleam of his white teeth, and swarmed about him with stones and sticks. Toover took refuge in the first basement, routing a little old French cobbler who, wild-eyed and ashy of face, rushed up the steps. In the middle of the street the cobbler hopped up and down, waving his arms wildly and piping fearfully:

"*Guardez! Guardez!* He has the madness!"

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" The startled street urchins spread the cry. On all sides it echoed. From shops and tenements poured a mob of startled folks, curious, frightened, dreading some undefined danger, yet morbidly unwilling to miss a sensation. They jammed themselves into the street before the cobbler's shop, elbowing frantically to get in and then struggling just as frantically to get out.

Four helmeted policemen, great, beefy, square-jawed fellows, shoved and clubbed their way through the crowd and proceeded to peer down into the dingy little shop. Under the cobbler's bench they

saw a pair of glistening eyes. Then they began shooting.

The first three bullets buried themselves harmlessly in the floor or walls, but the fourth smashed a quart bottle of liquid blacking. The spectators cheered this effort lustily.

"*Le chien* has been assassinated! Yes?" shrieked the little cobbler in the ear of a burly truck driver.

"Nah! Cops bust a bottle," retorted the truckman, without turning his head. "Ah, eet is ter-r-rible!" groaned the cobbler.

Fully a dozen rounds had been fired before there was heard from the gloom of the little shop an almost human cry of pain. The next instant a black object hurtled up the stairs, flashed between stout blue-clad legs, and scuttled mysteriously through the densely packed crowd.

Fresh blood, however, leaves an easily followed trail. Hardly a block away it led the now thoroughly vengeful quartet of police officers into the door of a "double-decker" tenement and up five long flights of untidy stairs. At the extreme top, crouching at the end of a narrow hallway, the quarry was brought to bay. Two officers kept back the following crowd while the other two, with newly loaded revolvers, advanced cautiously within sure-striking distance.

It was just then that a door half-way down the hall was opened and a tow-headed boy appeared, his big blue eyes round with astonishment.

"Get back in there!" roared one of

the tall policemen. "Get back, I tell you; we're goin' to shoot a dog!"

Following the direction of the officer's eyes, the boy looked. He saw a dog, a large jet-black dog with a black-flecked throat-band across which a red stream trickled.

"Toover! Toover!" cried the youngster. Heedless of the warning shouts, he ran to the dog and folded the wounded head tightly in his little arms.

"Mad dog! He'll tear him to pieces!" shrieked the crowd.

"No, no!" protested the boy indignantly, tearfully. "He good dog. He ith my dog. Hith name ith Toover."

The supposed mad dog gave strong evidence in support of these statements. His white-tipped tail uncurled from between his legs and began to rap out on the floor in the familiar canine code, an unmistakable message of joy, while his pink tongue lapped the tear-stained face of his rescuer.

Sheepishly the four big policemen turned away and drove the crowd before them. Five minutes later the street was clear, the little French cobbler was pacing up and down his bullet-splintered shop wringing his hands, and little Doshy was doing his best to bind up Toover's wounded ear with an old stocking.

*

"Our luck went with Toover and came back with him," says Pa Biggs.

An absurd belief, to be sure; yet look at the facts: The factory running on full time; Mr. Biggs well and sound and drawing the pay of assistant foreman; the cottage once more occupied by all the little Biggses, and Toover, wiser than in his puppy days, the idol of all.

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 12

in New-York and overheard in Oxford.

But Constantine only toyed with the banquet, and his nervous state of pre-occupation only increased as the champagne rose to his head.

"I believe that girl will bring me bad luck," was the first connected phrase he uttered which Karl could associate with Maggie Hutchinson's personality, granted that she was the unseen attraction drawing him across the Atlantic. How well he remembered the Armenian's voice, though a decade had passed since the last time he had heard it on board the P. & O. steamship Ganges, in Tilbury Dock, when Constantine gave him a gold watch and chain! The watch was ticking in his waistcoat pocket at the moment, but the chain, being of a size that provoked caustic undergraduate humor, lay in a drawer.

"Bad luck? There's no such thing, *amigo mio!* Bad management? Yes, it abounds, but where women are concerned I flatter myself that I know the sex. Fair, frail and fickle, dark, deep and *da capo*—that's how I classify 'em."

This new voice was that of an unctuous devil. Grier, with his finely tuned ear for vocal effects, fancied that a bo-constrictor might speak with such a voice. It was the oil in the man-olive that gave speech its smoothness.

Steindal laughed softly at his own cheap wit, but Constantine was not amused.

"I tell you, Steindal," he said, "you do not understand the nature of a girl brought up in the home atmosphere which surrounded Maggie Hutchinson. Confound it, man, it is that sanctity of hers that renders her attractive to me! What is a pretty face or a fairy-like figure? A mere commodity, a 'cheap lot, slightly soiled' in the catalogue of life. That's the sort of woman you have in your mind, and I don't want her."

"Sanctity at Maggie's age consists of soap and water and a soft skin. We have a Spanish proverb: *El corazón manda las carnes* (The heart controls the body), and I know that when a woman's desires outrun her means she begins to weigh her scruples to see if they are really as heavy as she fancies. Just let Maggie Hutchinson taste success, popularity, the delights of money-spending, and then with-

draw the pleasant cup before she has drunk too deeply—ha! Don't talk to me of sanctity! To the man of the world, *es de vidrio la mujer*—woman is made of glass!"

Steindal, scoffing in the complacency of his knowledge, tilted some champagne down his wide throat. Karl, feverishly anxious to discover what plot these twentieth-century ghouls were hatching against a young and innocent girl, concentrated his thoughts on Constantine with some reminiscence of that masterfulness he exhibited as a boy on board the Ganges.

He carried his intent too far. Constantine suddenly grew livid with fear. He turned in his chair, gazed at the floor and sprawled over the table, sweeping glass and plates away with a crash. "Look!" he shrieked in an eery falsetto. "Can't you see that shark deep down there in the black water? It will devour me! Oh, help, help!"

To be continued Sunday, September 10

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the languages of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young "telegonomist" was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called upon an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York. The next evening he was mentally transported to New-York again. He awoke with an exclamation about the villainy of a dramatic man named Steindal.



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KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

VII. "Blood Is a Very Peculiar Juice"

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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YOU know what people think when a man screams out that a shark is threatening him from the black depths of the parquet flooring of a fashionable dining-room. And a shark is a most uncommon feature of such manifestations. Usually the disturbing vision is a rat, or a green imp with red eyes, or even a squirming snake. Indeed, reptiles figure so often in alcoholic apparitions that I often have wondered why there are not more frequent "scenes" in the London Strand owing to the presence on the curb of a number of street venders who cause make-believe serpents to wriggle on a small board.

Several women rose with startled cries. A passing waiter was so unnerved that he dropped a laden tray, and the crash added to the alarm of those seated at a distance, to whom the hubbub, but not its cause, was audible. The band stopped playing, a clarinet breaking off with a funny squeak in the middle of a cadenza, and adding fuel each instant to the wild-fire commotion. Constantine spread over the table and yelled for succor.

Wilhelm Steindal, convinced that his companion had suddenly gone mad, showed that he was endowed with some of the grit essential to a scoundrel of any real importance. He picked up a carafe of iced water and dashed the contents into the Armenian's gray-green face, being prepared to follow up the attack with the bottle itself, if needful. He acted better than he knew. The physical shock of the liquid dissipated the magnetic influence which Karl had unwittingly exercised on the man he had rescued from the Bay of Bengal. Forthwith Constantine recovered his self-possession. He mopped his dripping face with a serviette, apologized to the astounded manager and those diners seated near, and went out, followed by Steindal.

The latter was too flustered to garnish his speech with Spanish phrases, a habit he affected in order to disguise the Polish-Jew element in his composition. Indeed, his language now savored more of the Bowery than of Spanish America.

"Wot 'n blazes did you go 'n' kick up that sort of a circus for?" he growled, his shining face exuding oil in his excitement.

"I couldn't help it. I was overpowered by a—by a memory."

"It was a tomfool performance, anyhow. Seems to me it'll be all round N'-York that Steindal was out on a skate wid some flea-sucked blighter who had brought into the country a new variety of jimjams!"

"Look here, Steindal! I may be afraid of some things, but I have no fear of you. If you talk to me in that fashion, I'll smash your face!"

Constantine appeared so murderous that the stout man retreated a pace, and a stalwart hall porter moved ponderously forward. Steindal felt that he had gone too far. The Armenian was too rich a prize to be flung aside because he had created a scene in a restaurant and spoiled a good dinner. So he cried with ready complacency:

"Don't get mad wid me, dere's a good fella. I only wanted to shake up your wits a bit. Come on! Here's your hat. Let's walk round to your hotel. You'll soon be all right. *Caramba!* You scared me worse'n you scared yourself."

Up town in New-York you can turn out of a brilliantly lighted and crowded avenue into a side street of utmost quietude. The two passed into one of these convenient thoroughfares, and were instantly removed from the glare of the restaurant.

Steindal halted to light a cigarette. He eyed the Armenian covertly. "Tell you what," he chuckled, "thinkin' of that girl has put you off your base."

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 14



I Was Amazed at the New Feature of Karl's Astounding Qualities

"No, you are mistaken. Something altogether different upset me. I can't explain matters to you here. Wait till I've had a 'high-ball' in my room. Then I'll give you the lines of it. You need have no fear of a further outbreak. I'm all right now. And you've got strong nerves, eh?"

"I need 'em, my boy, in my business. I'm a peach on nerves. In the profession they call me 'The Electrocutioner,' because I can stiffen a contract in five seconds. *Por Dios! Nerves!*"

*

His gurgling laugh surged in Karl's ears as Hooper awakened him. Steindal and Constantine had not yet reached Sixth-ave. from Broadway ere the two young men in far-away Oxford were eagerly discussing the incidents of the preceding hour and a quarter in New-York.

For once the scientific necromancy of Karl's flights through space failed to enlist all their attention. Hooper, no less than Grier, was thrilled by the thought that his friend had been drawn by some subtle magnetic influence to participate, in many ways except actual presence, in a conclave of such grave significance to a girl whose fortunes already interested them.

And it is, perhaps requisite here and now to protest against the smile of supercilious incredulity with which some may read of the earnestness betrayed by these youthful collegians.

It is a fact of common knowledge that a telephone company, sufficiently enlightened to endeavor to please its customers, has arranged for a board of directors, consisting of three men in New-York, two in Baltimore and one in Philadelphia, to sit in their respective offices, holding the combined receiver and transmitter to ear and mouth, and conduct a board-meeting to all intents and purposes as efficiently as if they were gathered in the same room. Company directors or others resident in London, Birmingham and Liverpool could do exactly the same thing if the British telephone

officials did not require an earthquake followed by a month's deliberation before they would undertake to provide the necessary facilities. It is exceedingly probable that in a few years the same instrument which permits speech and hearing over practically unlimited distance will carry a "seeing" apparatus as well. Will the scientific miracle be any the more explicable because a certain quantity of insulated copper wire intervenes between the persons seeing, hearing and speaking to each other?

I am tempted into this disquisition because, as it happens, the direct outcome of the conversations between the two sets of men (than whom the

English-speaking world could scarce produce four persons more opposed in personal characteristics) was the introduction of myself, the writer of this memoir, into the affair. Early in life journalism had taken me to India, where I met Karl's father. He was a man after my own heart. Many times, when the business of his tea estate brought him to Calcutta, I had dined with him in the "Wilson 'Otel," the strange name by which alone the *gharriwala* knows the Great Eastern Hotel, or he had been carried off from the Red Road by me to my own sanctum overlooking Chowringhee and the tree-dotted maidan that stretches toward Fort William and the river.

And you will guess readily what we poor exiles talked of while the ice clinked in the long glasses and the blue smoke-rings of Bangalur cheroots rose to the ceiling: he of his wife and child, I of a deluded girl waiting in England until

the rupee recovered from the heat-wave which melted silver. Heavens! How we flung those topics back and forth like two tennis-players battering a ball! And we never bored each other. Each man was far too thankful to have a sympathetic listener to be weary of the other's stories.

So in that way I knew a great deal of Karl, and when—years having passed, and the aforesaid girl (the rupee having long since steadied itself at thirty-two cents) being gone to visit her mother in Devonshire with our young hopeful—I decided to indulge in a long-deferred trip to Oxford, it was natural I should seek out the son of my old Indian crony and ask him to guide my steps along the ancient paths of "the home of lost causes and impossible beliefs."

The odd thing was that no man in Britain was more prepared to give credence to Karl's "visions" than myself. I had long since read Sir William Macpherson's book and constructed Frank Hooper's theory of the definite bounds of human inventiveness out of my own thought-producing laboratory. "*Blut ist ein ganz besonderer Saft!*" said old Mephisto when he wheedled Faust into signing his soul away with his own blood, and the same "peculiar juice" of the Celtic stream ran in Grier's veins and my own. Moreover, Grier père had told me of the adventures of Grier fils in the matter of the Hutchinson raid and the saving of Constantine, so it was another of the strange coincidences of life that brought a note from me, ensconced in the Mitre Inn, to Karl at his college on the morning after his excursion to Steindal's office and the Broadway restaurant.

Grier and Hooper came to see me in the afternoon. Instead of admiring the glories of Oxford, I had the recital of recent events poured into my willing ears as we sat together in my private sitting-room on the first floor. Dear me! How the years slipped back as I listened. The rounded tree-tops and gracious spires of the English University town did not differ so greatly from the dim outlines of the palatial city on the left bank of the Hugli. What a mere hand-span is a vanished

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decade! The magic carpet of Tangu, which instantaneously transported its possessor whither he wished to go, was not a more wonderful vehicle than a man's memory. And Karl, even thus early in life, had a way of talking that compelled attention. He spoke to the point in simple words. Evidently he had a horror of exaggeration. His explanations were clear, logical as a proposition of Euclid, and he was hardly ever at a loss for a simile when illustrating one of the less easily understood features of his new and extraordinary force.

Being his senior by a good many years, I thought it my duty to point out the hazardous nature of these excursions into the unknown. I was fascinated by his story, of course, together with Hooper's singularly definite corroboration of its chief features, yet I feared lest such playing with nervous excitability might result in paralysis or mental trouble.

But Karl's cheery laugh reassured me. "I have taken a precise set of notes of a lecture on seismic waves this morning," he said, "and at this moment I could break that poker across my knee. There's little wrong with my brains and still less with my muscles, I can assure you."

He leaned forward, picked up the poker and examined it critically. It was an old-fashioned heavy implement, with its point sharpened by years of forgetfulness.

"Now that I come to examine it, I don't think I can break it. Being honest wrought iron, it will bend into a hoop. But I'll polarize it, by way of change."

He pulled up his coat-sleeves and turned back the cuffs of his shirt so as to bare his wrists. Then holding the poker point downward on the hearth-rug, he began to stroke it softly with the tips of his fingers and thumbs. His hands were white, long-fingered and finely molded; his wrists square and hard. Looking at him, watching the smile playing on his eager face, and the athletic poise of his body as he kept the poker from falling, I was struck by his physical resemblance to the Vatican Discobolus, with its wonderful combination of repose at the completion of the backward movement of the thrower and of action at the beginning of the powerful forward cast.

But such thoughts were dispelled by the uncanny acts of the poker. It was broad daylight, and any sleight-of-hand performance was out of the question in every sense. Yet both Hooper and I myself saw Karl withdraw his support from the poker, continuing the stroking movement in the air, and gradually widening the distance between his hands.

And the poker did not fall! It stood there immovable, as though its point was stuck in the floor through the rug. At first I candidly admit that I was certain Grier had found a hole in the carpet which coincided with a crack in the flooring. But when he inclined the imaginary axis of his hands, thus changing the direction of the magnetic current that flowed between them, the poker adjusted its poise to the new line of force. It described circles, leaned over at impossible angles, and twice traced in space the figure of a Maltese cross.

Certainly I was amazed, and even Hooper, notwithstanding the marvels he had witnessed, expressed his surprise at the new feature of his friend's astounding qualities.

"I can't explain why I should have the gift of magnetic induction," laughed Karl. "I discovered it accidentally one day when I was making an experiment with a freely suspended needle to determine a magnetic meridian. I became interested, the adjustment required delicate manipulation, and suddenly my hands went cold, while the needle followed their movements. Feel my hands."

I caught his right hand. It was so icy to the touch that I believe I started.

"I really think I could magnetize your hands," he went on. "Shall I try?"

Naturally I agreed. Without permitting the poker to fall, he began to stroke my hands from the finger-tips to the wrists. Soon I felt a sensation akin to plunging them into snow. And behold, when he left me, that most eccentric of pokers yielded to my blandishments!

But in my case a more orthodox circulation quickly shattered the magnetic axis. In a few seconds the poker tottered and would have fallen had I not caught it.

All this has astonishingly little to do with the more exciting personal affairs of a charming young woman like Maggie Hutchinson. But it is reasonable to suppose that Karl, anxious to secure the counsel of an older man, thought fit to show this imaginary Solomon how necessary faith was to the performance of good works, and it is in this same spirit of convincing the incredulous that I have related the trivial yet extraordinary poker-balancing of that afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Maggie Hutchinson Intervenes

WHEN you two have finished your parlor-tricks," said Hooper, endeavoring to copy a judicial eye-glare he had seen used by the Lord Chief Justice, "this committee will proceed to the business of the sitting."

It was indeed necessary for our budding lawyer to recall our wandering thoughts to the affairs of the girl whom we believed to be then half-way across the Atlantic on a journey to the British Isles. We might accept Karl's mediumistic statements to the fullest extent, not only reading into them the literal significance of the conversations and scenes he reported, but also paying heed to the logical outcome of these episodes; yet there were serious difficulties in the way of applying the information thus acquired.

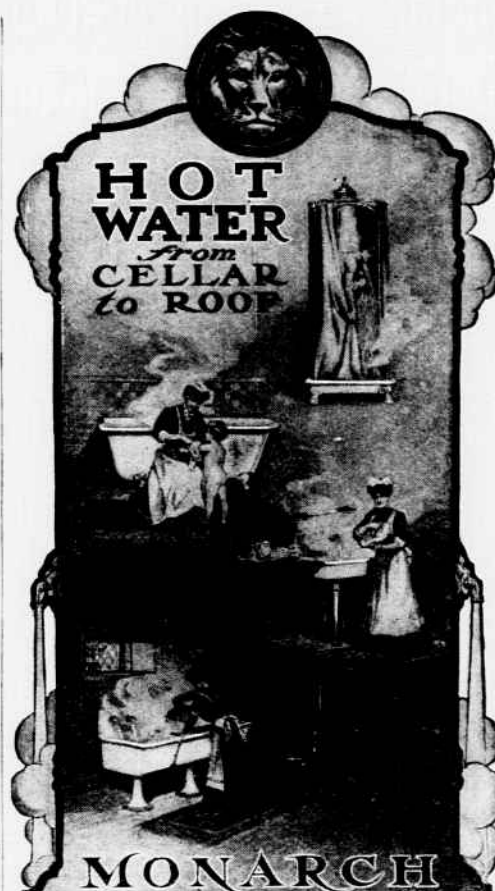
Put badly, what would Karl say to Miss Margaret Hutchinson, who was presumably accompanied by her mother, if he went to meet the Merlin at Liverpool? Let us, in imagination, reconstruct the incident, after the manner beloved of the French *juge d'instruction*. The great liner draws up to her berth at the landing-stage. Gangways are lowered, and there is a frantic rush of passengers to enter the customs-shed, though the last philosopher who walks placidly ashore knows that his luggage will be decorated with little printed crowns in time to permit him to travel to London by the same train that conveys the first triumphant struggler.

Hovering between a portion of a wall marked "H" and the ticket barrier of the depot, will be found Maggie and her mama, both appearing exceedingly well after the voyage, and in a state of repressed excitement arising from the conviction innate in every woman's soul that she will never see her boxes again once they have been so carelessly mixed up with other people's belongings.

Karl, exercising a degree of tact blended with silver, obtains admission to the inclosure, and recognizes Maggie at once, having seen her ten days ago at Manhattan Beach. But it is fully ten years since Maggie last saw him, so there is here a social embarrassment in the nature of what our sporting friends call a "bullfinch." Nevertheless, Karl, having ingratiating manners and being really an old friend and the son of Mrs. Hutchinson's special crony, surmounts the obstacle, and is received with enthusiasm tempered by a certain shyness on Maggie's part (her memory of youthful caresses becoming clearer each instant) and by speculation on the part of mama as to the reason which induced this good-looking young man to come all the way to Liverpool to meet them.

Clearly, Karl must talk platitudes about the weather, the fine sea-going qualities of the Merlin, the ridiculousness of all customs examinations, or any other inane topic at the outset—it would never do to plunge straight off into the occult cause of his presence. Moreover, the train departs for London in five minutes, and hosts of acquaintances, some of long standing, others of the ship-board or moth variety, exchange cheery greetings as they pass.

"I suppose you are staying in Liverpool, Mr. Grier?" says Mrs. Hutchinson at last, and Karl is impelled to say that he intends to accompany them to London, when, at this critical state of affairs, there



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enters the villain of the play in the shape of Steindal's agent, with a contract in hand and a stylographic pen in pocket.

After all is said and done, pretty Miss Margaret is making music her profession, the Darjiling tea-garden not having proved a great success; and what chance does Karl with his visions stand against Steindal, the concert-director of international fame? For the great Wilhelm has risen from the dramatic agency in which Hooper had heard of him to the higher level of controlling the *maestri*, *prime donne* and other prodigies of that strange world which finds all its inspiration in the first seven letters of the alphabet. His influence is so far-reaching, his verdict accepted so unhesitatingly by managers and publishers, that not many stars in the musical firmament can move in orbits apart from Steindal. For a novice to attain notoriety without his assistance would be almost impossible. Both mother and daughter have already been taught by bitter experience that one must move circumspectly where such a man is concerned, and above all things not dare to interfere with plans he has made for professional advancement.

So, when Karl would urge Maggie to refuse the highly advantageous offer made by Steindal's London agent—who had actually come from London to press it on his client's acceptance—both the girl and her mother must regard him as somewhat akin to a lunatic.

The more mysteriously accurate the statements he made concerning recent events on the other side of the Atlantic, the less they would regard their value from the common-sense point of view. Mrs. Hutchinson, of course, remembered the escape from death she and her husband, and probably her child, owed to Karl's intervention years ago in India. But that was a "strange dream," a "queer coincidence," and anyone who permitted her life to be governed by such supernatural revelations must either be distinguished by Providence outside the plane of ordinary mortals or be qualifying speedily for the "dangerous" ward in an asylum.

*

All this and more did I set forth temperately before my young friends. They agreed with me—Hooper completely, and Grier with reservations.

"My advice is that you ask your mother to communicate with Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter," I said. "It will surely follow that you all meet in London or elsewhere, and you will have no difficulty in leading up to a disclosure of your knowledge in what may be described as a reasonable and temperate manner. They will be surprised, of course, but they will be forewarned if evil is contemplated. It is not that Steindal's help will be injurious to Miss Hutchinson. He has brought out a great many eminent artistes, and the public regard his introduction of a new-comer as a sort of hall-mark on precious metal. Moreover, long before any nefarious plot can mature, you may have information of a more convincing sort."

"Exactly," broke in Hooper. "I told Karl last night that he was in for a series of first-rate biograph adventures now. He can't avoid 'em. It is perfectly evident that Constantine will ring him up at any hour of the day or night. Great Scott! What a world it will be when we all possess a 'telelog' number!"

"I suppose you are right," said Karl submissively. "When a journalist and a lawyer come to dissect a modern miracle they leave precious little of its mysticism. But there is one thing you ought to do. You, Frank, as an eye-witness to a certain extent, should set down in writing all that has taken place and all that I have told you, while our friend here can affix his signature as further testimony of its truth."

"Holy gee! Do you think I have missed a word of it?" cried Hooper, triumphantly producing his note-book.

"This is only the first chapter of a romance," I said.

"It may be the end as well as the beginning," was Grier's quiet comment. "Do not forget that many years have

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elapsed between these different excitations of a faculty I cannot control. Last night I advanced a long stage in my attainments, and it is possible my extra sense may disappear as rapidly as it has developed."

"I cannot agree with you," said I. "The history of your gradual extension of power seems rather to prove the opposite contention. By a slow and well-marked process Nature has perfected in you an amazing apparatus which probably heralds some mechanical contrivance far beyond the range of our present knowledge. Why should she suddenly destroy that which she has taken so long to fashion? It is unquestionable that birth-marks on human beings are produced by a curiously simple variant of the photographic lens. I have seen the dial of a clock reproduced in a girl's eyes, the clear drawing of a rose on a child's shoulder. Such prenatal photographs are not common, but they have always been, and will continue to be, while the human race possesses its present characteristics."

"I would be better content if some other subject was chosen for this new demonstration," said he.

"Oh, cheer up, Grier!" cried Hooper. "For all you know, you may be the last of the Mohicans. I was reading Pliny's description of the 'Agate of Pyrrhus' the other day. Ever hear of it? No? Well, you have seen polished agates, and anyone can find amusement in discovering heads, figures, animals, even landscapes, in them. A good specimen is called a 'gamaheu,' and Pliny's agate was a 'rip-snorter.' It contained the Nine Muses with Apollo in the midst of them. Having attained the dignity of classic art, poor old Nature grew tired, and now he have nary a 'gamaheu.'"

"You are scoffing," I said indignantly. "Let us adjourn the session. I came here to see Oxford, not to indulge in physiology."

"The fact is that you are surfeited with wonders," retorted Hooper. "It is a common failing of the species. Think what a supreme genius was the first pithecooid man who invented a wheel, who used fire, who fashioned a bow! How we ought to grovel at the mere mention of the great unknown who perceived that the other beasts were created to serve mankind!"

I rang for a waiter. Lager beer alone could quench this young sage's enthusiasm.

Perhaps Grier had exhausted some accumulation of nervous force, perhaps the supply-cells of the electric waves which carried sight and sound across the Atlantic were unequal just then to sustained calls on their resources; but whatever the reason, it is certain that he was untroubled by visions, waking or asleep, within several days. I prolonged my visit to Oxford, passing all the available time in Karl's company, and more often than not Hooper was with us.

The latter tried every artifice, especially during the undisturbed eventide, to induce in his companion that which he considered the fitting conditions for a "telegonomic" trance.

"Guess Maggie's feelin' fine an' dandy by this time," he would say, after alluding to the "sickening monotony" of the first few days at sea. Or again: "Wonder if Steindal is going to Delmonco's to-night? It's a sure thing he'll give the other place a distant nod of recognition for sometime to come."

But it was of no avail.

Once there was a chance of success. We were talking of the uselessness of certain lines of thought, and I instanced as an example of fallacious reasoning the famous problem of John of Salisbury:

"When a hog is driven to market with a rope round his neck, does the man or the rope take him?"

"I read Plato a good deal," said Hooper "and there are times when I more than half suspect him of asking a question akin to that with his tongue in his cheek."

"That is because you have a small head, Frank," said Karl. "Plato was a broad man. Indeed, his proper name was Aristocles, and he was called Platon, the broad-shouldered one, as a nick-

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name. Hence, I should credit him with a big head, and big-headed men lead in intellect. Observe, I have a big head. My size in hats is seven and a quarter. My natural modesty prevents me from drawing further conclusions."

"That fellow Constantine has a small head, I fancy?" murmured Hooper, with a quick sidelong glance at me.

"Yes, I think so. Oh, yes, I am sure. It is hatchet-shaped, with the animal propensities dominant, and yet a certain intellectuality of forehead, aided, perhaps, by the large dark eyes. But Steindal! He has a head modeled like an egg, a type curiously capable of the highest and most debased attributes."

He was silent after that. Hooper signaled to me to remain stolid as a red Indian. But Karl soon moved restlessly. "You fellows imagine I am on the verge of a new display!" he cried with a certain impatience. "I don't say it is impossible, but there is something holding me back. I don't deny that I tried just then to send forth an investigating ray; but nothing happened, not even the preliminary umbra."

He was fretful this evening, annoyed that the power should apparently have escaped him. He dreaded, I believe, lest the tremendous strain of the incidents in the Broadway restaurant should have permanently impaired the hypersensitive membranes and nerve-cells which were called into play.

None of us had the slightest suspicion of what had really happened, namely, that Karl himself, by perplexing his ordinary faculties with doubts anent pretty Maggie Hutchinson, had set up a hostile influence (using the phrase solely in its magnetic meaning) which temporarily benumbed the delicate organism of his sixth sense.

It took him sometime to acquire the exact poise of mental placidity most favorable to the exercise of his unique faculties. Meanwhile, a startling confirmation of his "visions" came in an unexpected and prosaic manner.

Hooper and I were awaiting him at the door of the Mitre, a drive to Woodstock being the order of the afternoon, when Karl came to us in a great hurry, his lips apart and his big blue eyes shining with excitement.

"Say," whispered Hooper, "the Merlin has arrived and things have happened!"

And Karl actually had received this most surprising telegram from his mother in Scotland:

Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter Maggie arrive in England to-day from States. They proceed direct to Pall Mall Hotel, London, and are most anxious to see you at once. Wire them and me. With love, MOTHER.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the languages of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and when in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard, though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young "telegonist" was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York. The next evening he was mentally transported to New-York again. He awoke with an exclamation about the villainy of a dramatic agent named Steindal.

Karl explained that Constantine and Steindal in New-York decided to make Maggie Hutchinson an offer to go on a concert tour, Constantine evidently having an ulterior motive. So intent was Karl in listening to the plot that he aroused in the Armenian's mind a vivid remembrance of the time he was rescued from the sea, and Constantine fell over the table, shrieking of sharks.

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KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

IX. The Confounded Hotel Clerk

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning,"
"The Great Mogul," Etc.

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WHOOPI!" shouted the American joyously. "Didn't I tell you things were going to hum? You stand on me! Steindal, Constantine & Co. haven't a dog's chance!"

I pointed out that such unseemly behavior at the door of a busy hotel in the High was likely to cause unpleasant comment, if not excite proctorial wrath, and he retorted that a free-born "Yankee" was entitled to unfurl the Stars and Stripes on all such occasions as seemed personally fitting. In fact we both were elated by the really remarkable confirmation of Karl's story given by Mrs. Grier's telegram, and exhibited our emotions after the manner of our respective kith.

Though we Anglo-Saxons, the Siamese twins of the Atlantic, are so closely bound together by the ties of speech and history, though the best blood of Britain has been given generously to the building up of the great nation of the West, there are differences of temperament, probably induced by climate, which divide us into well-marked varieties of the human family. Thus, while Hooper did not hesitate to express his wordy delight, and with animated face and lively movement exhibit the dynamic energy called into play by Karl's announcement, I strove to stiffen myself into a passable representation of a wooden image. I suppose we Britons do that sort of thing because we think it is the correct thing, "don' chyno."

You have only to cross the Atlantic a few times to obtain clear mind-pictures of the expansive Jonathan and the bovine Bull. An American liner puts off from Pier 14 in the Hudson River and swings slowly in the stream until her nose points toward the Statue of Liberty. Look back at the wharf banked high with people, and see the innumerable little flags, the countless handkerchiefs, signaling frantic farewells. That is enthusiasm. If Brown and his wife set forth for Europe, Smith, Jones and Robinson and their respective wives gather on the steamer to see the Browns off. There is a lot of excitement, flowers and flag-wagging, perhaps some furtive tears, but anyhow an honest display of unbridled human nature.

Then see that same vessel edging away from Southampton quay, and note the guarded leave-taking of those rare individuals who depart so greatly from British traditions as to speed their voyaging friends as far as the ship's gangway. The last time I was there, a dozen of us, cowering behind rain-swept railway trucks, had journeyed from London to see off a whole ship's company. Do you fancy we flagged anybody or waved handkerchiefs or yelled cheery messages? Not we! We watched the steamer disappearing into a squall, and then eyed each other suspiciously, if not with active hostility, while some of us negotiated for the only available cab.

Yet it is all gammon, this seeming stoicism, a smug respectability which "goes well," as the milliners say, with a silk hat and an umbrella. Indeed, if for "climate" you read "umbrella," you have what Max Müller would call the "root concept" of my philosophy. John adapts his garments to suit his uncertain weather, and he carries this covering-up method into all the affairs of life.

Certain explanations to the authorities procured permission for Karl to go to London. I accompanied him in the time-honored rôle of *amicus curiæ*, but Hooper of his own accord said it would be more seemly if he was held in reserve as one who could offer confirmatory evidence if it was required.

Three hours after the receipt of Mrs. Grier's

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 12



He Held Out His Hand and the Girl Impulsively Caught It

telegram we were at the inquiry office of the Pall Mall Hotel. It was then six p. m.

"The Merlin is not in yet," said the hotel clerk in the curt, off-hand manner which the Londoner is beginning to learn from his American fellow-official.

"Not in yet?" I gasped. "Why, man, we received a message hours ago at Oxford concerning people on board!"

"That is more than we have done."

He made pretense to be exceedingly busy with a ledger; but prolonged ill-usage by ticket-examiners, platform-inspectors, and the rest of the Jacks in office, who seldom know much about their duties, has hardened me.

"Are you so overworked that you cannot attend to me, or shall I ask Mr. Schmidt's assistance?" I demanded.

Now here I have given a most useful tip. Always ascertain the name of the manager of a hotel. The prompt familiar reference to the august "Schmidt"—whom I did not know—warned the clerk that here might be some person of importance, worthy to be on terms of intimacy with the great gun of the Pall Mall Hotel. He groveled, closing the ledger carefully lest the bang should annoy me further.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I hope you did not misunderstand me," he said, smiling (oh, how I hate that false smirk!). "The Merlin was signaled from Queenstown yesterday, but has not reached Liverpool. We place a notice in the vestibule the moment we have any news, and the telegram itself states what time—the special—Excuse me, sir, but your friend—"

Karl was standing by my side during the brief colloquy with the clerk. I saw the pert Londoner's eyes droop. His lips parted and whitened, his voice faltered; his demeanor was that of Richard III. on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field. I

half expected to hear him yelp: My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, And every tongue brings in a several tale, And every tale condemns me for a villain

I gazed anxiously at my companion and became partly aware of what had happened. Karl had magnetized the clerk. In another instant the dapper little man would be crawling over the counter, looking up with uncomprehending terror at the Jove-like being who bent those lightning shafts on him.

I caught Karl by the arm. Instantly the concentrated energy which had shrunk the pupils of his eyes to pin-points relaxed, the relieved motor and sensory nerves returned to their ordinary functions, and he looked benignantly at the quivering clerk, whom he had not seen at all during the transient oblivion of his surroundings.

"It is all right," he said, turning toward me. "A railway porter has just told Maggie that the train will leave the landing-stage station in twenty minutes. In fact, she is now talking to Steindal's representative, a man named Bocci. And, do you know, from what she said I imagine—"

I caught the clerk listening now with a rabbit-eared amazement that nearly equaled his previous alarm. I was sorry for him. He must be in a state of agitation somewhat akin to the flutterings of a sparrow rescued from the deadly fascination of a snake.

So I laughed, with the best assumption of the actor's art of which I was capable. "Let him off, Karl!" I cried. "The next time we seek information I am sure he will give it to us readily."

Karl took my cue and grinned in concert. I led him away to a lounge, but ever and anon the clerk watched us from the corner of his eye, and I

chortled to see him comparing the clock with the time stated on a telegram which reached him a few minutes later, wherein the departure of the Merlin special was announced in exact concord with Karl's statement.

Meanwhile I learned what had taken place. No sooner had Grier heard the unexpected fact of the steamer's non-arrival than he carelessly "sent out," as he phrased it, to find Maggie and the ship. He experienced no difficulty this time. He saw the girl and her mother standing in a huge shed and conversing with a foreign-looking person.

Through several doors he distinguished the brass-rimmed port-holes and white rails of a large vessel, and he heard a hum of voices, the clanking of cranes and the tramping of many feet.

"From what I gather," he said, "Signor Bocci was surprised, even annoyed, to learn that Miss Hutchinson was not prepared to accept at once the contract that Steindal offered. 'No artiste has ever obtained more favorable terms from my principal,' he told her. 'Is it that you demand more money, or more frequent appearances?' 'Oh, no,' said Maggie, and she has such a nice, sweet voice, 'I am, indeed, greatly obliged to Mr. Steindal and to you, signor, for having troubled to come to Liverpool. But I really must ask you to let arrangements stand in abeyance until my mother and I meet you in London.' 'But what am I to cable to Steindal?' he asked. 'Why, cable this evening?' she persisted. 'Am I such an important little person that the world is waiting breathlessly for my decision?' That is all I heard while I was paralyzing the clerk."

"How was Miss Hutchinson dressed?" I asked him.

"In a navy-blue costume trimmed with black braid. She wore a white yachting-cap and white gloves. Mrs. Hutchinson was dressed in black,

with a sort of black lace mantle and a black bonnet of lace and feathers."

"And Bocci, what is he like?"

"An ordinary, under-sized, pasty-faced Italian, fiercely outlined with black hair, eyebrows and moustache."

I went to the bureau again. The inquiry clerk was apprehensive, but I only wanted the London Directory. And therein I hunted up the entry: "Bocci, Giovanni, concert agent," with a number on a Strand side-street.

"How did you know that Steindal's London representative was named Bocci?" I asked Karl.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that Miss Hutchinson held his card in her hand." He rattled off "Signor Giovanni Bocci" and the rest of the copper-plate legend.

I wonder what the inquiry clerk would have thought had he overheard the whole of Karl's story. Afterward, when steeled to the marvel of it all, I did not hesitate to prod the dull wits of the heavy tribe which Emerson describes as "only understanding pitch-forks and the cry of 'Fire!'" But that evening I forebore, lest we should be turned out of the hotel.

Indeed, that monstrous British dread of a "scene" induced me to beseech Karl not to go wandering off through space until the conditions were more private. We had four hours to spare, so we dined, strolled to Hyde Park and back, and finally awaited in the hotel vestibule the advent of the two women. It was the height of the London season—one of the many fine days which the world's capital manages to smuggle in between layers of fog and sheeted storm was drawing to a close. And how majestic, how radiantly calm, is London at such an hour! The purple haze of evening glorifies the harsh lines of myriad roofs; the long rows of twinkling lights seem to have been designed by Whistler; beneath the opulent robe of the great city one can hear its tremendous heart beating peacefully.

It was Grier's first adult experience of London, and I was certain that it affected him powerfully. He told me later that he was tempted many times to expand those awesome caverns of his brain and seek to understand with their seemingly immeasurable receptive capacity the giant influences at work amid that vast aggregation of humanity. But he resisted successfully, feeling somewhat awed, even a little frightened, by the belief that he alone, among the passing thousands, was endowed with almost omniscient knowledge of the actions and utterances of his fellow-men. Not of their thoughts—there was something of that to come—a grand expansion of that sympathetic transmission of ideas vaguely known to men and animals since the Spirit moved over the face of the waters and the heavens and the earth and all the host of them were finished. But not yet.

The most sceptical of scientists could not accuse Karl of flights of imagination, for he recorded naught except positive facts of contemporary occurrence. That, to me, was the most startling feature of his sixth sense. There scarcely exists a man or woman of any real intelligence who has not at one time or another communicated the unspoken thought to another at a distance. Truly, this comparatively general attribute of mankind is a far more stupendous and less comprehensible achievement than Karl's *telegnomy*. But, as Hooper said about the wheel and the use of fire, we soon become surfeited with wonders.

The hands of the great clock over the fire-place crept slowly past eleven-thirty p. m., the hour named in the telegram from the shipping company as that at which the Merlin passengers would reach Euston. Thence, with the best of intentions, otherwise a fast hansom, the Hutchinson woman could not arrive at the hotel much before midnight.

Nevertheless, at a quarter to twelve, Grier showed some signs of restlessness. I have often thought that these physical indications of the psychic force pent up in certain tiny pyramidal cells situated within the cortex of the gray matter of the brain greatly resembled the throbbings and strainings and extraordinarily minute movements of a boiler getting up steam. Your inch-thick, riveted cylinder may be bolted to iron beams imbedded in granite-like concrete, yet

the living power of steam makes its presence felt long ere the engineer bids the impatient giant get to work.

And it was so now with Karl. He could not sit still. The vestibule was full of people waiting to meet the Merlin contingent—oh, no, not of English people, but of Americans, anxious to welcome other Americans—yet Karl and I, amid all the lively throng, enlisted the sustained attention of the inquiry clerk.

Once, after catching his eye, an impulse of sheer mischief sent me to greet Schmidt most warmly. The manager, of course, being an affable man who liked to stand on pleasant terms with his patrons, was amenable to that kind of polite attention. We entered into a lively conversation for a minute or two, and I kept darting expressive glances toward the clerk.

I am sure the poor fellow quaked. Leaving Schmidt, I rejoined Karl, and the inquiry clerk ran across the vestibule. He was most anxious now to be civil.

"I have just heard of a telephone message from Euston," he said to me. "There are ninety passengers for this hotel, and they will be here now in a few minutes."

"The first station omnibus is just coming round the corner," said Karl quietly. "Maggie and her mother are in the next one, not in a hansom."

Now, from where we stood, there was no visible vehicle of the type mentioned. The clerk appeared puzzled, as well he might, thinking my companion had commented on his statement. I knew what had happened. During my momentary talk with

Schmidt, Karl had taken another peep beyond.

Sure enough, almost at once a London & North-western Railway bus deposited the first consignment of Merlin folk at the hotel entrance. Out of the next conveyance stepped two women, whom I recognized, from the description supplied by Karl, as Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter.

I must confess that the sight of them gave me a shock, well prepared though I was for their appearance. Yet, it is one thing to expect a certain experience, but entirely another to undergo it—as, to wit., being ready for the sensation of a needle-bath and receiving the impact of the icy jets of water on your bare skin.

It was exceedingly strange to see the mother and daughter, unconscious objects of experiments of epoch-marking importance, quietly appearing at the door of a London hotel under ordinary conditions open to any of the well-dressed, unheeding crowd within or the hurrying multitude without.

They passed through the revolving doors and looked about them. Karl stepped forward, somewhat shyly, though there was an instant charm in his smiling disingenuousness. You see, he fancied he had to introduce himself, being now a tall man in place of the little boy Mrs. Hutchinson had last seen and whom Maggie must wholly fail to remember. As far as mama was concerned, he sure she could not distinguish Grier at first glance from any other man present.

But Maggie saw him instantly. She became pale, and her eyes, extremely pretty eyes they were (and are), dilated.

"Oh, mother," she cried aloud, "there he is!"

So curiously perturbed was she, so timid and child-like in her words and attitude, that Grier's conventional welcome died away in his throat. Yet he held out his hand, and the girl, stepping forward impulsively, caught it in both of hers.

But her eyes filled with tears and the corners of her mouth quivered, and not another word could she utter. The scene was unexpected, embarrassing, and of course dreadfully un-English. And what did it all signify?

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegnomy*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young "telegnomist" was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

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Karl explained that Constantine and Steindal in New-York decided to make Maggie Hutchinson an offer to go on a concert tour, Constantine evidently having an ulterior motive. So intent was Karl in listening to the plot that he aroused in the Armenian's mind a vivid remembrance of the time he was rescued from the sea, and Constantine fell over the table shrieking of sharks.

Karl received a telegram from his mother asking him to meet the Hutchinsons upon their arrival in London,

THE SONG OF THE PIRATE

Illustrated by W. H. Schmedtgen



By S. E. Kiser

A pirate, a pirate, a pirate I will be!
In stormy ways
I'll spend my days—
A pirate's life for me!
Upon the main
I'll look for gain;
I'll sail the broad seas o'er;
I'll store my hold with gold, and then
I'll make the people tremble when
They see me come ashore!

A pirate, a pirate, a pirate bold am I!
Where people shriek
On decks that reek
I'll swing my cutlass high!
I'll swiftly sail
Before the gale;
I'll sweep the stormy sea;
And when the day's dark work is done,
I'll reef my sails and meekly run
To kneel at mother's knee.

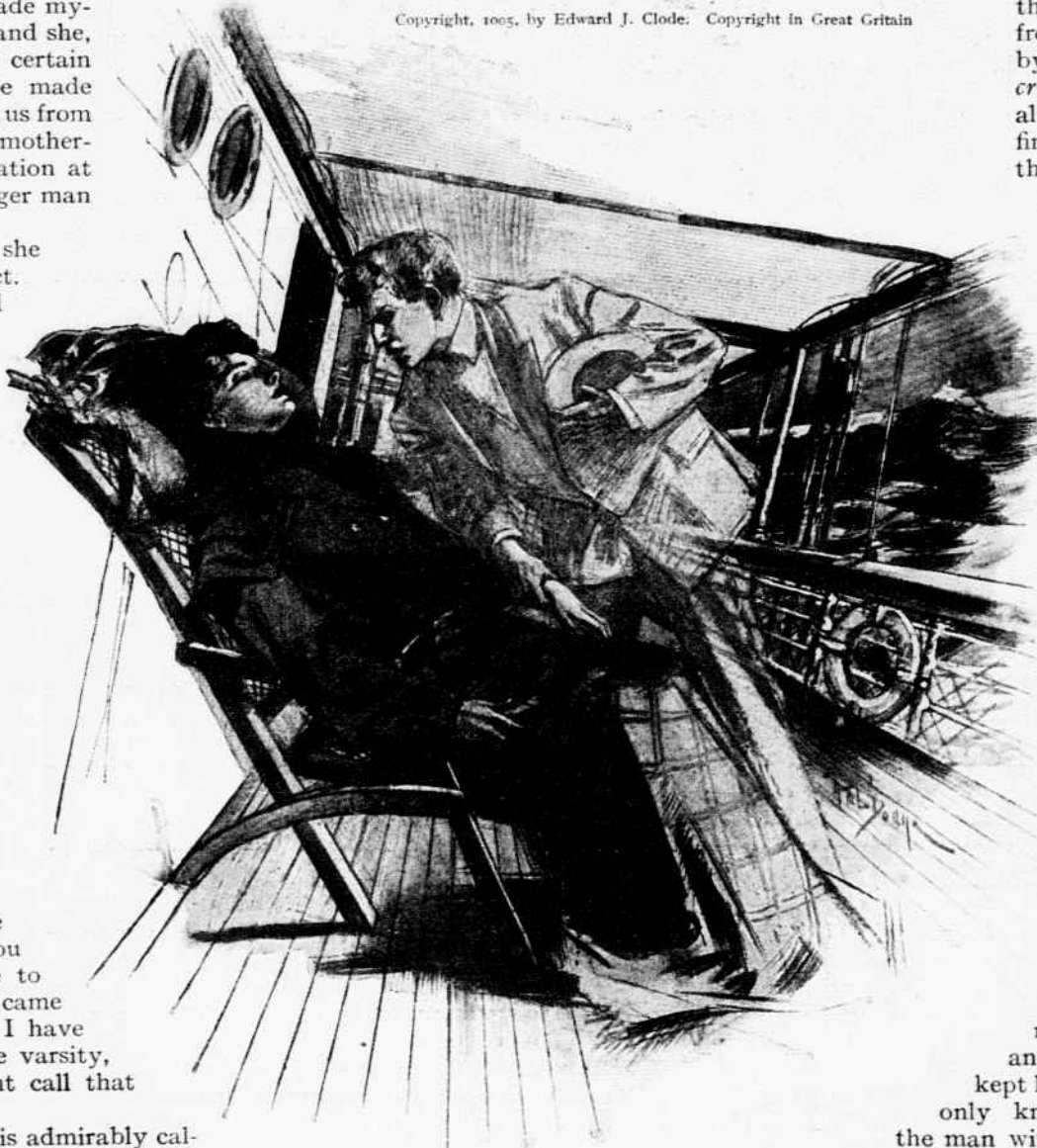
KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

X. Maggie Tells What Befell Her

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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I THINK I came to the rescue, but I was so flurried, so completely driven out of myself, that ordered recollection began only in the middle of the blather which usually serves as conversational counters at such meetings. I made myself known to Mrs. Hutchinson, and she, worthy soul, much perplexed by certain mysterious incidents soon to be made clear (after a fashion), extricated us from a difficult situation by the true motherliness of her surprise and admiration at finding Karl grown to be a bigger man than his father.

She was a Scotswoman, and she delighted in proclaiming the fact. Thus, although a woman of good birth and refined manners, she did not disdain to use the homely phrases of her "ain people," when they expressed her thoughts better than the polished slang which passes current for English in society nowadays.

"Eh, but it's a cure for sair e'en to see you, honey!" she cried, when she had assured herself that this six-footer was really the young Grier whom she had heard so much about of late. (This cryptic remark will explain itself presently.) "I was sure my letter to your mother would bring you quickly to us if you were not abroad. Did she telegraph to you? I suppose she could not have written in the time. And how kind it is of you to hurry up to London in time to receive us! Did you say you came from Oxford? Well, from what I have heard of young gentlemen at the varsity, they seldom object to an urgent call that brings them to London."

Now that sort of rattling talk is admirably calculated to dissipate metapsychic puzzles into thin air. I was exceedingly grateful to Mrs. Hutchinson. From that moment dated my lasting admiration for her dear, outspoken, open-hearted qualities. She was trustworthy as oak and equally as dense to anything beyond the circle of her comprehension.

The two young boobies gazing so pathetically at each other were enabled in the interim to recover their speech and their every-day faculties. Karl's eyes kindled with a friendly interest that threatened developments, and Maggie gazed at him with a smiling, fawn-like wistfulness calculated to drive any heart-whole and well-regulated young man frantic in five minutes by the clock.

It was my first actual, if vicarious, acquaintance with that pleasant malady known as love at first sight and, judging by the symptoms of this well-matched pair, the disease is one which, like measles in childhood, is calculated to do the cynic good.

*

I suppose it is my duty right here, as Hooper would say, to describe Maggie Hutchinson. I would prefer to give a definition of the differential calculus—one can hunt up these things so readily in any work of reference—but to what encyclopedia can a man turn when he wishes to limn in mere words the elusive charms of a beautiful, pure-minded, well-educated girl, in whom a delightful femininity is blended with the rare artistic temperament—blended, too, with the deftness of a skilled gardener who grafts one lovely and sweet-scented plant on another? If the human soul is ever visible to our mortal senses, it must most nearly attain tangible form in fragrant young womanhood. Every artist who seeks inspiration in nature, every poet who writes a stanza to spring or the dawn, knows that this is so. And that is why it is not good for mankind that woman should, by training or environment, weaken the God-given maternal instinct.

Some such thought came to me when I first set eyes on Maggie Hutchinson. She realized an ideal, and that is saying much. Not that she was so strikingly handsome that men must stare and

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 14

"You Came and Took Hold of My Left Hand"

women sniff merely because she passed, nor that her pose of head and general shapeliness would have enraptured a Greek sculptor. No, I am compelled to state that by the generality of critics Maggie would be placed only among the nondescript "good-looking" section of young women, and she might or might not be molded like a Capuan Venus, for all her orthodox "tailor-built" (that is the right description, I believe) traveling costume revealed.

But the peculiar circumstances under which I met her, and the rapt spirituality of that look which she flashed at Karl through the gathering tears, added a spice of romance to an otherwise colorless incident. The musician who extracts a thousand tumultuous words out of a single *Lied ohne Worte* can best understand the emotional flood of thought which conveys a whole volume of meaning. For an instant I experienced some glimmering perception of Karl's sixth sense. I fancied I actually felt the physical and psychic influence of that "magnetic personality" which we all of us talk about but seldom endeavor to explain.

And then "Miss Hutchinson" told me that she was not tired, "not the least little bit"; that mother and she had "dined on the train"; that it was, indeed, most kind on my part to have secured a private sitting-room for the joint and several use of our party and our party's friends. So, you see, the first impression fled quickly enough, leaving behind it a glowing streak of recollection like unto the half-remembered track of a shooting-star. But, thank Heaven! in Maggie's case it was renewed and developed and perfected until, whether under the spell of her unwavering friendship or thrilled to ecstasy by the inarticulate rapture which at times she drew from the infinite storehouse of the violin in order to please those near and dear to her, I can say candidly that she was the goddess of one small circle, its Athene and Euterpe rolled into one. Nor was it long before my wife claimed her as her greatest friend. That last saving clause is necessary.

This is not my love story, but, as the astute

reader must have perceived long since, Maggie's and Karl's. Yet I shall be exceedingly surprised—almost as greatly taken aback as I was by the discoveries of the next hour—if the said reader, though an expert dissector of love stories, from the long drawn-out wooing of Rachel by Jacob down to the motif of the latest *crime passionnel* in Paris, shall have guessed already the reason why Maggie wept when first she met Karl in the vestibule of the Pall Mall Hotel.

Apparently, we all have been standing there an unconscionably long time. Really, we have done nothing of the sort, for I am adept in bringing about the right combination of luggage-porters, lift-attendants, chambermaids and waiters to secure the best and quickest results in making people at home in a modern big hotel.

"I am so glad to be off the steamer!" sighed Mrs. Hutchinson gratefully as she sank into a spacious chair in our sitting-room. "Walking along the corridor just now, I caught myself wondering why the other folk using it did not lean over at absurd angles. Even yet the carpet seems to heave gently each half-minute."

That was just the sort of remark calculated to place us at our ease. We chatted freely while the women drank a little champagne and nibbled a biscuit. I sampled the hotel whisky, and smoked, together with Karl, at the earnest request of our fair companions. Karl, by the way, did not know the taste of alcohol or of any intoxicant. The wisdom of the gods kept him free from that obsession. Goodness

only knows what would have happened if the man with a superhuman sense (which it was, according to our present lights) yielded to drink!

Hence, when Mrs. Hutchinson, beginning at the end of the story, told us that she wrote to Mrs. Grier from Queenstown, and a computation of hours revealed that the mystery of the telegram was no mystery at all, the way was paved by growing familiarity to permit the conversation to wander off into less well-defined paths. For the good woman made no secret of the *raison d'être* of her letter.

"Maggie had a dream, or a vision—something akin to what my old Highland nurse used to call *taichitaraugh*, a Gaelic mouthful meaning 'shadow-sight.' It was so realistic that it nearly made her ill, and she startled me considerably when she confided it to me, which was not until twenty-four hours later."

Mrs. Hutchinson, of course, could not guess what a spark on tinder was one of those time-worn words in Karl's ears. I glanced at him to see if the winged barb had struck home, but was not long in discerning that Maggie's presence occupied his ordinary senses sufficiently to keep his *telegonomic* sense dormant. It might, indeed, stimulate and intensify the others; but no man would use a telephone or an opera-glass to hear or see his best girl when she was seated in the same room as himself, would he? Science can do a lot for us; but I will back Dame Nature's idea of a magnet in the shape of a pretty woman against any wizard device of the latter-day alchemist.

Then the mother, at Maggie's request, essayed to give us the history of an afternoon dream on board the good ship *Merlin*. The day was Sunday, and the weather had been bad. The ship was traversing that choppy belt of the Atlantic which makes the day of rest so peculiarly unrestful in the majority of vessels sailing from New-York or Liverpool on a Wednesday. Indeed, the *Merlin* Sunday is an ocean proverb.

"Neither of us felt equal to taking luncheon in the saloon," said she, "so a deck-steward brought us some tempting dishes. The sea subsided rapidly under a change of wind, and we were comfortable enough after our meal. I fell into a slight doze. Maggie says she did not."

"No, mother, I am sure I was awake, because



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I was running over in my mind Almaguiva's song, 'Ecco ridente il cielo,' with the guitar accompaniment for the violins," interrupted Maggie.

Then why, my dear young lady, should your cheeks flutter now between white and pink, like a Marie van Houtte rose, beneath the most attractive and healthy brown with which sun and sea have decorated you? And why, with even greater emphasis, should you have been warbling to yourself then the lovesick outpourings of the Seville gallant to his Rosina? I thought those old operas, if not dead, for they are immortal, at least were buried alive beneath a mound of Gaiety muslin and the striped cotton habiliments of many negroes.

"Girls get such whimsies in their heads that they often do not know what they are thinking about," replied practical Mrs. Hutchinson. "Yet, there can be no doubt, my dear, that something extraordinary did occur."

"When I woke up," she continued, addressing Karl and me, "I found Maggie crying softly to herself. Naturally I was alarmed, and when she did not answer I caught her arm. Then she appeared to recover her wits; but she frightened me even more thoroughly by murmuring something about the utter bliss—"

"Mother!" broke in the girl, evidently nerving herself for an ordeal, though her face was aflame. "Let me describe what happened."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Hutchinson. "Tell it your own way; I admit I never got the hang of it to rights."

It was impossible to watch both Karl's face and Maggie's, so I devoted myself to an intent study of the subtle emotions

which sent their undecipherable shadows across the girl's eyes. But the woman does not breathe, or is not worthy of breath, who cannot be an actress when the great crises of existence throb across life's stage. Indeed, she controlled her expression and chose her words so well that she soon led my rambling fancy back to the sufficiently bewildering climax of her own adventure.

"Mother has left out what you might call a predisposing influence," she said, smiling, and she spoke to me, not to Karl. "Have you ever heard of the agonic line?"

"Has it anything to do with the 'Personal' column in 'The Times'?" was my banal reply.

"No!" It was Karl who answered, and there was a timbre in his voice I had not heard before. It silenced Maggie for the moment. Perhaps it suggested a chord drawn with nerve-thrilling effect from her own beloved violin. Anyhow, he took up the parable.

"An agonic line is an irregular line, running generally north and south, which marks those parts of the earth's surface where the magnetic needle points to the true north. There are three of them, and they are slowly changing their positions," he said.

"Thank you. I could not have explained it so clearly," smiled Maggie, though she persistently averted her eyes. "Well, in the morning, the chief officer had been telling me things about the deviation of the compass, the importance of the agonic lines, the magnetic vagaries of some parts of the globe, and the great value to sailors of a recent discovery that at a certain point in front of the foremast the compass ceases to be affected by the polarization which is set up in all iron ships."

Ting! Some tiny nerve-bell jingled in my head. Polarization! Karl and I exchanged looks. We had rapidly made the same calculation. Allowing for difference of sun-time, Miss Margaret's disturbing dream-vision, whatever it disclosed, must have been exactly contemporaneous with Karl's poker-juggling in the Mitre Hotel.

"Now, what is it?" demanded Mrs. Hutchinson, whose shrewd Scottish eyes were quick to detect the secret telegraphy between the others, for Maggie flushed most charmingly again, and we three established a circuit of intelligence. "Why do you all gowp like that? You make my flesh creep. The next thing you will be telling me is that there are ghosts in the room!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Key of the Treasure House

WELL might Mrs. Hutchinson rail at us with a certain peevishness! Here was true mid-summer madness, if ever the dog-days' frolic gamboled within the bounds of staid London. And what a wild jostling of ideas, apparently remote as the poles, contributed to the medley!—agonic lines, polarization of ships and fire-irons, a curious experiment in a hotel at Oxford, and a girl humming "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" in mid-Atlantic—these were the magic pass-words, it would seem, to a new wonder-cave of Ali Baba. I fancied I could hear those fiddles singing the accompaniment to the love-lorn Count's impassioned verses. In this latest version of the immortal comedy I was playing Figaro, and Mrs. Hutchinson, if judged by her present impatient mood, provided a fair substitute for Dr. Bartholdo.

Yet what did it all mean? Karl, to my own knowledge, had not despatched his telegraphic sense on a roving commission that Sunday afternoon at Oxford. He had subjected a poker to what he termed "magnetic induction" merely in order to illustrate his unimpaired bodily and mental vigor when I expressed some anxiety about the effect on his health of practising too often a new and perhaps dangerous force. Again, if not at that moment, he had striven subsequently to gleam some intelligence of Maggie's doings, only to encounter repeated failure

day after day, until she met Signor Bocci in Liverpool a few hours previously.

Nevertheless, I was sure that communication between those two was established in that instant, a sympathetic contact, conscious in the maiden's case, unconscious in the youth's. Perhaps, while humming Almaguiva's strains, the Rosina of the Merlin applied the words to herself:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres To hear the sea-maid's music.

I turned my eyes for a second from Maggie's face and looked at Karl. He reminded me of a youthful warrior of the age of chivalry, who, guarding his armor in some holy fane during the still watches of the night, found a sweet vision smiling on him instead of the stone saint or stained-glass picture of crude daylight. Evidently he was unaware of having exerted any perturbing influence on Maggie. He was genuinely surprised by the coincidence revealed by her words.

The girl herself seemed to be anxious that we should not answer her mother's question. "It is difficult to tell you exactly what happened," she exclaimed hurriedly. "I was so confused afterward that I scarcely could form a coherent idea, and that is why mama complains that I have not said much about it. But I can give you certain incidents which stood out clearly. In the first place, I seemed to lose my senses. I had a curious sensation akin to that felt if one's arm goes to sleep, as we say, only this was general in its effect, and I had not been sitting in an awkward position. Then I heard voices. Everything was dark, though of course you understand it was broad daylight on board the ship. Still, I thought I heard two men talking about me, and their remarks were so peculiar that I could not help listening. I should explain that the men were not on board. Indeed, I believe they were then, and are now in New-York."

"Were they Wilhelm Steindal and Paul Constantine?" said Karl eagerly.

The question was out before he realized that it had better have remained unspoken. The effect was as instantaneous as any writer of melo-farce could hope for. Mrs. Hutchinson clapped her hands in her excitement, and Maggie became red indeed.

"So you too knew all about it?" she murmured.

"No," said Karl. "I know absolutely nothing of any incident on board the Merlin which affects in anyway the experience you are relating."

"Or afterward?"

"None whatever. But I am interrupting you. I am sorry. It was involuntary on my part."

Miss Hutchinson appeared to gain confidence after this. She and Karl, and to a certain extent I myself, were in the position of ships of different nationalities on the high seas, using the same code-signals, but unable to interpret them without reference to a translation.

"It was astonishing to my mother and me to hear you mention those names," she said. "We met Mr. Constantine only a week before we left the States. He introduced us to Mr. Steindal. At that time, and indeed during the past year, I entertained the hope of earning some degree of fame as a violinist. I have made successful appearances in Berlin, London, New-York, Boston and other places, and Mr. Steindal should have proved to be an exceedingly valuable acquaintance. But Mr. Constantine offended me the evening before we sailed, and the words I heard in my dream bore out his previous conduct so completely that I have almost resolved to abandon the idea of a professional career."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" demanded Mrs. Hutchinson, who was brought back with a bump from psychical manifestations to the hard, matter-of-fact details of existence. "Here is this foolish girl thinking of foregoing the results of several years of expensive tuition and some flattering public receptions, just because she had a queer vision in mid-Atlantic!"

"Mother dear, there was no vision

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about Mr. Constantine's behavior at Manhattan Beach."

"No, but that wretched Armenian is not all the world! It is a nice thing if two Anglo-Indians allow a dark person of his type to affect their lives."

Neither Karl nor I moved a muscle when Manhattan Beach was mentioned. But how quaintly these youngsters' careers had become interwoven after so many years of separation! And what an amazing thing it was that Maggie heard but did not see, when one remembered that music broke the seal of Karl's spiritual hearing! However, I must restrain my speculative thoughts, for Maggie was speaking again.

"I call it a dream," she said earnestly; "but I use that word for want of a better. I feel in my heart, in my brain, that I really did hear what Constantine and Steindal said to each other. They planned a great many things, and if proof was wanted Steindal's agent met us at Liverpool to-day and made the offer I told my mother of last Sunday."

Mrs. Hutchinson, poised on the pinnacle of doubt, nodded her head. "That is true enough," she admitted, smiling in her perplexity, "and it is all through you, Mr. Grier—or shall I call you Karl? That is why I wrote to your mother. We were delayed by fog in the Irish Sea, or we should have been in London before her telegram could have reached you."

Karl only smiled in reply. It was almost impossible for either him or me to comment on the broken narrative which reached us. How bewildered and unnerved the two women would be if they realized the minuteness with which we fitted each statement they made into the detailed story we already possessed!

*

"Yes," said Maggie, speaking slowly, "no doubt you have been wondering how you can possibly be bound up with my affairs?"

She paused, as if to permit Karl to give some hint that he already possessed the clue to her wanderings in the maze of intangible things. He helped her by saying:

"We have a story to tell, Miss Hutchinson. I too have undergone some extraordinary experiences, but most certainly I did not encounter you in spirit-land while you crossed the Atlantic. I may say that I endeavored to do so, for reasons that shall be made clear; but I failed."

She smiled delightedly. It occurred to me that Karl had said exactly that which she wanted him to say. I pictured Hooper reveling in analytical hair-splitting when we related this conversation to him. Nevertheless, the solution of this latest problem in occultism baffled both him and me for many a day.

"I will pass from Steindal and Constantine," she said, "and come to the next phase of my novel experience. Their voices ceased, and I seemed to recover some sense of my true surroundings. I knew I was at sea in a moving vessel. I could feel the vibration of the propeller; but the only human being of whose presence I was conscious was you, Mr. Grier."


"What an unreceptive soul I must possess!" cried Karl gallantly.

"You came and took hold of my left hand," she went on. "You said 'Maggie, don't you remember me? I am Karl Grier.' I think I endeavored to reply, but the words seemed to die away in my throat. You bent over me and told me not to accept the contract Steindal's agent would offer me at Liverpool. Then, you gave me a lot of news about yourself and your father and mother. The years seemed to slip back until we were children again in the Kalanullah tea-garden. I don't believe I have ever been so delighted as I was by the knowledge that we both had gone back to our childhood. Have you really no knowledge whatever of all this?"

Hooper himself could not have discharged that final question with more unexpected forensic skill than did this mere girl. It seemed to afford her the supreme test of his assurance. Thence-

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forth, she gave herself no further trouble on that point.

Her natural vivacity now replaced the somewhat hysterical restraint which she had exercised hitherto. She told us that she had both seen Karl and heard his voice on three subsequent occasions, and these visitations, though in no way alarming while they lasted, were so mysterious in their semblance of actuality, and dwelt so constantly in her thoughts, that her mother, to whom she had related each incident after its occurrence, determined to seek an interview with Karl at the earliest opportunity which presented itself on their arrival in England. The mother bore out her daughter's story at all points, though she stoutly held to the opinion that the whole affair was the outcome of overstudy—Maggie having worked hard during her visit to the States—combined with the exercise of some telepathic gift which Karl undoubtedly had exercised when a child.

But even Mrs. Hutchinson was compelled to retreat from this logical fortress when Karl asked me to tell his old friends all that had taken place at Oxford. Maggie listened with a feverish intentness that did not escape me. Her shining eyes and parted lips betrayed her. She impressed me as searching for some key which should open the door of complete understanding; but the search was not rewarded—that much I knew when we bade each other "good-night" at a late hour.

*

Karl and I escorted the women to the corridor in which their room was situated, the hotel being so full that we were scattered over three floors. Mrs. Hutchinson, glad to escape from the brain-tangling problems which we could not shirk in discussing recent events, was chatting with Karl about his father and mother, and I seized the opportunity to put a question to pretty Miss Margaret as she walked by my side.

"In your subsequent visions of Karl," I said, "did you ever attempt to speak to him?"

"No. It was either impossible or I did not experience the desire."

She answered so readily that I was encouraged to go a step further.

"Did you, of your own free will, strive to resist these appearances, notwithstanding their seemingly pleasurable nature?"

She looked at me quickly, and the ghost of a smile dimpled her cheeks. "Yes," she said simply. "I do not mind confessing that they frightened me terribly afterward when I thought about them, but not at the time."

"Were you thinking of Karl when you met Bocci this afternoon?"

"How could we help it, when his predictions were verified the instant we stepped off the steamer's gangway? I must have spoken of him to my mother just before he saw us standing in the custom's shed. Oh, how strange it is! What will be the outcome?"

A man passed us and glared at me as though he would like to wring my neck. I imagine he thought I was worrying Maggie. She had changed her traveling-costume for a dinner blouse and light silk skirt. I noticed that her bosom heaved tumultuously and a soft light leaped into her eyes. But I pursued the topic no further, and we parted a few seconds later.

Next morning Karl and I were waiting in the vestibule to take the women in to breakfast, when the inquiry clerk slipped from behind his desk and approached me with a business-like air.

"Are you Mr. Grier, sir?" he asked.

"No, this is Mr. Grier."

Karl looked at the little man, who seemed half prepared to tremble before another Olympian glance. But Karl's face would reassure a timid child when, as Hooper put it, he was "disconnected."

"I beg your pardon," said the clerk, "but I thought you would like to know that there was a man here last night inquiring for you."

"A man?" said Karl blankly.

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"Yes," he answered offhandedly, "a foreigner, an Italian, I think. He did not want to see you, but he seemed anxious to find out if you were staying here, and if you had met Mrs. and Miss Hutchinson. Of course I told him you were in the hotel; but as for the ladies, I knew nothing whatever about them."

"Did he give you his name?"

"No, sir."

Karl described Bocci, and the inquiry clerk recognized him instantly.

"That's him!" he cried. (People always do say "That's him." No one except a parson or a schoolmaster uses the nominative.) "I hope I did right in choking him off?"

"You're a wonder!" said Karl, laughing, and the clerk left us, feeling that he must have greatly mistaken the appearance and utterances of this exceedingly nice young man the previous day.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegmomy*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of

the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the languages of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and when in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard, though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young *telegmomy* was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York. The next evening he was mentally transported to New-York again. He awoke with an exclamation about the villainy of a dramatic agent named Steindal.

Karl explained that Constantine and Steindal in New-York decided to make Maggie Hutchinson an offer to go on a concert tour, Constantine evidently having an ulterior motive. So intent was Karl in listening to the plot that he aroused in the Armenian's mind a vivid remembrance of the time he was rescued from the sea, and Constantine fell over the table, shrieking of sharks.

Karl received a telegram from his mother asking him to meet the Hutchinsons upon their arrival in London. After astonishing the hotel clerk with *telegmomic* manifestations, Karl met the voyagers.

PILGRIMAGE TO PIGNA

Continued from page 6

years, its arches, like old hands joining, made light against darkness; black windows stared out of irregular planes of ripe masonry fringed with growing weeds; and all so perfectly planted there under the mountain crowns, seemed rather a picture of harmonious light and shadow mingled, than a stout and storm-defying abode of men.

The medieval village looked down upon its child and she looked up to it.

"Give her ten minutes," said Foster, "and I'll poke about a bit and smoke a cigarette. Rubbishy fifteenth-century churches are here somewhere, with moldy frescos in them. I'll bet there are trout in that river. But only ten minutes! I've got to be at Monte by six o'clock."

Giacinta Velliano descended from the car and her grandson wrapped the furs round her, for her hands were intensely cold. Then she motioned him away and tottered down to a stone and sat there and stared over the river upward to the village in the hills. Sixty years had scarcely added a stain to those ancient walls. She knew each dwelling and those who inhabited it. Then she remembered that nearly all the people were changed, and her eyes turned to seek the graveyard. Presently she fixed them on the houses again, and stared, and pressed her eyelids to squeeze away the water that threw all things out of focus. As still and watchful as a brown lizard on a wall she sat; then suddenly she rose and thrust her arms out of the fur and stretched them up toward Castel-Vittorio.

"Paese—caro paese mio!" she cried. "Home—where all that was good began and ended!"

Some little children gathered round her and Pietro beckoned them to go away.

Then Harold Foster, who had smoked his cigarette and seen as much as pleased him of the old churches of Pigna, gave the order to return. "And we must slip along," he said. "This hole strikes as cold as a vault, now the sun's off it. Come, my old heroine, you shall have a drink of hot wine when we get back. Now watch Pietro and see what he can do when we are really in a hurry."

She heard, but heeded not. Her face was turned up to the hills; her grandson guided her back and both men gently helped her into the automobile. It began to throb and tremble; soon it glided

away and the dust sank, and the petrol reek vanished, and a group of wondering peasants separated.

Like a dream was the coming of Giacinta Velliano; like a dream was her going; like a dream that sudden, tremendous experience sank gently into the old woman's soul and wakened it for flight. She looked back until a spur of the mountains rose between Castel-Vittorio and the way.

"Depart in peace—depart in peace—depart in peace! Praise the Son of God—praise Him—praise Him!" she repeated to herself under the wolf-fur at the bottom of the car.

When they returned to Mentone she blessed Foster, and he thanked her heartily for her kind wishes, and advised her to go and get some hot wine and sit by the fire in the kitchen.

*

But the next morning before noon Pietro came with eyes red-lidded to his master. "She, the dear old grandmother, she is dead, signor! She died in the dawn."

"Died? Good Lord! What for?" asked Foster.

In his surprise a cigarette ash fell on his white waistcoat. He uttered an exclamation and pulled a handkerchief out of his shirt cuff and dusted himself.

"She died as happy as any saint of God. Her life ended beautifully as the sun came out of the sea. She said nothing but 'Home, home!' And she blessed you once again. It is a priceless fortune for you to be blessed so, signor."

"Rather! Fancy popping off like that poor old woman! Blessed if I'm not sorry about it. But, by Jove! what a lark! That leaves you free, Pietro?"

"She must lie at Pigna. I promised."

"She shall—and a rattling good funeral too! Let 'em do it regardless. None of your rotten tin rubbish and beads and paper flowers and trash, but a solid bit of white marble and a cross and all the rest of it. A statue if you like! She was a good sort, your grandmother, Pietro; and it was jolly sporting of her to go just at the right moment. Don't spare expense, mind. Then next week we're off—and blessed if I won't have a brandy and soda!"

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IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

XII. The Scene in the Garden Court

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning,"
"The Great Mogul," Etc.

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Of course, it was not to be expected that these morning hours of sunshine (London having embarked, as it turned out, on a giddy whirl of a fortnight's fine weather) would find us in the tension to which we were strung overnight. Such a thing would be unreasonable, almost inhuman. The merry jingle of the hansoms coming through the open windows, the glimpse of omnibus tops freighted with wearers of flower hats and frivolous muslins, the gay horn-blown tarantara of the coaches crossing Trafalgar Square or climbing the Haymarket—this glad-some medley must banish all problems which appealed to either science or credulity. London was astir and enjoying itself, and who were we that we should resist its decorous gaiety?

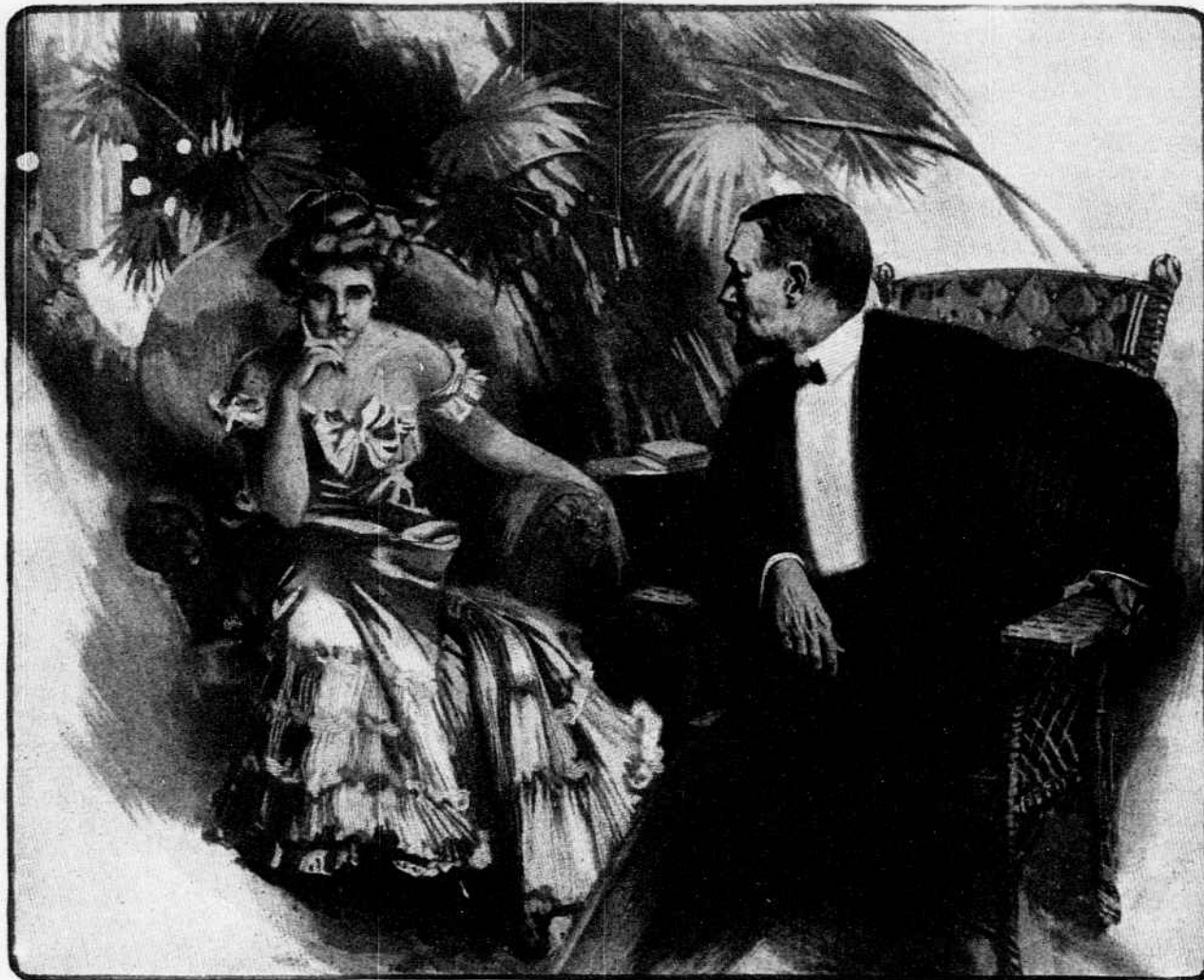
At that period motor-cars were still sufficiently uncommon in England to lend a piquant novelty to my suggestion that we should avail ourselves of a friend's offer to me and borrow his car for the day. That was soon arranged. I sat with the chauffeur in the front seat, Karl and the ladies occupied the tonneau, and when Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter had recovered from the silent dread of whirling past all other traffic and utilizing apparently impossible openings between heavy vehicles, they began to enjoy the ride immensely.

We ran through Surbiton, Esher and Guildford, over the Hog's Back to Farnham, where we ate with the normal appetites of four healthy Britons. We came home by way of Aldershot, Virginia Water, Windsor Great Park and Staines, driving gloriously not only through the royal domain but through several Acts of Parliament as well.

Karl, by reason of the nearing end of the midsummer term, must return to Oxford that night, so it was interesting to note how much he made of those flying hours of freedom. At least a year a minute fell away from the conventional coating of the decade which had sped since he and the girl were children together. "Mr. Grier" and "Miss Hutchinson" quickly gave place to "Karl" and "Maggie." We were not at Barnes Bridge on the outward journey before Karl had declared his fixed resolution to wheedle a motor car out of his father the day he left the university, and the pair of them were planning where "we" should drive this chariot of delight during the wonderful summer of next year.

Maggie, it appeared, was much enamoured of cathedrals. Here was a fine inspiration to provide excursions for the long summer days. Bless you! they had seen Canterbury, Salisbury and Ely in a sentence, and were doing sums in the following breath to find out if far-away York was achievable. Ah, how potent the engineer who constructs that magic machine which carries the day-dreams of the young! What feats it accomplishes, how smoothly do its noiseless wheels glide over the most perfect of roads! Yet we all possess the treasure, and happy the man or woman who has not lost the joy of living, losing with it the willing slave which carries them whither they list. This wonder-coach is capable of astounding performances. It

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 12



She Sat There Unseeing and Unhearing

shall whisk you through many cities and strange lands. What does it matter if the scene be new to your eyes, when you are brought to it by the sober stuffiness of a railway plus a return ticket? You have been there twice, that is all, and surely the first visit, in imagination, far surpassed the second, in reality.

Indeed, we enjoyed ourselves so greatly that the crassness of things in general was sure to bring about some unpleasantness. There is a substratum of truth in the old Scotch idea of certain people being fay before death. None of us died, I am glad to say; but we should have been wise had we outrageously made off with that motor car, scurrying far from London ere nightfall, and leaving it to my ingenuity to explain matters to my lending friend.

*

We reached the hotel at six o'clock, and there was Signor Bocci impatiently awaiting the return of Mrs. Hutchinson and her violin-playing daughter. "Business is business," you know, and really I could see no reason why the girl should not accept the splendid offer made by Steindal's agent. He showed no disinclination to discuss it before Karl and myself. Nay, more, the little man said he was glad of our presence.

"You are—a men of affairs, yes," he said volubly, "and in—a dis oafar I haf—a displayed to de signorina de career mos' magnificent, is it—a not?"

Certainly his words were justified to outward seeming, though the very hyalence of Steindal's undertaking should have warned us that things were not so clear as they seemed. Here was a girl of little more than eighteen, yet the agent, one of the few men in the world of music who could make or break an artiste, was binding himself to give her two star performances in London, with full orchestra and distinguished vocal soloists, guaranteeing an expenditure of two hundred pounds on each concert, one in the autumn and another in the spring of the following year, agreeing to hand her three-fourths of the proceeds after (and if) they exceeded the sum named, and finally pledging at least thirty public appearances at a fee of twenty guineas each within the ensuing twelve months. Think of it, ye budding geniuses! How the strings would twank

or the pen splutter if some moon-frenzy seized impresario or publisher to give you a start like that!

Karl, like Mrs. Hutchinson and myself, advised acceptance, though I discovered afterward that he had a great repugnance to the notion of Maggie's appearing on a public platform. That was natural enough, poor fellow! He didn't want to have all the young sparks about town telling each other, and, what was even less endurable, telling Maggie, that she was the most beautiful creature under the sun. No man, short of an actor, can pretend that he likes his inamorata to face the foot-lights. Stage-land has its own domestic idyls, to be sure—and sweet and wholesome they oft may be—but they are of a different blend to those which find general acceptance.

Yet Maggie, who listened seriously to us all, urged with gentle insistence that no harm would be done if we gave Steindal's magnanimity one day's thought,

and when I saw that her mother was willing to accede to this request, I backed it up, with the result that Signor Bocci's eyebrows became fierce, and he murmured something about the impossibility of his principal keeping the offer open indefinitely.

"I do not think my daughter is asking for any unreasonable delay," replied Mrs. Hutchinson with some spirit. "This is practically our first business interview. Your meeting with us on the landing-stage, though exceedingly kind on your part, can hardly be regarded as giving us an opportunity for full discussion. Therefore, to promise a decision to-morrow is speedy enough in all conscience, seeing that when I wrote to Mr. Steindal eight months ago he never even replied to my letter."

This was a facer for Bocci. Nevertheless, he struggled gamely. "Herr Steindal has a great—a many letters from—a de amateur," he said. "He hear in New—a York 'ow Mees Ootchinson blay—"

"He did nothing of the kind!" cried the elder woman. "That is the extraordinary part of it. He met her, it is true, but he admitted he had not been to any of her concerts. I am beginning to think, signor, that my daughter is right and we others are wrong. Will you leave a copy of the contract for our consideration?"

"Oh—ah, yes," said he instantly, and being a man of rapid perception, he did not press any more for completion that day.

Certainly I was puzzled by Steindal's tactics. Allowing that he was actuated by the basest motives, that Constantine was paying the bill, and that their precious compact would reveal its intent before many weeks had passed, it was nevertheless a singular course they had chosen. What possible harm could result to Maggie Hutchinson if she seized the splendid opening dangled before her eyes by the Jew? All he asked in return was a reasonable monopoly, voidable by his failure to carry out his undertakings in their entirety. From her point of view, it was the most convincing case of "Heads I win, tails you lose" I ever heard of in connection with a professional where contracts are likely to be one-sided.

And the haze did not lessen when Maggie became confidential that evening after dinner. Karl had

Continued on page 12

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KARL GRIER

Continued from page 9

gone, Mrs. Hutchinson was writing letters, and I had secured two chairs beneath the palms in the Garden Court. Here we could hear the band, watch the celebrities of the hour, and talk without listeners.

"I hope you are not a materialist," said the girl, after I had uttered some truism about modern life.

"Perish the thought!" I answered. "Though, as one nearly double your extreme age, will you permit me to ask what is your definition of a materialist?"

"A gross person—a species of pig man," was her sufficiently amazing reply.

"Are you thinking of Steindal?" I asked involuntarily, though I had resolved to keep clear of the topic for the hour.

"Oh, no. He was not in my mind at all. The music, the lights, the soft tones of the women's dresses, all the harmony to eye and ear of our present surroundings, carried a thought to me. I cannot help knowing that within a short distance of this pleasant place one can find great misery. Which of these states reveals the truth in life?"

"Both. It is well to hold a balance between them."

"Thank you. Now, one has read how rich and well-born men and women, in other days, have had a vision which so influenced their lives that they forthwith abandoned wealth and rank and devoted themselves to the painful service of their suffering brethren. Such visions may not be frequent to-day, but it is a matter of constant occurrence for a similar result to be achieved, and achieved in a single hour, whereby the future years of existence were cast irrevocably into a new mold."

"You are speaking solely of spiritual influences?" I asked.

She moved slightly. My question was unexpected. Some of these tender plants of human growth are so delicately constituted that they wince physically if you prod their souls with a verbal arrow.

"I can scarce distinguish between states," she said, "nor have I thought or read deeply enough to claim any clear idea as to what constitutes spirituality. I suppose it sounds strange to hear a girl not yet nineteen talking of such things at all. But in Berlin one is taught to think earlier than in England, and a musical training is prone to develop fanciful moods."

She was fencing with me. I determined to risk another of these insidious arrow-flights.

"May I take it that your present introspective condition of mind arises from your experience on board the Merlin?"

"Yes." Her lips set with a snap.

It was clear that however little Karl's supernormal powers affected him, they had exerted a truly remarkable influence on Maggie Hutchinson, an influence, too, so novel and mysterious that she seemed almost to fear its analysis. So I endeavored to help her.

"The man would be a fool who denied the enduring effect on the mind of a moment's inspiration," I said. "He might as well argue that the inconceivably rapid passage of an electric current through the body could not contort it permanently or even shrivel it into practical annihilation."

"Ah!" she cried impulsively, "that is how it seems to me. Our poor frail human form cannot choose but obey the soul. At least it must be governed by noble instincts and strive ever to reach a higher individual ideal. When the soul yields to the body, there you have the downfall, the yielding of the man to the ape."

She leaned forward, with her right elbow on her knee and her well-modeled chin supported by the thin, long, nervous fingers which bespoke the artistic faculty. Spatulate-fingered folk should keep away from strings and easels. As it pleased her to attach an ethical significance to my words, I did not gain-

say her. Indeed, something told me to leave her to her thoughts for a little while, and as she appeared to be listening intently to the music, I sank back into my chair and gave her the choice of continuing the conversation or not, as she saw fit.

The band, a small but most excellent orchestra, had just rendered a soft and harmonious prelude. I did not recognize the air until a violoncello, exquisitely played, struck into the swelling grandeur of Vulcan's song from "Philemon et Baucis." Perhaps the girl knew the words as well as the music; I did not. Looking them up afterward, in Santley's translation, I found them curiously apropos of the strange, all-surmounting force which was in our minds at the moment.

Where loud the brazen hammers sound,

With lurid light the furnace glowing,

Down in my kingdom underground,

Aside vain ceremony throwing,

I'm sovereign of all around.

Certainly my companion was given a glimpse of some underground kingdom illumined by lurid light, for I quickly discovered that she was rapt into a state of exaltation which paid no heed to the visible world of fashion and light and music which surrounded us. I spoke to her gently more than once. It was useless. She sat there, with tireless eyelids and glistening eyes, to all outward semblance absorbed in Gounod's majestic chant, but really, as I alone knew, unseeing and unhearing except to sights and sounds not given to my comprehension.

The suddenness of the thing was positively startling. According to Hooper's experience, supplemented by my own with Karl, it was probable she would regain ordinary consciousness if touched. Yet I forebore, hovering between anxiety on the girl's behalf and desire not to break in on a trance which might yield some knowledge of actual value. I have often wondered since if any observant eyes among the crowd of loungers were watching us. We must have offered a queer picture, a scene from the charade of life as it is staged in a big London hotel—the wistful-eyed girl in a graceful pose, gazing blankly into space, as it seemed, and pondering some wordless problem, and the gray-haired, sparely built man watching her with a keenness that must have been puzzling to any onlooker.

At last the music ceased. There was some applause, and to my great relief Maggie regained her wits. Then a spasm of real passion convulsed her face, as though some fierce gust had swept from a thunder-cloud to distort the smooth mirror of a lake. Reasoned thought was slow in resuming its sway. I was sure she would spring to her feet and scream aloud. Yet it was evident that each instant she was becoming more conscious of her environment and gaining strength to repress the agony which wrung her bosom.

With all my world-wandering and its consequent carelessness of mere outward effect, notwithstanding that wayward Celtic temperament which is likely to set Mrs. Grundy at defiance, the upper British crust of conventionality was sufficiently hard on me to demand a rapid glance around the garden court to see if anybody was looking.

The whole roomful of people might have been gaping at us with twenty-scandal power for all I cared a moment later. Maggie grasped my wrist with a strength which I would not have credited her with, though your skilled violinist must needs have good muscles.

"I have heard Constantine raving most terribly," she whispered in tense accents close to my ear. "He has arranged to sail from New-York on Saturday, and his object in coming to England is to murder Karl!"

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegnomy*, or far-knowledge. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four

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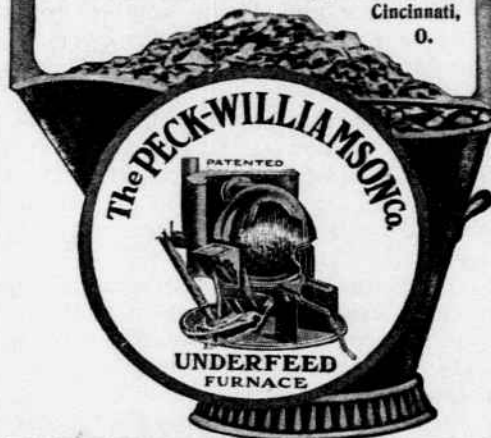
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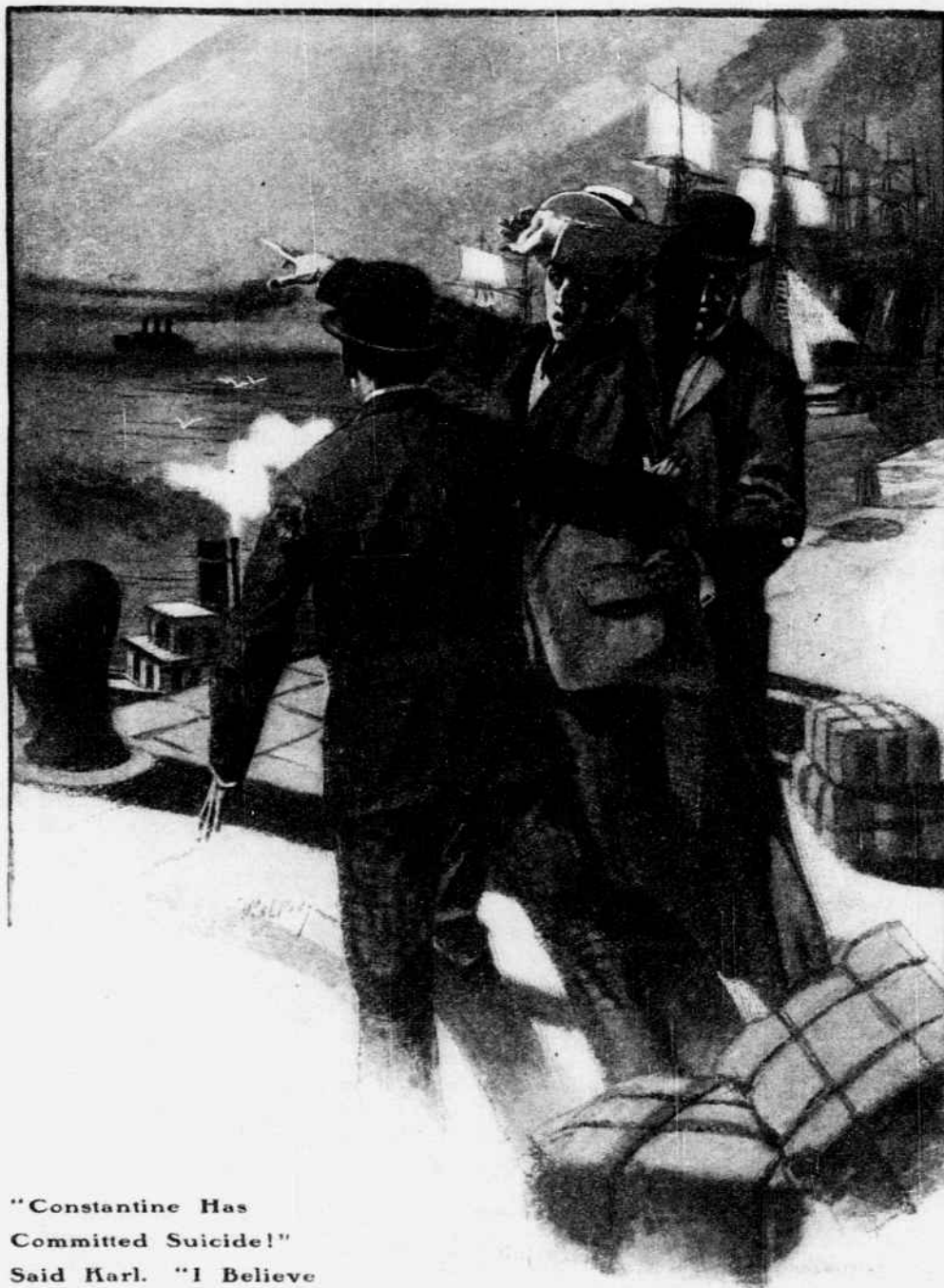
KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

XIII. Constantine Takes a Journey

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning,"
"The Great Mogul," Etc.

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"Constantine Has
Committed Suicide!"
Said Karl. "I Believe
I Impelled Him to It"

MY first lucid intent was to lead the girl away from that place of gapers. She was overwrought. Perhaps the music, flooding her soul with harmony, had proved a mischievous adjunct to the somewhat exciting topic of our discourse. But with a little gasp or two she recovered her self-possession. Some experience of a platform, of facing singly the dim rows of upturned faces, is of utmost value in these emergencies. In my youth, being both shy and nervous, I was speedily cured from these ailments by becoming a newspaper reporter. Many a time, walking toward the platform through a densely packed audience, have I been cheered loudly as the candidate, or lecturer, and then "booed" vehemently by people annoyed at their own mistake. This treatment, repeated every night for a week, will remove the worst attack of bashfulness.

So Maggie now, with a well-simulated laugh, drove the terror from her lips if not from her eyes. "No," she said, "it has passed. Let us remain here."

She seated herself again. To deceive the curious, in case we were being watched, I lit a cigarette, strolled toward the orchestra and asked the leader, whom I knew, to play a favorite waltz, one of Waldteufel's. The obliging Hungarian (whose name was O'Rourke!) promptly exhibited an "Extra" card, and I returned to our alcove, "the cynosure of every eye" as we used to say in good journalese.

Maggie's brown eyes had grown larger and darker, her face smaller and white, during my brief absence.

"Better not risk another experiment like that," I suggested, feeling guilty in not insisting that her mother should be warned at once.

"You need have no fear in that regard. I am incapable of undergoing such an ordeal again to-night."

Certainly her appearance bore out her words. It occurred to me instantly that she shared with Karl the intuitive knowledge of a temporary exhaustion of the dynamic store which fed this wonderful sixth sense. It was not a continuous endowment, like sight or hearing. Its use drew upon a fund, obviously of limited extent in Maggie's case, which, when depleted, restored itself by slow, natural processes. I fitted this discovery into other parts of the puzzle. Like a child arranging one of those interesting toys made of a number of equal cubes bearing a section of a picture on each face, no sooner did I identify any special feature in *telegony* than I marked its assigned place on the chart I had constructed in my mind.

"You seem to have had a trying experience," I said encouragingly.

"Do I? What did I say, how did I look, when I awoke?"

When a girl asks a question of that sort she is normal. I reassured her.

"I have no recollection of being afraid while I was listening to Constantine," she explained. "It was the half-waking remembrance of what he said that terrified me. I seemed to think that he was about to—to stab Karl with a knife that instant. Oh, it was dreadful!"

"Tell me what took place. Did you see him?"

"No. I only heard vaguely, as one might hear violent words and the sound of blows through a thin partition. When the cello began to play the lament of Vulcan, I suddenly understood that a great many mythological attributes of gods and

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 13

goddesses must have arisen from a more or less accurate perception by studious ancients of unknown, or rather little-used, human powers. But why are you smiling? Is that a very old discovery?"

"It becomes newer every day. Forgive me, Miss Hutchinson. I was really congratulating myself on my own perspicacity. I was sure that the words, as well as the music, had affected you."

"But why am I so helpless against these attacks?" she murmured pathetically. "What is this man Constantine to me that his voice should sound in my ears though half the earth intervenes?" Her eyes became suspiciously limpid, but she lifted her head defiantly.

"Why should I dread him, too?" she cried. "It seems, somehow, that were it not for him I should not have met you and Karl. There can be no doubt that we should not have met so soon. And with you two to help it should certainly be an easy matter to circumvent Constantine."

"Is it placing too great a strain on you to ask what you have heard?"

She bent nearer. Almost a child in years, she seemed to be changing into a woman, with all a woman's passion and capacity for endurance, changing even while we sat there amid the babel of talk in many a foreign tongue, with the tender, voluptuous plaint of the waltz beating like a heart in rhythmic diapason.

"This is the time I grow frightened of myself," she said, with a wistful little smile. "Just now I was afraid on Karl's behalf. I wish—and yet I do not wish—that some one else was favored with these visions. Sometimes they are quite thrilling. But

this one thrilled me in an exceedingly unpleasant way. Have you seen Sarah Bernhardt in that awful play wherein she hears her lover being tortured to make him confess a secret which she knows? Well, I felt something like that when I came to a knowledge of my whereabouts. What time is it now in New-York?"

I glanced at my watch. It was nine-thirty P.M. "A little after four o'clock in the afternoon," I said.

"Then Constantine is in his office. He deals in grain, among other things. One day he explained to me the manner in which a silver currency in Russia and India affects the business done on a gold standard in Canada and the States. Sometimes his agents are instructed to buy above the market rate so as to equalize quotations. He is reputed to be a very clever financier."

"You know him fairly well?" I asked. There was never a woman born who could tell a story without parentheses. These side issues are as essential to her recital as gussets to a dress.

"I have met him several times. I must confess he was interesting until he asked me to marry him."

"Oh, he reached that stage?"

"You can put it that way if you like. Such a thought had never crossed my mind previously. He became hateful to me at once. I could not endure his presence. I would as soon think of embracing something cold and clammy, like a snake."

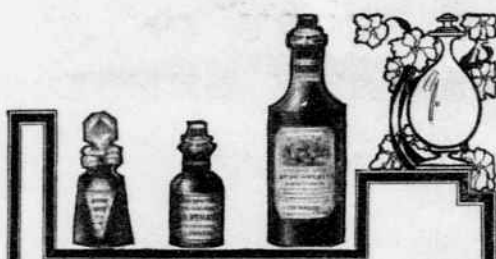
I did not point out that a snake is neither cold nor clammy. A nice young python, for instance, in his multicolored spring suit, is as grateful and comforting to the touch as a roll of soft felt. But the antipathy of woman for the serpent is an old feud, harking back, I fancy, to the beginning of things. You ought to hear some of the queer tales about snakes current among the natives of India.

Maggie brushed away the memory of the Armenian's love-making with a gesture of disdain. "Gounod's music set me dreaming," she said. "If you indulge in composition there is no better jumping off place than one of those delicious minor chords wherein the motif flutters for a moment before it enters upon a new phase. I had run away ahead of the air when I experienced that pins-and-needles sensation I have spoken about—"

"Were you cold?" I broke in.

"Slightly. Not as one feels an icy draft of air, but rather the chilliness of sitting motionless in a cold room. Instead of the music, I heard a telephone bell. Constantine's voice answered. There was a pause, and some one, Steindal I expect, told him that Karl Grier was with me in London, and that I was unwilling to sign the contract offered by Bocci. Constantine's exclamations made me understand so much. There was more ringing, and I distinctly heard Constantine reserving a cabin on a steamer which sails on Saturday. Then he appeared to give way to a fit of passion. He used horrid words, and he vowed to stab Karl through and through. I actually heard the blows of his hand on the table, and he almost shrieked in his rage. Yet I thought there was fear in his voice too. Oh, please tell me! do you think that this is all madness? I am afraid again now, not of that man, but of myself!"

Here was a bright and imaginative girl on the verge of hysteria owing to the startling exercise of a sense the existence of which neither she nor anyone connected with her had even suspected a week earlier. To my thinking, the best way to calm her natural fears was to insist on the scientific accuracy



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of impressions which might otherwise be regarded as dangerous delusions. So I took her, with the preciseness of a road-surveyor, along the strange path already traversed by Karl, and took care to prove that the human machine, as far as hearing was concerned, only acted more speedily and over greater distances than its iron and copper imitators. Its limits were exactly the same.

"If I were favored as you and Karl are, I should strive to cultivate my knowledge rather than retard its growth by needless alarm," I said. "Luckily, in these days men have learned to inquire causes instead of falling flat on their faces in superstitious awe when they encounter some new trick of nature. It is only a few months since a patient, lying in a hospital ward containing a crucifix, had a complete facsimile of the sacred image imprinted on the skin of his shoulder in course of a thunder-storm. More recently a man bathing in the sea, running for shelter when a storm broke, was struck by lightning. When picked up, a perfect photograph of a neighboring building was found on his breast. Now, these incidents are rightly regarded as exceedingly interesting, but they are neither supernatural nor conducive to insanity. Nature acted as a photographer, dispensing with the tripod, the camera and the black cloth. That is all."

"It is a good deal," said Maggie, a trifle awe-stricken, but nevertheless pleased, I thought, to know that others were subjected to disturbing phenomena.

Not far distant was sitting a woman of a pronounced shapeliness rendered impressive by her exceedingly décolleté dress. I recognized in her the widow of a wealthy provision merchant. I pointed her out to my companion.

"The pity is that such genuine lightning effects are so rare," I said. "Otherwise our adipose friend there, passing one of her late husband's shops some day, might be indelibly branded 'Best Home-cured Bacon' across her back."

A harmless joke of that kind, even as the humble necessary worm, can serve a useful purpose. Maggie was kind enough to laugh, and we dropped from the clouds forthwith. Mrs. Hutchinson joined us, but her daughter was so quiet—being ordinarily a lively girl, with all a girl's readiness to quiz good-humoredly her neighbors' dresses and looks—that the sharp maternal scrutiny quickly detected her abstracted air.

So there was nothing for it but an adjournment to our sitting-room, where, after prolonged conclave, we decided that Maggie should not only decline Steindal's help, but place herself in the hands of another agent and risk the man's hostility. Again, when Karl's murder was being spoken of—though I attributed little weight to the love-sick Armenian's threats—it was essential that his father should be taken into our counsels. By this time I was as convinced of the reliability of these *telegonomic* sights and sounds as of the existence of animalculæ invisible to the naked eye but seen through a microscope.

Early next morning I telegraphed to my friend Grier, senior, asking him to come to London on important business. I also cabled to a firm in New-York, saying it would oblige me if they ascertained definitely whether or not Paul Constantine sailed from that port the following day.

Now, Karl had promised me that, in the event of any further trances taking place, he would write to me without delay, giving details and carefully noting exact times. It came as no surprise when I opened a telegram from him:

Constantine sails by to-morrow's Cunarder. Letter follows.

I showed it to Maggie. "You two are beginning to indulge in simultaneous magnetization," I said. "You may depend upon it, Karl had a look round New-York about half-past nine last night, Greenwich time. He took you with him. If you were not so timid you would soon be able to see as well as hear."

"You forget that I can see him," she said, and her voice was so low that I glanced at her and was surprised to

find her cheeks suffused with color. "Did you see him last night?" I demanded.

"No, but I was conscious of his presence."

"Conscious? How?"

"I cannot tell," she answered simply. "I only know that it was so."

"Yet you have astonished me frequently by your direct way of expressing your meaning. There are so many forms of consciousness."

"Some of them are new to me. When Karl magnetized your hands, did you know what was happening?"

"I felt a numbing cold from the wrists to the finger-tips."

"That is my sensation too, but general, as I have told you already."

I laughed. Being an old fogey, I had omitted a most important factor in the affairs of these young people. If, as I suspected, Maggie was as badly smitten as Karl with that curable disease of the heart called love, it was fairly certain that these two were thinking of each other at every spare moment of the day.

Karl's letter, explicit enough in all details, bore out Maggie's statement. Constantine was behaving like an incipient homicidal maniac. He had purchased a deadly-looking dagger, of Sicilian manufacture; hence, it was a reasonable assumption that the blade would be efficient if properly used.

"I purpose meeting the scoundrel and kicking him into his senses," wrote Karl coolly; but his father and I, assured that Constantine had indeed left the States, considered the matter far too serious to be left to such a haphazard method of treatment. Grier père, what between anxiety on his son's account and annoyance that the dawn of a splendid career should be clouded by this rejuvenescence of a faculty which he fondly believed was long since dead as a door nail, was not the best of counsellors at this crisis.

In view of the tragedy which actually did take place, I have often wondered, in those quiet hours when a man reviews the past, whether any better course was open to us than that which we adopted.

Our difficulties were many and embarrassing. It was not Constantine but we who were likely to be treated as lunatics if we told our story to any self-respecting policeman. Imagination boggles at the picture of the "intelligent officer" when asked to arrest a man on *telegonomic* information. As it is not my design to treat jocosely a lamentable chapter of Karl's biography, I must omit any analysis of the official mind on that topic.

After much debate, we decided to deal with the situation ourselves, and collectively. I must insist that this was the elder Grier's plan. True, I fell in with it, but not without grave foreboding. Your prosperous, hard-headed man of affairs does not lay sufficient stress on the overwhelming power of the primary instincts, and Grier would have scoffed at any theory that in the triangular conflict of positive and negative forces set up by Karl, Maggie and the Armenian, we had gone back eons in the life history of humanity.

However, I was a party to the scheme, so I must share its responsibility. Karl's tutor set him free for the requisite twenty-four hours, and we three went to Liverpool to meet the mail steamer. We intended to persuade Constantine to remain in that city a few hours, talk over the whole subject fully, and point out to him the utter folly of his pursuit of Maggie and his design on Karl's life.

It was so straightforward and easy when viewed in the "common-sense aspect"! As if muddle-headed saws and statutes would avail against a law of creation! Will you believe it? we two grayheads completely omitted Karl's sixth sense from our calculations! There were we, full of wise aphorisms and sapient advice, ready to deal with Constantine, on the basis of a transaction in wheat, awaiting on the landing-stage the coming of the big steamer, when Karl, whom neither of us had addressed for a minute or two, suddenly attracted our attention by a choking noise.

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father caught him. His face, usually so cheerfully healthy, wore a distressing pallor, his lips were tremulous, his eyes distorted.

I knew too late what had happened. "Good heavens, Grier!" I cried, "Karl has seen Constantine on board the ship!"

"Yes," murmured Karl hoarsely, gazing wildly from one to the other of us. "I saw him, and he saw me. He has just committed suicide! He jumped overboard! His body was caught by the screw! Oh, may the Lord pardon me! I believe I impelled him to it!"

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the languages of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and when in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard, though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young *telegonist* was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York. The next evening he was mentally transported to New-York again. He awoke with an exclamation about the villainy of a dramatic agent named Steindal.

Karl explained that Constantine and Steindal in New-York decided to make Maggie Hutchinson an offer to go on a concert tour, Constantine evidently having an ulterior motive. So intent was Karl in listening to the plot that he aroused in the Armenian's mind a vivid remembrance of the time he was rescued from the sea, and Constantine fell over the table, shrieking of sharks.

Karl received a telegram from his mother asking him to meet the Hutchinsons upon their arrival in London. After astonishing the hotel clerk with *telegonic* manifestations, Karl met the voyagers. Maggie related a conversation between Steindal and Constantine which she *telegonomically* overheard coincidentally with Karl's experience.

Maggie went into a *telegonic* condition and overheard Constantine planning to go to London for the purpose of murdering Karl.

DRAMA IN JAPAN

Continued from page 6

a few conventional forms into which dramatic literature falls, viz.: drama, melodrama, comedy, farce and burlesque. Any combination of the two is severely condemned as a constructive fault by the critics. The French, on the contrary, have not only all these, but also the *historiette*, the *proverb*, the *saynète*, the *pièce*, the *folie vaudeville*, the *a propos vaudeville*, half a dozen other kinds of vaudevilles, and combinations of all these *en style mêlé*, in fact, that absolute freedom as to form in the rendering of any dramatic idea which marks an essentially dramatic nation. The Japanese, as a people, are as essentially dramatic as the French. Everyone of these numberless forms is to be found on the Japanese stage, showing a variety and fertility of dramatic resources which are unknown in England and the United States.

The acting is uniformly excellent, the small parts being as carefully played as in the best theaters of Paris and Berlin. The diction is admirably clear, and a keen valuation of the dramatic opportunities of the lines is always manifest. The acting art, however, particularly in the classic dramas, like "The Forty-Seven Ronins," is a novel and exaggerated series of poses. This posing as an expression of emotion, is more conventional and much more exaggerated than the Italian school of pantomime. The strained, twisted, grotesque attitudes, the fiendish expressions into which the features can be distorted, fully equal the most hideous faces seen in Japanese porcelain. Such ability in face and body distortion is however an important part of every actor's training if not a measure of his

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Japan is modernizing or cosmopolizing her theater as she is cosmopolizing all her other institutions. Tokio actually has a brick theater made of real bricks, presenting the Japanese idea of Occidental melodrama. A railway train, real but small, shoots across at R. U. E., to the audience's huge delight, and snow falls upon the slightest provocation and sometimes without any provocation whatever. The scenery is partly Occidental and partly Oriental, and the general effect is somewhat complicated, like that of a dignified Japanese gentleman in kimono, silk hat and top boots.

We saw two of these plays. In the first the gallant and loving lover had stolen or purloined or appropriated or secreted a paper whose disappearance was a vital necessity to the fortunes of the girl he loved. He was arrested, and for her sake his lips were sealed. He suffered in silence as acutely as at the Third Avenue or the Surrey. Then there was an admirable court scene in act third which also revealed the great value of "The Chute." A cocky little bailiff ejected a disturber along the whole length of "The Chute," and the audience rose.

The other play was Occidental melodrama at the boiling point. In act first the cool villain—his malignity was far below zero—proposed to the girl, and she scorned his advances, whereupon he popped her into a basket and hired a rickshaw man to transport her to a lonely wood scene far from the haunts of men and policemen. Act second was the lonely wood scene, and the rickshaw man said: "This looks to me like crime. A hundred yen is the price of my silence." The villain, hissing with rage, checked his angry passion and dallied with the rickshaw man, telling him to call around on the first of the month, and meanwhile unwound his deadly obi. His deadly obi was the silken sash around his waist. With this he cleverly roped the unsuspecting rickshaw man about the throat and began to twist it. It was awful. It took five minutes for the rickshaw man to die, the most realistic, gurgling, suffocating, paling death-scene I ever saw. The audience did not appear to be at all carried away by horror, but rather viewed the scene from a critical standpoint, closely watching the quality of the acting. The struggle is the backbone of Japanese melodrama. Into it the national training as wrestlers enters largely.

The rickshaw man being finally dead, the villain released the heroine from the basket. She stormed, upbraided, pleaded in the conventional way. Elementary dramatic ideas are the same in all countries. Finally, "Ha, ha!" her eyes fell upon the dagger in his girdle. You did not hear her eyes fall and she did not say "Ha! ha!" but you caught the point perfectly. She then changed her tactics and became soft and winning, for a purpose. The villain, deceived and delighted threw away his trusty cigarette and proceeded to embrace her. She snatched the dagger, and the struggle began. It was two up and two down, right hand across, balance to partners, as conventional as the combat of the Crummes children in "Nicholas Nickleby." But it was classically Japanese and excellent of its kind. Did that villain die? He did, from four different surgical operations, appendicitis and the pleural opening not excepted. The audience cheered, and only the cigarette, smoking calmly, remained unmoved.

The rickshaw man told us that Sada Yacco, the Bernhardt of Japan, was playing an interesting English play, in modern dress, in which his father's ghost appeared to a young man and told him that the King had murdered him. This appeared like Hamlet, and Hamlet, by the leading Japanese actress in modern evening clothes, was undoubtedly tempting, but we had not time.

KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

XIV. Constantine Encounters the Shark

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning,"
"The Great Mogul," Etc.

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Maggie's Pictures Attained
Some Fame for Their
Vivid Handling of Sunlight

SOME brass-buttoned official of the railway company or harbor authority was near enough to pay heed to our strange behavior. He also caught sufficient of Karl's excited words to attach some significance to them, though of course they must have sounded in his ears like the broken gabble of dementia. Civilly, seeing that we bore the tip-giving appearance, the man approached. "Is the young gentleman ill?" he asked. "Can I git him anythink?"

Karl turned and looked at him. The man's jaw fell and he stepped back a pace. Away out in mid-stream of the Mersey I saw the Cunarder stop; a tug in attendance reversed engines and dropped astern. There was no need to tell me that Karl was not mistaken. Constantine's soul was even then passing, somewhere out there amid the swirling waters. Within twenty minutes at the utmost the tragedy would be reported ashore, and there was no knowing what this suspicious policeman might say, if, as I suspected, he was able to piece together Karl's disjointed sentences.

The situation demanded coolness—it was no time for vain regret. I advised Grier to take Karl to our hotel without an instant's delay, and there await my arrival. "Make him talk to you," I insisted. "Keep him occupied incessantly until I join you."

The older man was dazed, frightened a little, I think, by the glimpse he had caught of a strange light in Karl's eyes, but still incredulous, as we mortals are likely to be when faced with truth. Indeed, we yield prompt and unquestioning belief only to glib imposture, and the more outrageous it is the more perfervid dupes do we become.

"For Karl's sake and your own Grier," I whispered emphatically, "do not hesitate! You can trust me. I will bring all news. Constantine is surely dead; but if we are wrong and he still lives I will bring him to you."

My earnestness had its effect. Grier hurried his son away from the landing-stage.

Then I tackled the policeman. "You saw that my young friend had a sudden and severe attack of neurasthenia?" I said.

The bewilderment left the man's face. "Is that it, sir?" he said. "By gum! It must be an awful thing. He fairly scared me."

"He scares everyone connected with him. It is not really serious, but it is induced by excitement, and he often receives strangely accurate impressions of events that are taking place at a distance. Just now he imagined that a friend of his had fallen overboard from the liner."

"So I heard him say, sir, and, s'elp me if somethink hasn't gone wrong!"

Nothing could be clearer now. The huge vessel was motionless, her rails were black with passengers gazing aft, and the tug had lowered a boat.

"Well," I said, "whatever it is, there is little to be gained by adding to the publicity of it, and you know what fiends these newspaper men are when they get hold of a sensational paragraph."

My hand went to my pocket, a fine instance of hypnotic suggestion.

"I never did see anythink like his eyes, sir," said the man dubiously.

I produced a sovereign. "Poor fellow!" I murmured in commiseration. "He is a great trial to us. We really should not have brought him

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 17

here. But you can see that we do not want any comment on his—er—peculiar—"

"Oh, of course, sir. We chaps often have to keep eyes and ears open and mouths shut, sir."

We moved apart. The Cunarder gained her berth after an hour's delay. A stream of passengers flowed down the broad gangway. Running through the boisterous greetings of friends and the turmoil of people anxious to secure their luggage I heard a crescendo of broken exclamations which carried their special import to me alone:

"Oh, my dear, it was perfectly shocking! It has quite spoiled my trip."

"Must have been cracked!"

"A young man like him! Just fancy it!"

"Guess he was tired of bein' rich. Never had that complaint myself."

There was no need to ask of whom they spoke. It was an awkward moment to seek information from the ship's officers. The triumph of organization which marks the Atlantic mail service would speedily empty the crowded decks, and already two cataracts of boxes and steamer trunks were hurtling over the side into the customs shed. My opportunity would soon arrive. So, stifling my horrible imaginings as best I might, I mixed with the throng, and thus by chance encountered one who had been an eye-witness of Constantine's last madness.

My most recent acquaintance, the man in uniform, while helping a passenger with his portmanteaus, asked if there had been an accident before the vessel warped alongside the landing-stage. The

answer he received led him to hail me in passing.

"Here's a gentleman who can tell you all about it, sir," he said, thinking, no doubt, he ought to consolidate the gift of that sovereign.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Constantine's?" demanded the stranger, a pleasant-looking, square-faced man, whom I found afterward to be the London partner of an important Anglo-American house of discount brokers.

"No. I only happened to accompany some people who came here to meet him."

"Are they waiting yet?"

"No. They heard of the affair and have gone. Of course it upset them a good deal."

"By Jove! it was ghastly! I knew Constantine—have done business with him for years, in fact. He was always a quiet, sober sort of fellow. I, for one, never suspected he was given to drink."

"Was he?" I asked.

"Well, I am not exactly an expert where delirium tremens is concerned; but surely this could be nothing else!"

"All I have been told is that he threw himself overboard."

"That was the finish—natural enough when one comes to go through things again. He kept much to himself on board—rather avoided me and others, we thought—but we put that down to illness. He had a deck cabin, and seldom appeared unless the sea was rough. Then he would find a sheltered place and gaze at the waves for hours. Yet, whenever I spoke to him, he was quite civil—a trifle reserved, perhaps—but as sane as I am myself. Like everybody else, he seemed to brighten up when we entered the Mersey. He was standing on the promenade deck, near the saloon hatch, within a yard of me, and like the rest of us looking at the shipping in the docks. Suddenly he let out a screech like a wild Indian. He made me jump, I can assure you. He was a swarthy-skinned chap,

but his color was green when I turned toward him. He seemed to be gazing at something in the water, and as far as I could understand his words, gurgled deep in his throat, he thought he saw a shark."

"A shark?"

"Yes. It was all utter rot, of course. I was so taken back that I could only stare at him. Several ladies screamed, they were so frightened; but Constantine put his hand inside the left breast of his waistcoat, whipped out a dagger, and began to stab savagely at the air. I was certain he had gone mad, until a few minutes later a steward told me he had practically lived on champagne all the way from New-York. Like other men in the neighborhood, I was thinking seriously of grappling with him from behind, when he gave another yell and bounded across the top of the companionway to the starboard side. That is the Birkenhead side of the ship, you know, and the deck there was almost deserted. He knocked down three people who were in his way, and began to climb the rail. I made after him, but just missed him, though my hand touched his heel. He struck the water, vanished, and just then the ship swung round toward the landing-stage."

"So the screw whirled him under when he rose?" I blurted out involuntarily.

"Ah! You heard of that? I never saw him again; but his state-room steward said that when the tug's dingy picked him up he was still living. He died while they were lifting him out of the water. Strange thing he should have had that

Continued on page 16

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 9

notion about the shark and then lose a leg, wasn't it?"

I managed to find words to thank my informant, whose name and address I obtained, though I was so agitated that he expressed his regret if he had harrowed my feelings with his recital. Luckily, he was discovered by a Liverpool merchant whom he knew, and we parted with a promise to meet in London.

CHAPTER XV.

The Other Woman

THOUGH I have seen many distressing sights in the course of a varied life, I have never felt so near sickness, so physically overcome, as amid that cheery, bustling, chattering crowd. Ridiculous as the notion was, I fancied that Karl, his father, Maggie and myself were *participes criminis*, sharers in the awful secret which led to that poor mangled body being carried to a mortuary. It is well enough now to smile at the shaken nerves which induced this shrinking, self-condemnatory frame of mind—it was real and terrible then.

Slinking, conscience-stricken, through the barrier, I saw a refreshment buffet. To this day I can recall the surprise of the barmaid when I grabbed a bottle of French brandy and poured out what she said was two shillings' worth, "warranted pure," which I drank neat.

"Well, I never!" she gasped.

"Nor I, hardly ever," I managed to say, for the ardent spirit reinvigorated me. And let me interpolate here, as a breathing-space in a thrilling moment, that it is a fine thing never to drink brandy when in good health; thus it becomes an invaluable tonic in physical suffering or mental depression.

Well, I hastened to the hotel, and as I expected, Karl was in a highly distressed state, and I was called on to deride in him the foolish conceit which had shaken my soul at the docks. His father's British phlegm was superb on this trying occasion. To him, Constantine was an admitted scoundrel, and a black one at that.

"Never heard such nonsense in my life!" he declared in the true "Confound it, sir! what d'ye mean?" manner of John Bull. "Of course, I am sorry this Armenian fire-brand has taken his own life; but it is evident that if he did not face an eternal Judge he would soon be called on to face an earthly one. You talk about personal responsibility for the death of a madman, a loony who has visions and carries a long knife concealed on his person! What next, I wonder? My firm belief is that his untimely decease was a dispensation of Providence!"

You cannot argue with a man who describes such a tragedy as Constantine's as an "untimely decease." The phrase lent to our discussion a grim humor of which my excellent friend was sublimely unconscious.

And indeed, looking back in calmness to the tumultuous thoughts of that day, I have ever been thankful that his stolid good sense came to our aid. It must not be forgotten that Grier the elder had small experience of Karl's sixth sense. He was piling up money; and for what? To enable Karl to enter Parliament, marry well, and earn a peerage. I suspected that he was profoundly annoyed with me for seeming to encourage the exercise of the *telegonomic* sense, and it was a proud moment for me when, not long ago, he confessed his error and recanted his opinions.

However, he was a rock to which we clung for salvation during that storm-tossed afternoon in a Liverpool hotel, for we had barely resolved to take the next train to Oxford and London respectively than there came a telegram addressed to Karl.

He opened and read the message with a strange listlessness. "I was expecting something of the kind," he said, handing the slip of pink paper to his father. "I knew it had ended! I knew it on the landing-stage."

The telegram was from Maggie. It ran: Sympathize with you in dreadful event. We leave England to-night. Farewell.

"What does it mean?" I asked incredulously. "Why is she going so suddenly? How does she know anything about Constantine? What has ended?"

Karl turned aside and pretended to look out of the window. The soft-hearted fellow was ashamed to let us see the tears in his eyes.

I examined the telegram more closely. It had been a long time on the way, nearly an hour. It was despatched before anyone on the landing-stage (except three people, none of whom could communicate with her) had the least inkling of the Armenian's suicide.

Had Maggie too been a spellbound witness of that elfin spring into the river? And what was the significance of Karl's wearied cry: "I knew it had ended!"

I glanced at him again, but his head was bowed, his face hidden by his hands. Silence was best, just then.

I had no knowledge of the torture Karl had undergone until he turned toward me again, and I found a gravity in his face which had not been there before. Since that morning two little lines had developed between his eyebrows at the junction of nose and forehead. That is Nature's way of minting her crude gold—just a touch of the finger of experience, no matter if the agony be of soul or body, and there is no machine can stamp its token more indelibly.

"Maggie's message is her last word to me," he said. "She means that she will endeavor never to see or hear from me again."

Even his father was troubled by the marked restraint in his voice; but I felt that the mere effort of discussion would be helpful.

"That is a blank impossibility," I cried. "You two will find each other, whether you like it or not. You did so before, and you will do it again. The settlement is not in your hands, unless I err greatly."

"You do not understand," said Karl. "Perhaps you may meet her sometime. Please tell her what I have said. Let it rest at that."

"If you mean that all this tomfoolery is going to stop here and now, I am heartily glad of it!" broke in his father. "Had I been aware of what was going on, it would have been ended long since. Good gracious! What was this unfortunate fellow Constantine to us that we should bother our heads about him. I assure you, Karl, that the only thing which troubles me is the fear that this latter-day witchcraft of yours may be interfering with your work if not actually undermining your health."

But Karl's obvious wishes should be respected. I pretended to agree with his father. I used the customary platitudes anent his career and the necessity there was to endeavor in future to repress any manifestation of his sixth sense. And while I was talking, I saw the ghost of a sad smile flickering on Karl's lips, because he knew that I knew better. I laughed myself (ostensibly at some trivial remark by the elder Grier that there would be some sense in *telegony* if Karl could summon a waiter quickly by its exercise) when I thought of Hooper's scorn of the notion that a fellow shouldn't see through a brick wall if he had the power. I was sure that he would pounce on the suggestion as

another instance of British disinclination to adopt new ideas.

We parted soon, and I regard it as not the least amazing feature of my really close association with Karl that I did not see him again in five years.

*

That is the sort of queer prank the tides of existence will play occasionally with the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. The great highways of rail and ocean may be bringing the whole family of the globe into closer communion; but they have too the strange result of separating units in a way not dreamed of by our forefathers. Thus, when my wife and I were in the western States of America, Karl was in Germany, making the acquaintance of his mother's relatives and learning again the iron-clamped syllables which bind German thought in words which are whole phrases.

We came back to Europe to watch the upspringing of our own youngster, and we transferred bag and baggage to Heidelberg at the time chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Grier to establish themselves in a house in Curzon-st., Mayfair.

Of course we kept in touch by correspondence. Mrs. Grier and my wife sent each other family news; Grier gave me occasional "tips" which, by operation of that wonderful machine, the Stock Exchange, took money from some stranger's pocket and put it into mine, merely because one of us bought and the other sold stock which neither of us possessed.

Karl, beyond semi-humorous hints, said little about *telegony*. He kept me duly advised of his progress in the university. In May of the year following Constantine's death he obtained that much-sought document of little future value which set forth the degree of bachelor of arts.

He did not secure honors, and in this respect justified his father's fear that the adjectival sixth sense was anything but a help to him. The truth was that Karl, to whom scholastic work was too easy, was prone to dream away many an hour that might have been applied more profitably, from the "Ita testamur" point of view of the examiners.

He never alluded to Maggie in his letters, and his omission in this respect reminds me that I also have been slow in recording the one really interesting bit of news I learned from Hooper when I met him in New-York.

After Constantine's death, who do you think hunted up the whereabouts of the girl and her mother and brought back into their lives with redoubled poignancy the unhappy memory of a tragedy? None other than Constantine's solicitors! The unfortunate Armenian made a will in New-York leaving to Margaret Vane Hutchinson "all the real and personal estate" of which he died possessed. To account for this astounding bequest he stated that the said "Margaret Vane Hutchinson is the woman I intend to marry," a written testimony of his views which is all the more to his credit, seeing that Steindal's Mephistophelian method of securing the girl's submission contemplated no such honorable course. Indeed, I have thought better of the Armenian ever since I heard of that clause in the will.

Naturally, Constantine's Armenian and Levantine relatives were wroth. They would have liked to torture with hot irons the straightforward American secretary who found the will among his employer's papers and took care that it reached the hands of the trustees and solicitors to the estate. They wanted to contest it on various grounds—none creditable, it may be safely inferred, and had the matter been left to the girl herself she would have executed any legal transfer of the property to the disappointed crew without consideration.

Her mother, however, thought they had done enough already for Constantine's sake. Maggie, after a terrible scene in London the day we were in Liverpool,

obtained Mrs. Hutchinson's consent to the abrupt closing of a professional career and a departure forthwith to the Italian lakes, where they could live in economical retirement and Maggie might devote herself to painting.

The mother yielded because she feared for her daughter's reason. In sober earnest, the girl was nearly distraught, and was not in her right mind until they left England. But although adamant in her resolve to withdraw from the world (had Maggie been a Roman Catholic nothing could have kept her from entering some religious community), she rapidly recovered her normal good health and abounding good spirits. Hence Mrs. Hutchinson exercised her Scottish canniness when the solicitors ran them to earth, and it was proposed that her

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daughter should forego the fortune thrust upon her.

She referred the lawyers to the firm who looked after her own moderate investment. There was much legal squabbling, and, you may be sure, some nice grapes off the bunch fell into the legal maw. Ultimately, the other Constantines purchased the business interests of their kinsman at about half their value—it would never do for Christian accountants to be taking annual stock of their dealings—and Maggie received from this source and from the dead man's personal investments nearly three-quarters of a million sterling.

"Yes, sir," said Hooper, in whom the keen air of New-York had brought out the latent financial instinct, "over three and a half million dollars" (how he rapped out those wonderful syllables in clear staccato accents!)—"that was what Maggie scooped out of the pot when Karl called Paul and she saw both hands."

"Where are Maggie and the millions now?" I asked admiringly.

"I've been thinkin'. There ain't much in this codification-of-laws notion anyhow. Guess I'll take a vacation and work up some sort of *telegony* that will materialize," said he.

But he was not serious. He was already earning a reputation as a smart young lawyer, having passed with distinction all the qualifying examinations in the States, and indeed he told me later that he was "chewing on" the offer of a post as legal adviser to the Paris embassy.

As far as he knew, the Hutchinson women never left Italy. In the winter, Maggie might be seen copying pictures in the galleries of Florence or studying architectural effects in Rome or Venice—her pictures having attained some fame for their vivid handling of sunlight on the brilliant Italian exteriors. In the summer she and her mother dwelt in a small castle, the Castello Rondo, to be precise, on a wooded hill overlooking Lake Como. These details Hooper had gathered from people who had friends among the American colony at Florence. Maggie was pretty, reserved, and devoted to her art and to old silver. That was all he knew about her.

*

I was in Heidelberg when the curtain rose again on the Grier drama. "Adventures come to the adventurous," says the old saw, and the homeless literary free-lance of to-day has his surfeit of excitement, full measure, just as spicy a draft as ever tickled the palate of any wanderer through the Dark Ages. I have already commented on the peculiar way in which the tragedy of life obtains its stage effects, for all the world like any writer of those thrilling "spectacular" plays which in England used to be labeled "transpontine."

Here is a typical first act: Scene, a peaceful village; the good young man and the rustic beauty are discovered living in Sunday-school innocence with their bucolic parents. Enter two well-dressed villains, and after a quarter of an hour's excitement, the stalwart hero is lugged off, R., to penal servitude for a crime he never committed, and the heroine falls fainting, L., while the cloth descends to slow music, *tremolo, con molto espressione*. Something of the kind happened to me. We, that is Mr., Mrs., Master and friends, had been enjoying a boating excursion on the Neckar, with a grand drive through the Schönauburg woods, a fine meal in an ancient inn, and a moonlight-*cum*-mandolin journey homeward.

And there at our comfortable lodgings I found a telegram awaiting me:

Karl is causing us some trouble. Can you come and help? GRIER

My wife had heard from Mrs. Grier only a month ago. There was no mention of any shortcoming on Karl's part in that missive. Indeed, it was chiefly intended to warn us of an impending visit by a tremendous person, the Baroness von Liebenzell-Zavelstein, one of Karl's maternal great-aunts, the stoutest and most aristocratic woman in the Grand Duchy.

Yet Grier was not a man to telegraph

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for me without good cause. Never did I regret more keenly the inspissated brains which refused to exhibit the least sign of a sixth sense. How useful it would have been now if I could "send out" Hertzian waves and "call up" Karl on our private installation of wireless telepho-

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my better half. "A beautiful and rich young Englishwoman could never immure herself for life in the Italian hinterland."

"It is the height of the season in town. Karl and she have met in society," was the practical response.

"Um! A coincidence."

"What is the coincidence?"

"It is just five years ago to-day since I went to London with Karl. It was then the 'height of the season,' as you call it."

"That is what everybody calls it."

"My dear, the phrase is hackneyed. The wife of a writer should seek a polished synonym. Let me help you to a selection: The fashionable zenith, the apotheosis of Park Lane, even the saturnalia of society—"

"Are you going without your boots?"

Well, I reached Charing Cross next evening, and there on the platform stood Grier *père* to meet me. He was alone.

"I have taken rooms at a hotel," he said after our first hearty greeting. "I don't want you at the house, because I fancy you will do more good by getting Karl to yourself of an evening; so I must ask you to be my guest at the Pall Mall Hotel."

"That is odd," I said.

"You will understand better when we have had a talk."

I did not explain that my ejaculation referred to the choice of the hotel and not to his action in sending me there. We entered his carriage and left the station.

"I hope there is nothing seriously wrong with Karl?" I began.

"No, no. Not at all. But you are the only man who really knows, or pretends to know, anything about this inf—this wretched sixth sense of his, and it has come on again, worse than ever, since his engagement."

"Hertzblut! Is he going to marry Maggie after all?"

"Maggie, Maggie! Why do you mention her? He is engaged to the Hon. Nora Cazenove, daughter of Lord Sandilands."

I leaned back in the carriage. I could have chuckled. "Ah," I murmured softly to myself, "the other woman has arrived! Now there will be ructions!"

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young *telegonist* was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York. The next evening he was mentally transported to New-York again. He awoke with an exclamation about the villainy of a dramatic agent named Steindal.

Karl explained that Constantine and Steindal in New-York decided to make Maggie Hutchinson an offer to go on a concert tour, Constantine evidently having an ulterior motive. So intent was Karl in listening to the plot that he aroused in the Armenian's mind a vivid remembrance of the time he was rescued from the sea, and Constantine fell over the table shrieking of sharks.

Karl received a telegram from his mother asking him to meet the Hutchinsons upon their arrival in London. After astonishing the hotel clerk with *telegonomic* manifestations, Karl met the voyagers. Maggie related a conversation between Steindal and Constantine which she *telegonomically* overheard coincidentally with Karl's experience.

Maggie went into a *telegonomic* condition and overheard Constantine planning to go to London for the purpose of murdering Karl. Grier had learned the same thing, and so he, his father and the author went to Liverpool to meet the steamer Constantine was on. While the vessel was still in the stream Karl exclaimed that the Armenian had jumped overboard, and that he had impelled him to do it.

ny! But my dense membranes forbade such a short cut toward knowledge, even if the remainder of the machinery was not rusty with disuse, so I could only indulge in theorizing.

"The sure thing is that Maggie has vacated the Castello Rondo," said I to

KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

xvi. Women Called Him "The Magnet"

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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THERE must be some more convincing explanation of the telegram from Grier senior which brought me from Heidelberg than Karl's matrimonial intentions.

"Doesn't the engagement meet with your approval?" I asked.

"Most decidedly. It is a suitable match in every way. Karl has been nursing a constituency for a year or more. He is sure to win the seat at the next election. Lord Sandilands has such interest that his son-in-law will be quite a personage in the parliamentary world if he has any brains at all, and no one can deny Karl's gifts in that direction."

"It would be difficult indeed. I think I have heard that Lord Sandilands himself is—er—"

"A noodle, to put it mildly. But his daughter is an amazingly fine woman, when one sees her father. They tell me his wife was an actress and a great beauty, so perhaps the only wise thing his lordship ever did was to marry her. Nora is an only child. Both title and estates will pass to her son if she has one. So you see—"

"I can see everything except the *raison d'être* of my presence in London to-night."

"For an expert in *telegnomy*—if that is what you call the thing—you are surprisingly slow to grasp my meaning. Never since we said good-by to you in Lime-st. Station has this spook business troubled Karl in the least. He has done some remarkable things, it is true. I have seen him make people jump nearly out of their skins, but only by way of a joke. The women call him 'The Magnet,' you know. Oh, you hadn't heard that? There is nothing in it but sheer fun. He wouldn't look at a girl until I spoke to him seriously a couple of months ago, and then he told me that he was ready to marry the first girl I chose for him. So Sandilands and I were forced to fix matters."

"Did you?"

There must have been a note of irony in my voice. Grier bounced round in the carriage, and I may mention, as a matter of personal observation, that the accumulation of riches tends to shorten a man's temper.

"Yes, we did!" he snapped. "And what is more, we fixed matters uncommonly well. Karl cared as much for Nora as for any other nice young woman of his acquaintance, while she was infatuated about him. Just the right combination, to my thinking, in a marriage which is intended to start a man on a great career."

"Ach Himmel!" I murmured. "Where is the planter of my youth? Does Mrs. Grier subscribe to that sentiment?"

Even as I spoke, I felt sorry for the bantering tone I was adopting. It may be that I was tired after my journey, or that my old friend's sudden announcement of his son's engagement had driven all other considerations from my mind; but assuredly I would not have wrung a father's heart if I had guessed how he was suffering.

He caught my arm, and the glare of light from the hotel entrance, at which the carriage was then pulling up, showed me a face haggard and convulsed with pain. "Don't!" he almost sobbed. "I can't stand it. My God! have you forgotten how Constantine died?"

"My dear fellow—" I began, but a Swiss hall-porter in the undress uniform of a British field-marshal was at the open door.

Though wretchedly ashamed of myself, what could I say? I was tongue-tied with surprise. Had things reached such a pitch that Grier was trembling for his son's sanity? Nothing short of some terrible crisis could have wrung that cry of despair from a man of the money-making temperament. To be sure, we are likely to err greatly when we describe a millionaire as

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 18



Karl Would Attract Attention Anywhere

"callous," "steel-nerved" and other foolish epithets of that ilk. Constantine was a millionaire, and he was as sensitive as a plateful of iron filings exposed to the influence of static electricity. And then, look at A and B—men whom you hear of daily—their hypernervousness is a matter of common knowledge.

Of course I put things right with Grier when we were alone once more. By that time the momentary rift in the cloud which revealed the grim abyss had vanished. His face was impenetrable as a dense fog; the cold intellect had subdued the throbbing heart.

Calmly and carefully, with the precision he would exercise if recounting the assets of one of his companies, he went through the full history of recent events. It is not necessary to repeat his statements here. Karl, when I met him, was more explicit, because he explained causes as well as effects. Grier asked my help as a friend and trustworthy counsellor. My mission was to win his son back to a more rational view of life. As in many another desperate plight, of nations as well as individuals, the *status quo ante* was the one desirable solution of the difficulty.

I promised to coöperate to the best of my ability, and I was pleased then to think, as I am now to know, that my distressed friend left me in a more hopeful mood than he had experienced during the previous month. It was no child's task he imposed. A week earlier Karl had promised his father on his word of honor that he would commit no rash or desperate act until four weeks had passed. Seven days had gone already, and the extraordinary circumstances which lay behind that sinister promise were more potent than ever. "Young fool!" the cynic may mutter, but even a cynic can be asked to suspend judgment until he has heard the facts.

Well, Grier had gone. I was going out for a light supper at a quiet restaurant—the full-dress mag-

nificence of the hotel dining-rooms was distasteful to an Ishmael in tweed—when a waiter came with a card: "Mr. Karl Grier."

Honestly, it did not occur to me at once how Karl became aware of my presence, in view of his father's assurance that the telegram to Heidelberg was an absolute secret. Every man has his limitations, and the use of a sixth sense in the ordinary affairs of life was ever new to me. Nevertheless, here was Karl himself, and his appearance gave me a shock productive of that imaginary shakiness which elderly women of considerable weight describe when they say: "You might have knocked me down with a feather!"

Light literature, helped by the stage, must have created a lean, hollow-eyed, somewhat consumptive type of person when the ravages of passion, aided and abetted by darkly mysterious natural attributes, came to be portrayed. Of course, I last saw Karl in the heyday of youth and physical perfection, when face and figure might have served Phidias as model for the sculpture of Helios the sun-god. I am not exaggerating. Even the famous Greek, contemplating some chryselephantine marvel, found no higher ideal than the human form at its best, and Nature, having determined to break the fetters of that long-imprisoned extra sense, took good care to select a notable subject for its display.

Therefore, while such a fine combination of athlete and thinker could scarce have fallen to the poor standard of the popular novelist's cataleptic hero, the elder Grier's revelations had prepared me, by inference, for a wasted and shrunken Karl, a six-foot volcano whose inner fire had woefully consumed the outer substance. Indeed, I may ask what you would have thought if told piteously to remember the manner of Constantine's death, and bidden to strive and avert a tragedy with a definite date assigned to it?

How would such facts look on a life-insurance proposal, for instance?

Hence, the pleasant voice and outstretched hand of a Karl who had the physique of one of Ouida's horse-guard captains came as an agreeable but nevertheless bewildering surprise. Here was a man whose splendid proportions would attract attention anywhere. He was faultlessly dressed, as far as modern fashion may garb the mere male. He carried himself with the ease of good society. His eager face had the bronze of the open air and the fine texture of healthy living. Altogether, there could be no more astounding contrast submitted to a stubborn intelligence than this fine-looking young man, with his distinguished air, his happy insouciance, and his gray-haired father pleading for a son's life.

"You didn't expect to see me, eh?" cried he, throwing aside his overcoat and subsiding into a chair. "Poor old dad! I'm a dreadful worry to him just now, and I knew he had some scheme in his mind last night when he kept glancing at me under those deep eyebrows of his. So to-night, when he was late for dinner, I sent a *telegnomic* ray after him. I was just as glad to see you step out of the train as he was. And you are far more sympathetic. I simply can't get him to realize that I am unable to control my unhappy faculties at times. He thinks you can cut off the sixth sense as one switches out the light. By Jove! I wish I knew the electrician who could disconnect me!"

"I don't understand you; but I am delighted to find you looking so well," said I. "From your father's brief report—"

"You expected to meet a most woebegone individual. Well, I'm not. I was never better in my life. But the pace cannot last. Unless something happens, some planet-sent intervention which I fail to foresee, I am condemned like any felon. Was I right in warning the old man of a pending catastrophe? I think so. The news of my sudden

death might be fatal to him. Now, at any rate, he is prepared for it."

He caught my critical, not to say suspicious, glance, and laughed. Never did a condemned felon regard his doom so cheerfully.

"That is right," he said. "See if you can detect any signs of insanity. Sir Harley Dresser did the same thing when, to please my father, I went to him. He abandoned the idea, however, and gave me some fever mixture, as he fancied I might have caught a chill after some hard 'chukkers' at polo."

"You have no need to convince me that you are a phenomenon," I protested.

"No. I should think not, indeed, after poor Constantine's affair. Nevertheless you absolutely refuse to believe—and I am speaking only of rational, scientific belief—that this most unpleasant *telegnomy* may kill me as it killed him."

"Did it kill him?"

"There is nothing more certain. I tell you that because you know I was in no way responsible. I simply burned him up, fused him, as the motor-men say, and it was his own fault, because he persisted in getting in my way. You know that resistance is the principle of the incandescent electric lamp. Of malice aforethought, the electrician sticks a thin carbon filament in the middle of a thick wire which will carry a certain current. The filament cannot carry the load, so it becomes red-hot and shrivels, the process being retarded by the creation of a vacuum. Constantine was the filament; that is all."

"Have you—er—are there other human filaments?"

"I hope not. I have not encountered any, I am glad to say; but there is a reason for everything if only we can discover it, and my current is not murderous unless it has a certain direction and intensity. Both of those conditions have been absent for five years, so there are no other crimes, even involuntary ones, to my charge."

"I hope you are overrating your power, even in the case of Constantine," I said.

"It may be so. I am only guessing vaguely at a theory, and using the analogy of known things. But Macpherson was right when he described me as an induction-coil. I give off magnetism at a terrific voltage. Apply this interesting mechanism to the ordinary means of seeing and hearing, which you may liken to a bar of soft iron, and you have the first feasible definition of *telegnomy*."

"I shall be only too glad to hear an intelligent scientific explanation of your sixth sense when the fog which has settled steadily over my wits since I reached London has cleared away," I broke in. "What I am really concerned with now is the alarm which your father is experiencing on your account, and needlessly, I suppose."

He leaned confidentially nearer, his arms resting on his knees, and his finely chiseled face thrust forward with keen intentness. "You had better follow the track I am providing," he said. "I have the consoling belief that you will ultimately comprehend me, and that will be something gained. Since we tried experiments in polarization in the Mitre at Oxford I have advanced somewhat in knowledge, and now it is comparatively easy for me to ascertain, and even control, other people's words and movements at any given moment."

"How about me?" I demanded. "I was exceedingly anxious to communicate with you the other evening, but nothing happened, to my knowledge."

"Had I known your wish, and you had given voice to it, it would have been different. Now there is only one human being alive, so far as I know, who is tuned to my pitch. Owing to certain impending circumstances, I fear a collapse for her, or through her, which will beyond question be accompanied by a more complete catastrophe for me."

Karl was speaking so seriously, his words were so evidently the outcome of deep reflection, that I found myself as profoundly imbued with the vital importance of the matter as he was himself.

"Are you alluding to the Hon. Nora Cazenove or to Miss Margaret Hutchinson?" I asked.

The bewildering pendulum-swing from talk of

sudden and unprovided death back to lighthearted and careless gaiety was not the least puzzling feature of Karl's present attitude. He straightened himself in his chair and laughed gleefully.

"I wonder if you can discover the answer unaided?" he cried. "I'll tell you what. There's a reception at Sandilands' house to-night. Just slip on your regulation clothes, and I'll take you there. After you have seen Nora, you shall give me your opinion."

CHAPTER XVII.

I Meet Nora Cazenove

HAVING carried what may be termed your technical exposition so far, why do you stop short at the really important issue?" I asked.

"Oh, come now!" he cried with ready raillery, "when a patient describes his symptoms to a doctor he does not pass to the next stage and name his disease."

I do not think the man breathes who could gage Karl's dispassionate mood in that hour. I admit that I was utterly befogged. I went into my bed-room to change my clothing. The door was open, and I heard Karl rise, approach the window, obviously with no more serious intent than a glance into the street, and begin to whistle. That might be the stoicism of despair. But the whistling changed to humming, and from humming he ran into singing a Bowery air.

This was too much. I stuck my enraged head round the corner of the door. He stopped his lilt.

"Karl," I cried indignantly, "for goodness' sake

"The Older the Friend of
Karl's the More Pleased I
Am to See Him" She Said



jump into a hansom, go to your father, and tell him to dismiss from his mind the stupid nightmare with which you have managed to imbue him!"

"You have evidently missed the exact point of some of my remarks," he retorted pleasantly. "I told you, among other things, that I wrestled with the problem of candor versus concealment sometime ago."

"But you cannot be in earnest. Either you are mad or I am."

"Both, my dear fellow. Believe me, temporary insanity is largely on the increase. The average

man cannot withstand the strain. I fancy you will find there is a quaint analogy between the number of maniacs per mille and the number of editions published each day by the evening newspapers."

So I let up, as Hooper would have said, and determined to drift with the tide into the realm of queer happenings. The change in my costume rendered the hotel's restaurant approachable. Eat to-day I must, no matter who died to-morrow. Karl agreed to keep me company while I tackled the homeliest "plat" which a three-thousand-pounds-per-annum chef would condescend to cook, and thus unwittingly was I advanced a stage in my inquiry.

We found the palatial apartment tenanted by late diners and early suppers. A waiter would have whisked us into an inconvenient corner, but Karl stayed him.

"Where is Jules?" he asked.

"*Le voilà, m'sieur,*" and the man indicated the bulky form of the head waiter in the far depths of white and gold.

Karl looked steadily across the little tables with their twos that were company and their threes that were not. Had he fired at Jules with an air-gun that ponderous person could not have wheeled round more readily. Moreover, he came straight to us, his broad face set in a wide grin.

"Ah, dere you are, M'sieur Karl!" he cried. "I always know ven you come in, is it not?"

"Always," replied Karl imperturbably.

After compliments, I gave my order. The manner of Jules' summoning was hidden from both the head waiter himself and his satellite.

"Is that what the women mean when they call you 'The Magnet'?" I inquired.

He laughed with contagious merriment, but took care that his answer reached no other ears than mine.

"No," he said, "the women mean something different. At any ordinary distance I can attract practically anyone whom I know. They come and talk to me, without being aware that I have summoned them. It is not a remarkable feat when you realize that we all do something like that in any church or theater or other place where people are gathered together. The magnetic effect is doubled, at least, when you use opera-glasses."

These red herrings drawn across the trail were useless. "What do the women mean?" I persisted.

"Ask 'em, my dear fellow. Perhaps they may explain. The dear creatures adore sensation. I am told that some of them will stick on a switch-back railway until their purses are emptied. A woman's nervous system is more refined than a man's. That is why she likes swinging, or to be accurate, being swung. It thrills her."

Karl, in this bantering mood, was a revelation. Were I not really much distressed and concerned by the statements made by him and his father I should have been somewhat annoyed with him. As it was, I determined to meet him on his own ground.

"You have evidently become quite a man about town since I last saw you," I said.

"How have I earned that questionable distinction in your eyes?"

"On the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* principle. Your nickname, your philosophy, your light generalities about the opposite sex, are labels of the brand."

"Ah! It has not struck you that both you and the women may be mistaken?"

I looked up quickly. The mocking laugh had gone. The grave, earnest face of the Karl of five years ago was before me. Nevertheless, his fencing had stirred within me the spirit of resistance.

"I am prepared to vouch for the fact that one woman knew you well enough not to be mistaken," I said.

"May not her knowledge explain her attitude? Of course you are speaking of Maggie Hutchinson. Do not forget that she shut the door in my face."

"If it be not treason to the Hon. Nora Cazenove, may I say that the door might yield to a resolute attack?"

For answer he leaned on the table, intertwined

Continued on page 17

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KARL GRIER

Continued from page 10

his fingers, and gazed at me straight in the eyes. "Never was fortress besieged more patiently," he said. "It is only within the past few weeks that I have received any answer, and that is why—But you will surely agree with me that the full and explicit story of my life had better be deferred until a more convenient occasion."

Now, lest I be accused of romancing, I shall not endeavor to analyze closely the most curious and agreeable illusion which held me during the few seconds needed for the delivery of his protest. Instead of the crowded restaurant I saw a moonlit lake, with the terraces of an Italian garden rising in black and white lines of closely clipped hedges, gravel paths, smooth lawns, and broad stairs with curving balustrades.

On the topmost and widest lawn, where the grass had the semblance of a black carpet owing to the shadows cast by a castellated building in the background, three people were walking—actually in motion, that is—not in the fixed attitudes of a picture, but moving. Two were women, one dressed in black and the other in white, and the moonlight glinting on their robes had an effect worthy of Gustave Doré, so startling was the contrast, so instantly did they hold the eye. With them was a man, a tall man; but that was all I caught of the scene, for my ears were listening to Karl throughout, and the change in his voice brought back my scattered senses.

And a waiter spoke. "Your fish, sir." I think I must have gazed at him blankly, but Karl came to my assistance. "Tell the chef we are in a hurry," he said; "then there will be no delay in the kitchen."

The man left us. I stuck a needless fork into the amiable sole.

"Have you been hypnotizing me?" I demanded angrily.

"You may call it that if you like," he said calmly. "You saw Maggie and her mother."

"Did I?" I snapped. "And who was the man?"

"I do not know his name. I decline to listen. But I am fairly certain he is an Italian of good birth, and he is madly in love with Maggie."

I thawed. There was a reason for the trick he had played me. "And she?" I demanded.

"Like me, she thinks that marriage is a duty."

"There appears to be material for a neurotic novel in the present situation."

"Far more. It may supply two tragedies. But why are you harpooning that unresisting fish?"

Again I resolved to drift. It was clear that Karl meant me to travel along the road he had already mapped out. So I ate my dinner and drank a couple of glasses of wine, and kept asking myself how it was possible for my young friend to produce so easily a slight but distinct hypnosis in a veteran like me.

Then I remembered the poker-polarizing of the Mitre Hotel, and dug my elbow into his ribs as a hansom carried us westward.

"By Jove!" I cried, "I have it! Constantine's death interfered in some way with the private *telegonomy* line Maggie and you had set up; but recent events have repaired the breakage. Constantine, living, supplied the earth contact for your ethereal wires! When he died you were forcibly separated, practically torn asunder, and his place had to be filled again before you could resume communication on the same basis as before."

"You are not far wrong," he said dryly. "But you have lived so much abroad that you forget the propriety due to the British hansom. If you wave your arms so excitedly, the policeman at the top of St. James's-st. will stop us, and I shall be compelled to magnetize him."

"Could you?" I inquired irrelevantly.

"Ask the gov'nor what I did to the *douanier* at the Gare du Nord who wished to confiscate a pound of the only tobacco the old man can smoke. I made him

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chalk a whole ship-load of luggage like an automaton. I have advanced somewhat since I left Oxford. Were it not for other less agreeable features, I could get a fair amount of amusement out of my powers of suggestion. It is not altogether puzzling when you come to reason it out. Granted that I am a sort of human magnet, I must obviously be able to control my fellow-men, especially those who are most susceptible to external influences."

"When I extricate Maggie and you from your present dilemma, I shall demand your aid for the utter squelching and making everlastingly ridiculous of some of my dearest enemies," I said cheerfully.

"Better use me soon," said he lightly, yet there was a chilling and somber significance in his words that recalled me to the reality of the peril of which he spoke so jestingly.

When we reached Lord Sandilands' town house our cab took rank behind a score of broughams and other conveyances setting down guests at the striped-canvas alley which shut off the sacred portal of fashion from the vulgar gaze. We passed several gorgeous footmen and two detectives, deposited our hats and coats somewhere, made our way up a flight of broad stairs, and my inquisitive eyes fell on a handsome young woman, exquisitely dressed, but a trifle on the heavy side of the scale, to my thinking, whose position, no less than the equal delight with which she welcomed all comers, proclaimed that this was the hostess, Nora Cazenove.

The conventional smile flew from her face as painted scenes grow mawkish in sunlight when she saw Karl. She blushed prettily, and her very soul leaped to her eyes.

"I have been looking for you this hour or more," she cried, and I half expected her to throw her splendid arms around his neck.

"I would have been here sooner were I not detained by the unexpected arrival of an old friend. Let me present him." She extended her hand to me. "The older the friend of Karl's the more pleased I am to see him," she said.

"And now that I have met you I can only wonder that any friendship could have resisted the strain he must have felt during the last hour."

There we stood, the three of us, two men and a woman, murmuring nice artificialities, bowing and smirking in the glare of a London drawing-room, while in an Italian garden at that hour three others, two women and a man, were talking of Heaven knows what topic, which, nevertheless, was indissolubly bound up with our trivial discourse.

For a fleeting instant I had a glimpse of some strong, imperishable, intangible bond which held together the hidden things of life. Then I heard Nora Cazenove's aristocratic accents.

"Soon I shall be relieved from my present duty. Then you and I must have a nice long talk."

So I passed on with the crowd.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegony*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the languages of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and when in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard, though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young *telegonist* was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next



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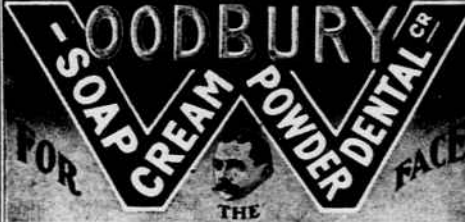
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KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A
MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

xviii. The Problem Takes Shape

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the
Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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THERE are certain mortals, I suppose, who take delight in "At Homes," receptions, musicals and the rest of the social devices which enable fashionable folk to meet of evenings and learn the latest scandal. Personally, I would pass an hour far more agreeably in a fever hospital, provided the resident doctor was a good fellow and not too busy to smoke a pipe with me.

Hence, because of the unusual transactions of that memorable night, the proceedings at Sandilands' house stand out in my mind in cameo-like precision as contrasted with other similar gatherings I have attended. Nor was this result achieved by meeting notable personages.

I met a man with a grievance. He insisted on telling me why the Government had denied him the poet-laureateship. That was a safe topic. Politeness demanded an occasional "Dear me!" or "You don't say so?" from me; he did the rest.

From the safe anchorage of his eloquence I was able at leisure to watch and to a certain extent to sum up Nora Cazenove. Her genealogy, briefly sketched by the older Grier, partly accounted for certain deficiencies in her. It was reasonable to assume that her mother was a beautiful woman, of extraordinary acuteness within a somewhat narrow sphere. Like the girl in the ballad, her face was her fortune, and she deemed herself well paid, I doubt not, when she bartered her good looks and faultless form for a title and a big annual rent-roll.

I amused myself by studying her, and came to the conclusion that had Karl scoured the earth he could not have found a more exact antithesis to Maggie Hutchinson than her successful rival, the Hon. Nora Cazenove. They had the common attributes of good looks, good style and what passes current for good education among young women of twenty-three or thereabouts. In all else they differed. If I were seeking worthy tabernacles for merely intellectual concepts of what we mean when we speak of Soul and Body, I should choose those two girls as supplying the requisite shrines.

I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that I made a rather bad break with the would-be laureate.

"What would you have said," he fiercely demanded, "if the Prime Minister told you that your latest volume of poems was a collection of turgid nonsense?"

"I would have said that he was quite right," I answered blithely, for a man can always run down his own work with safety.

Then it dawned on me that the Prime Minister had expressed himself thus strongly not on my book, but on the poet's.

"Of course," I added, "it was evident that he had not read a line of your verse."

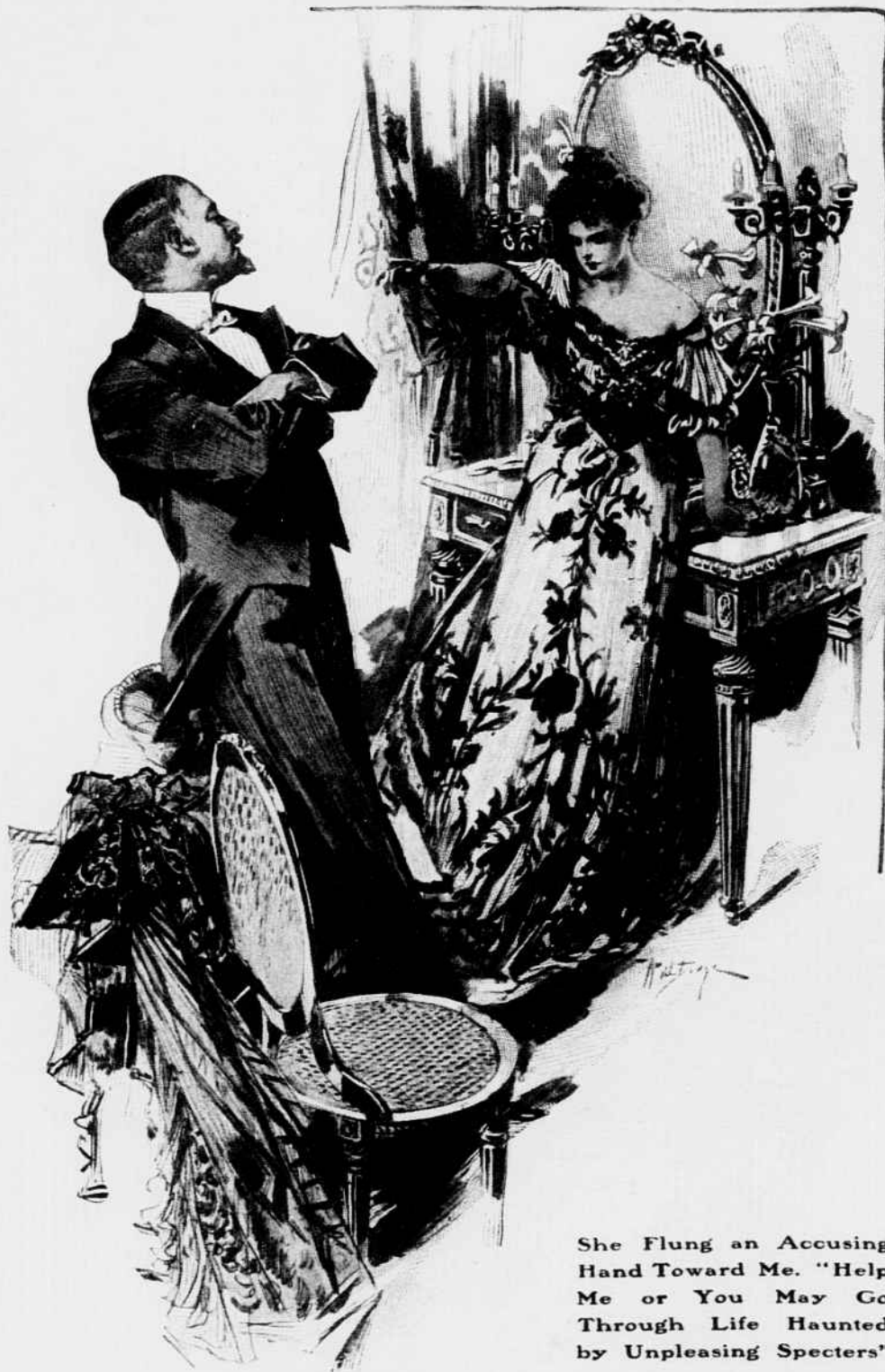
"Confound it! haven't I just related to you how I found him in the summer-house and compelled him to listen, yes, blocked up the only exit, until I recited to him the whole of my ode to 'Eternity'?"

"The subject was too vast for his intelligence."

"Not it. It is a shameful fact that no man of poetic tastes can gain a politician's ear nowadays unless he titillates it with a patriotic jingle. As a forlorn hope, I have written a threnody on the fleet. If I can find a good time for 'guns' I am made. Can you help? 'Buns,' 'duns,' 'nuns' and 'tuns' are hardly suitable. 'Suns,' 'runs' and 'shuns' I have used. Just come into this corner while I—"

Miss Cazenove rescued me. "At last I have a

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 16



She Flung an Accusing
Hand Toward Me. "Help
Me or You May Go
Through Life Haunted
by Unpleasing Specters"

moment!" she cried, showing her perfect teeth in a thoroughly good-natured smile. "You don't mind my carrying him off, do you?" she went on sweetly, as she noted the look of disappointment on my companion's face. "I have such a lot to say to him."

We hurried away. She laughed merrily when I told her of my escape.

"He is a real terror," she agreed. "One day he tackled dad after luncheon. Do you know my father? He says 'Gad!' to everything he doesn't understand and most other things as well. But on that occasion he lost his temper and said 'Rats!'"

That put us on good terms. I looked forward to an agreeable if not soulful chat with my radiant hostess; but I was fated to learn for the hundredth time that every woman is a born actress. Even the angelic Maggie was a stage adept when it became necessary to cloak her emotions from the public ken.

"Are you hungry?" asked Miss Cazenove, guiding me skilfully through the crowded suite of rooms.

"No," I said, flattering myself that the question was prompted only by hospitality.

"Then come this way."

Before I well knew what was happening, I was whisked through a curtained door into a passage left purposely unlighted. Clinging to my arm, but really compelling me onward, the girl led me to another door. She entered and switched on the

electric light. Evidently this was her boudoir; but she left little time to take stock of my surroundings.

"Sit down here," she said. "I don't care what people think. I must talk with you about Karl. Of course I might have waited until to-morrow and asked you to call, but now that you are here I am consumed with impatience. No, sit just where you are, please. I want to see your face."

"I am a most skilled prevaricator," I said, for her maneuvering was of the Napoleonic order. I was to be attacked by horse, foot and artillery, cross-examined and scrutinized at the same time. We sat on a roomy Chesterfield, an article of furniture which suggests insidious confidences; a cluster of lamps equipped with reading-reflectors shot their rays directly at us. Moreover, she did not seem to heed the fact that she laid herself open to equally searching criticism on my part. The first shot fired in the encounter showed that my adversary scorned subterfuge.

"Who is she?"

"Really—" I protested.

"Oh, you know very well whom I mean. Karl is engaged to me now, and is going to marry me—I shall see to that. But I must know who the girl is with whom he has been in love since five years ago."

I temporized. "Five years ago? You can hardly expect me to recollect anything of serious importance concerning the love affairs of a young gentleman at college and a young lady who may have worn her hair in two plaits, tied at the ends with a big bow—"

"Please, please!" she insisted. "As if I did not know how some girl has entered his very life, until he regards all other women with unheeding eyes, and even conducts himself toward me in what he considers to be the correct attitude of an engaged man! What is the spell she has cast upon him? Is she more beautiful than I, more sympathetic, more capable of devotion? Why is his father so troubled about him? Why have you been brought from Heidelberg to help in dispelling the cloud which has settled on him?"

"Did Mr. Grier senior tell you that?"

"No. No one tells me anything. Won't you have pity on me? I have the wildest dreams, but I know some of them are true. And I dreamed of you—I even saw you. I would have known you anywhere. When you came up the stairs with Karl to-night I could have shrieked aloud, but I dug my nails into my hands and restrained myself. See, here are the gloves I wore. I have changed them for others, but I kept them to prove to you how truly I am speaking."

She took from a pocket a crumpled pair of white gloves. The finger-seams were burst, the palms cut in four half-moons.

So, though the words nearly choked me, I was forced to say soothingly: "I imagine you are troubling your pretty head about a matter of little moment, Miss Cazenove. I am quite certain you have no serious rival. Karl is the soul of honor."

She started to her feet and grasped my shoulder with a vehemence she was hardly conscious of. "You men everlastingly prate of honor! Honor explains everything. Provided Karl is scrupulously attentive to me, he can take another woman to his heart, kiss her lips, her eyes, her hair, breathe her breath, inhale her fragrance, mingle his very soul with hers. That may be honorable to me, but it is the madness of love for her."

"Surely, Miss Cazenove, you are saying that which is not!" I cried, and I too jumped up from the

cushioned depths of the Chesterfield, facing her angrily.

"Am I? Then you do not understand Karl, and still less do you understand Maggie Hutchinson. Ah! *Touche!* Think me a jealous woman, if you choose. I am, and I glory in it. But I have a woman's wits as well, and you know in your heart I am not mistaken."

Something must be done to allay the tempest. I had to fling the sixth sense to the winds and trust to the five of our common heritage to calm this excited beauty. "I speak in all honesty and truth," I said, "when I tell you that, to the best of my belief, Karl Grier has neither seen nor spoken to nor written to Maggie Hutchinson since he was an undergraduate at Oxford."

She wrung her hands passionately. "Heaven keep me from tears!" she wailed. "If I cry I shall yield utterly. Oh dear, oh dear! I so looked forward to meeting you and securing your help! Are you really so ignorant of Karl's powers that you lay stress on what we call seeing and hearing? They mean nothing to him. I am not blind, if others are. Oh, if only I did not love him so, I might perhaps be more to him!"

I am free to admit that her words stirred me strangely. Could it be that while I was puzzling my brains with the formulæ of the least-considered branches of science, this girl, unaided, almost untaught, had solved the mystery which infolded the broken love story of Karl and Maggie?

Yet it was no mystic but a real woman who faced me in that delightful room, with its Louis Seize furniture, its charming little Corots and water-colors by David Cox, its fragrant perfume of Provencal flowers, and all that air of subtle refinement which clings to the abode of a young and beautiful girl as a well-made gown clings to the contour of her body, never obtrusive, always in exquisite taste, and ever revealing fresh harmonies of line and tint.

Her actress-mother endowed her with the trick of speech, of impassioned gesture. She flung an accusing hand toward me. "Why do you stand silent?" she demanded. "Is it because of a wayward fantasy that I should have revealed my torturing thoughts to you, a mere stranger? Why are you here to-night? To help Karl, you may say. Then help me also, or you may go through the rest of your life haunted by most unpleasing specters."

"I will gladly do all in my power to help Karl, my dear young lady, and it will be an added joy if the counsel and assistance I can lend to my friend prove equally beneficial to you. But surely you must see that I am moving in a maze? You speak of that which I do not comprehend. If indeed you and others are subject to unexplained manifestations, it is all-important that we should discuss them fully, rationally and in an environment more suitable than the present time and place. Then, and only by such means, can we reach anything in the nature of a logical conclusion."

I felt that my speech was stilted, but I was vainly searching for a more equable base of action than her wild statements afforded. Her lips curved into a bitter smile, but there was no softening in the gleaming eyes.

"Leave me to judge of conventions which appeal so powerfully to you, a writer, a Bohemian, a man who stood on a Liverpool quay while Paul Constantine was drowning!" she cried, and each word formed a crescendo of scornful negation of my right to dictate to her. Nor did she pay heed to the positive start of alarm with which I marked her utterance of the Armenian's name. Her mood changed in an instant. She caught my arm again in pitiful entreaty.

"Forgive me if I say that which may sound outrageous in your ears!" she said. "I am so unstrung, so much in need of one who will sympathize rather than chide, believe rather than question!"

"I take you at your word, Miss Cazenove. Now let me recant my momentary lapse into smug propriety. I admit my belief. I am convinced that Karl possesses some dreadful force which is demoralizing when it meets resistance. It is not his fault, nor Miss Hutchinson's, nor yours, nor was its influence wholly condemnable in the man whose

name you have just mentioned. It is something outside and beyond our ordered senses. Very well, we can only deal with it by the use of those same senses. The first requisite is candor, the second critical analysis. But, however distraught you may be, you must admit that midnight, in your boudoir, in a house overrun with your guests, gives us no opportunity of sanely examining a disturbing problem. Come now, be guided by me. I have a son nearly your age, and you may trust me to take a calm view of these things which excite you so terribly."

"And you will not deem me mad when I tell you that when Karl marries me it will kill me if I still feel that his soul belongs to another woman?"

"Indeed I shall not hold any such vain thought. Don't you see that marriage under such conditions is not to be thought of? But there! Let us not begin our inquiry now. I am even resisting the temptation to ask you how you knew of Constantine's death. No! Please begin by being patient. I shall perhaps ask for a little obedience, standing as I do *in loco parentis*. Let us arrange a meeting to-morrow. What do you say to a stroll in the Park after luncheon? Or, if the weather is wet, shall I call here, if you can count on being alone?"

Tacitly, we ignored both Lord Sandilands and Mrs. Grundy. They were estimable persons, doubtless, but they would need electrocution ere they understood *telegony*.

She was about to answer when a light knock on the half-open door announced a visitor. It was Karl. He smiled wistfully. He had the semblance of one who knows that a catastrophe has occurred, a catastrophe foreseen yet unpreventable.

"I expected to find you here, Nora," he said. "In fact, I followed you here in my mind, and I agree that it will be better for you, and possibly for others, if certain explanations are given. Let you two meet to-morrow by all means. Then you must send for me and tell me what has to be done."

He spoke with a weariness which the tender inflection of his voice did not disguise from me. He knew already what was to be done. It

was the central figure of a tragedy; now she was just a girl hopelessly in love, and she clung to Karl's arm and gazed up into his face, as they passed before me along the corridor, for all the world as any smitten Phyllis might fondle and adore her Corydon.

And then an astounding thing happened.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Unbidden Guest

THE corridor was a short, broad passage. It was adorned with Raeburn portraits, a Lely or two, and some small Sheraton cabinets laden with rare china—treasures dimly revealed by rays borrowed from the electric lamps in Miss Cazenove's boudoir. The open door of her room permitted a bright panel of light to fall across the parquet floor. Beyond lay artistic gloom, bounded, as I knew, by the curtained entrance to the suite of apartments given over to the reception.

My eyes were fixed directly on Karl's tall figure and on the magnificent creature, in some wonderful Paris gown worthy of her statuesque proportions, who clung so trustingly to his arm. My thoughts—well, my thoughts were busy enough, but I vouch for it that my mind was clear and my perceptiveness neither alert nor abstracted. Yet no sooner did I step into the darker area than I saw distinctly a glow, or radiance, emanating from the girl's bare neck, shoulders and arms. The phosphorescent effect was indescribably beautiful.

I would have voiced my amazement, notwithstanding the spell cast on me by the loveliness of this fascinating apparition, were it not that even as I tried to find words both Karl and his companion vanished from my sight, and I was confronted by a totally different scene. Instead of the half-visible corridor, I tenanted a large room, brilliantly illuminated. It is noteworthy, as testifying to my normal condition, that I believed for an instant that the communicating door had been opened to allow the pair in front to enter the music salon.

This impression quickly yielded to realities. Yes, I repeat, realities. No ambiguous phrase would describe the clear-cut recollection I have of that vast square chamber, with its low arabesque ceiling, its huge fireplace of Carrara marble, its deep Italian windows, its wealth of carved wainscoting and antique furniture. A log fire burned dully in the grate. Kneeling on a rug near the hearth, but in such a position that I could see her profile, was a slimly built girl dressed in white, whom I recognized as Maggie Hutchinson.

Seemingly she was alone. Tears were streaming from her eyes and her lips quivered, yet I had a queer belief that her agitation arose from some unhappy combination of sorrow fraught with gladness, one of those tantalizing experiences sent to vex frail mortality, wherein, if only circumstances could be altered, abiding melancholy would forthwith become extravagant joy. Were I a painter, seeking inspiration to depict an angel tempted to rebel but faithful to an eternal vow, I should strive to place on canvas the expression of Maggie Hutchinson's face in that transient glimpse.

And that was all. The door leading to the heedless throng of guests was really flung open. I heard the cackle of conversation blending with a piano solo, my dazed eyes rested on Karl holding back the curtain, with a questioning smile on his face, and I returned to solid earth again. Now I had seen Nora Cazenove surrounded with a halo, and Maggie Hutchinson on her knees crying, within the space of

six or seven short strides. Nevertheless, keen as my wits were to note these things, they were slow to return to a just appreciation of my surroundings.

Karl told me afterward that I arranged to meet Nora at the Stanhope Gate, or call at her house, at two-thirty p. m. next day, and he said that I left it to the meteorological bureau to decide which rendezvous we would attend. Anyhow, I forget using any such phrase, or even making the appointment, and I first regained my grasp of current events when we were seated in the brougham which Karl had caused to be summoned by telephone.

"What do you think of it all now?" he asked in the unemotional voice of a man who might be



Kneeling on a Rug
Was Maggie Hutchinson

came upon me with a shuddering dread that the only way to destroy his inexplicable power was to destroy its origin. Had he the right to live, and, whether conscious or not, inflict mental suffering and ultimate death on certain unfortunate human beings who strove helplessly to check the overpowering force of the magnetism which flowed from him? That was an affrighting problem. Nor was it made easier by Nora Cazenove's present amazing attitude.

The fiery anguish which convulsed her lithe frame and blazed up in her eyes while she poured forth her woes to me had gone with the mere sight of him. The change was miraculous, as wonderful in its way as the conversion of Pygmalion's marble goddess into flesh and blood. A moment ago she

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 10

alluding to the singing and the fiddling and the scandal.

"Karl, I am worn out," I answered. "I cannot center my ideas to-night."

"I also am worn out," he said. "I shall be even more weary to-morrow, but I must endure my weariness without complaint. Therefore, I wonder what you will say when you know the truth?"

"That light on Nora, did you see it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"Was she conscious of it?"

"Not of the light—that is resistance. You saw Maggie too?"

"Of course. You made me see her."

"That is better. You are on the right track. Soon you will understand the magnitude of the task I am called on to accomplish during the next few weeks—until I crack up, in fact. Here is your hotel. *A demain!* I shall dine with you, and then you can tell me what Nora says. I know what she thinks, but women are secretive."

The drive through the cool night air restored my faculties, but I was physically exhausted. The long journey, the shock of seeing Karl's father in a paroxysm of agonized fear, the change in Karl himself, and the extraordinary esthetic manifestations I had received—these latter probably taking a good deal more out of me than I allowed for—were sufficient to weary any man. Nevertheless, my brain was active enough in a commonplace way, and the thought was borne in on me that I needed assistance if the fiend which threatened the very lives of several estimable persons was to be exorcised successfully.

To appeal to some distinguished alienist was out of the question. He would begin by assuming that Karl and Maggie and Nora, not to mention Grier père and my eminent self, were mad. In my dilemma I remembered Hooper. Had he accepted that appointment at the Paris Embassy? There was no harm in trying. I wrote a telegram, which I left with the night porter for despatch early in the morning, and it was a real pleasure to read the type-written slip brought to my bed-room about nine A. M.:

Charing Cross seven this evening. Get Karl to ring off until I arrive. HOOPER.

His was a cheerful soul. The careless badinage of his message was agreeable, and I ate my breakfast in good spirits. It was a fine morning, with a summer sun beaming from a cloudless sky.

After prolonged absence from Britain, my hats, ties, gloves and boots required to be Anglicized. Piccadilly and the Burlington absorbed the morning comfortably; half-past two o'clock found me loitering, like any young sprig awaiting his best girl, in front of the flower-beds at Stanhope Gate.

The minutes passed. Nora, like every other woman, was unpunctual. She came at last. A flower-garden hat, a veil, a fine lace dress and a pink parasol were effective disguises after the candor of evening attire. I did not recognize this frilly young woman until she spoke to me.

"So you really are here?" she cried, with a little laugh and looking, I fancied, a trifle embarrassed.

"Did you not expect me?" I countered.

"Oh, one never can tell. Things which look serious under the electric light are likely to assume less dragon-like proportions on such an afternoon as this, and in the park, of all places."

"I am glad you think so. Some such thought has winged its way to me too."

Rather a neat allusion to the object of our meeting, don't you think?—a quiet reference to the sixth sense, without dragging it in by the scalp, so to speak—but Miss Cazenove shied off the topic.

"I chanced to remember that you said you would be here about this time," she said lamely. "I fear I bored you with my silly confidences last night, even more than poor Mr. M. with his poems."

Que diable! Was this the fiery beauty who regaled me at midnight with her tantrums because her lover was moisten-

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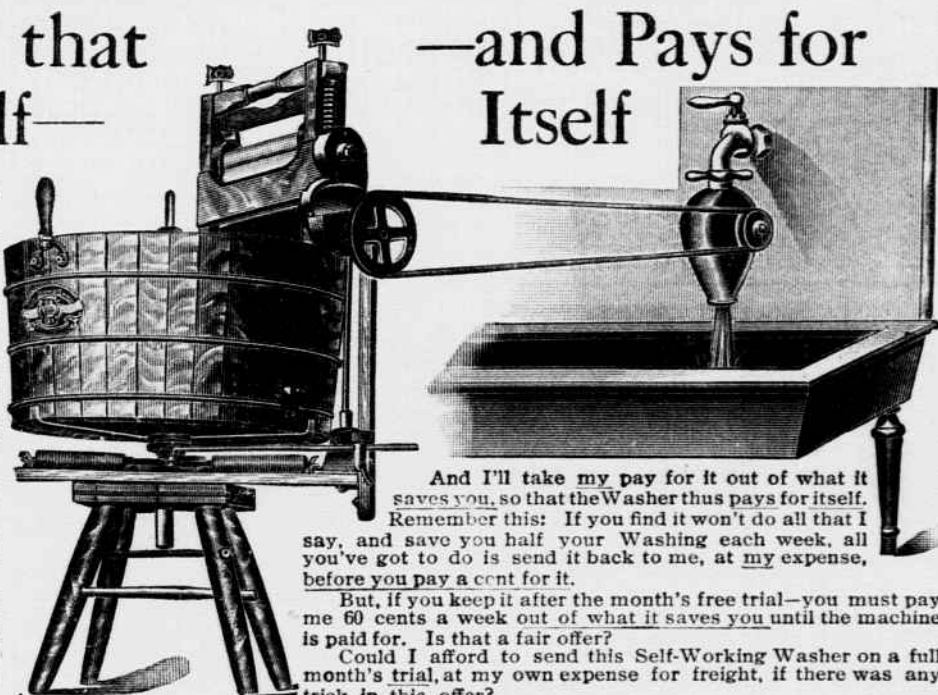
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day. But you must eat, man alive. Why are we discoursing here? Shall I telegraph Jules?"

"No. Wait a few minutes. Hooper is coming."

"Hooper? Frank E. of that ilk?"

"Yes. Luckily I located him in Paris and wired him. He is due here now."

"Well, I shall be delighted to meet him. But I cannot allow my affairs to travel outside a very small circle."

"And I cannot allow you to wither away on my own responsibility."

"My dear fellow, don't be vexed with me. I am so eaten up with the mad helplessness of it all that I resent the least prying by skeptical outsiders. But if Hooper or any other man on God's earth can save me and others from the doom which awaits one or all of us, lay me on the dissecting-table before him. I am ready."

Knowledge on his part and a simple imitative action on mine turned our eyes simultaneously toward the revolving

door of the hotel. Frank E. Hooper entered, spick and span as if a troubled Channel and grimy railway were not. He was followed by a rotund personage, olive-green in complexion, bearing all the outward and visible signs of an inward obsequiousness. The sight of this stranger gave me an indefinable thrill, a compound of surprise and fear, with perhaps a touch of bewilderment. Why, I cannot tell, but I knew him instantly. I was so taken aback that I found myself staring stupidly at Hooper, who advanced with a cheery cry:

"Well now! who'd have thought to find you both here, and looking so fine and dandy too? This is real good." He winked at us portentously. "That's Steindal!" he muttered in a stage aside. "Met him in the Gare du Nord and talked him into coming to this hotel. Guessed you'd like to see him."

"We are delighted," said Karl gently. "Won't you introduce us?"

"Eh? Oh, this is great! Mr. Steindal, lend me thine ear a moment. I want to make you and my good friends known to one another. Mr. Karl Grier—"

No sooner did Steindal hear Karl's name than he flushed uncomfortably and backed away. He was perturbed so greatly that Hooper's flow of language stopped abruptly.

But Karl advanced a pace, and there was a steady dominance in his glance which seemed to fascinate while it disconcerted the whilom dramatic agent.

"It is indeed a pleasure to meet you," he said. "Come and dine with us. Come just as you are. And you too, Hooper. It's too late to change." Without another spoken word he wheeled toward the restaurant, walking across the vestibule with head erect.

And we three followed Steindal with the sulkiness of a stricken dog, Hooper somewhat awed by the unexpected outcome of the surprise he had planned, and I—well, I felt as though some wizard had converted me into an electric eel.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegnomy*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young *telegnomist* was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York. The next evening he was mentally transported to New-York again. He awoke with an exclamation about the villainy of a dramatic agent named Steindal.

Karl explained that Constantine and Steindal in New-York decided to make Maggie Hutchinson an offer to go on a concert tour, Constantine evidently having an ulterior motive. So intent was Karl in listening to the plot that he aroused in the Armenian's mind a vivid remembrance of the time he was rescued from the sea, and Constantine fell over the table shrieking of sharks.

Karl received a telegram from his mother asking him to meet the Hutchinsons upon their arrival in London. After astonishing the hotel clerk with *telegnomic* manifestations, Karl met the voyagers. Maggie related a conversation between Steindal and Constantine which she *telegnomically* overheard coincidentally with Karl's experience.

Maggie went into a *telegnomic* condition and overheard Constantine planning to go to London for the purpose of murdering Karl. Grier had learned the same thing, and so he, his father and the author went to Liverpool to meet the steamer Constantine was on. While the vessel was still in the stream Karl exclaimed that the Armenian had jumped overboard, and that he had impelled him to do it. Constantine had done so.

Maggie sent Karl a telegram that she was leaving England and bade him farewell.

Constantine left Maggie all his property. The Hutchinsons settled in Italy.

Five years later the author was summoned to London by the elder Grier, who said that Karl was causing trouble over his "arranged" betrothal to the Hon. Nora Cazenove.



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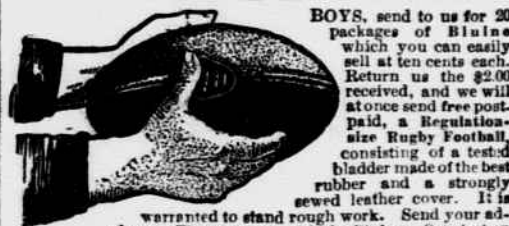
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KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A
MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

SAY," whispered Hooper to me, "Karl looks like a high priest of Baal leading Steindal to slaughter as a sacrificial bull."

I babbled something, it matters not what. All my eyes were bent on the strange meeting between those two. Karl, suavely stern, motioned Steindal to a chair at a table laid for four. They faced each other. Hooper and I took the vacant places. Jules, of course, hastened to us, and his attendant sprites relieved the travelers of overcoats and hats.

Steindal, manifestly ill at ease, glanced around the crowded restaurant. He soon recognized several habitués. One man, a well-known Stock-Exchange broker, hastened to greet him. While they were speaking, I murmured to Karl:

"Under the circumstances, is this wise?"

"At any cost, I shall punish the man," he said. "I had almost forgotten his existence. Fate sent him here to-night. I regret it for one reason, but I rejoice for many."

Steindal, who had drawn somewhat apart in earnest conversation with his friend from Capel Court, came back to us. He looked confidently enough at Karl. Evidently he was determined to brazen out a difficult situation.

"I feel a little *hors concours* in these garments," he said affably, speaking in the smooth, sibilant voice which reminded me of Karl's likening his utterance to that of a boa-constrictor.

"Ah, you speak French too!" exclaimed Karl with a grim geniality. "The last time we met you indulged mostly in Spanish."

"The last time? We have never met before. I—er—think I have heard of you from a man named Constantine."

Certainly Steindal had splendid nerves. He arranged himself comfortably at the table. The chef of the Pall Mall Hotel had a great name for appetizing dishes, and Jules was hovering about, with alert pencil and memoranda tablets.

"Yes. Poor Constantine! Killed himself, didn't he? Did you ever hear why?"

Karl, I noticed, had his hands clasped and resting on the table. The significance of this attitude dawned upon me then. He thus completed some magnetic circuit of intense potency.

"Never heard a word," said Steindal, who seemed to accept Karl's presence with greater complacency each moment. "That is to say, I knew he was worried about some girl. As if any woman was worth suicide! *Sango la Madonna!*"

"That is more like the Steindal of old, though the appeal is to a strange patroness," cried Karl. "Oh, do not worry, Jules. Give us fish, flesh and fowl, and bring the best wine of France. We leave details to you."

The head waiter whisked off. That sort of order is comprehensible. The diner surrenders at discretion, no matter what the charge.

"Your references to past acquaintance puzzle me," said Steindal, politely keeping to the thread of the conversation.

"Then I must be mistaken. Perhaps Constantine gave me a picture so vivid that it burned itself into my memory."

"That is a popular attribute of the Fiend, and hardly flattering to me," laughed the other.

"Well, there is some truth in it, and it may even contain a germ of adulation. Unless I err again, you played Mephisto to Constantine's Faust, eh?"

"Very likely. I knew many Margarets in those days."

I expected an explosion after that singularly apt yet unfortunate reply, but beyond a slight contraction of the eyelids and twitching of the nostrils Karl gave no sign. Steindal was so unctuously candid, so shielded by the armor of money and conceit, that I deemed him impenetrable to the hidden lightning with which Karl was enveloping him. I changed my opinion ere many minutes passed.

"Many Margarets," repeated Karl musingly, "and many Fausts, but only one Devil, Steindal."

"Do you think so? Then he exists in numerous forms. *Sapristi!* Here is another and familiar imp in a *sole diable*. And an '84 champagne! You can't get this wine in Paris."

Steindal had that insufferable habit of tucking a napkin under his chin. He began to eat. He swallowed two glasses of wine with surprising haste. Karl relapsed into silence. Hooper and I spoke of generalities. An orchestra was tuning up, and

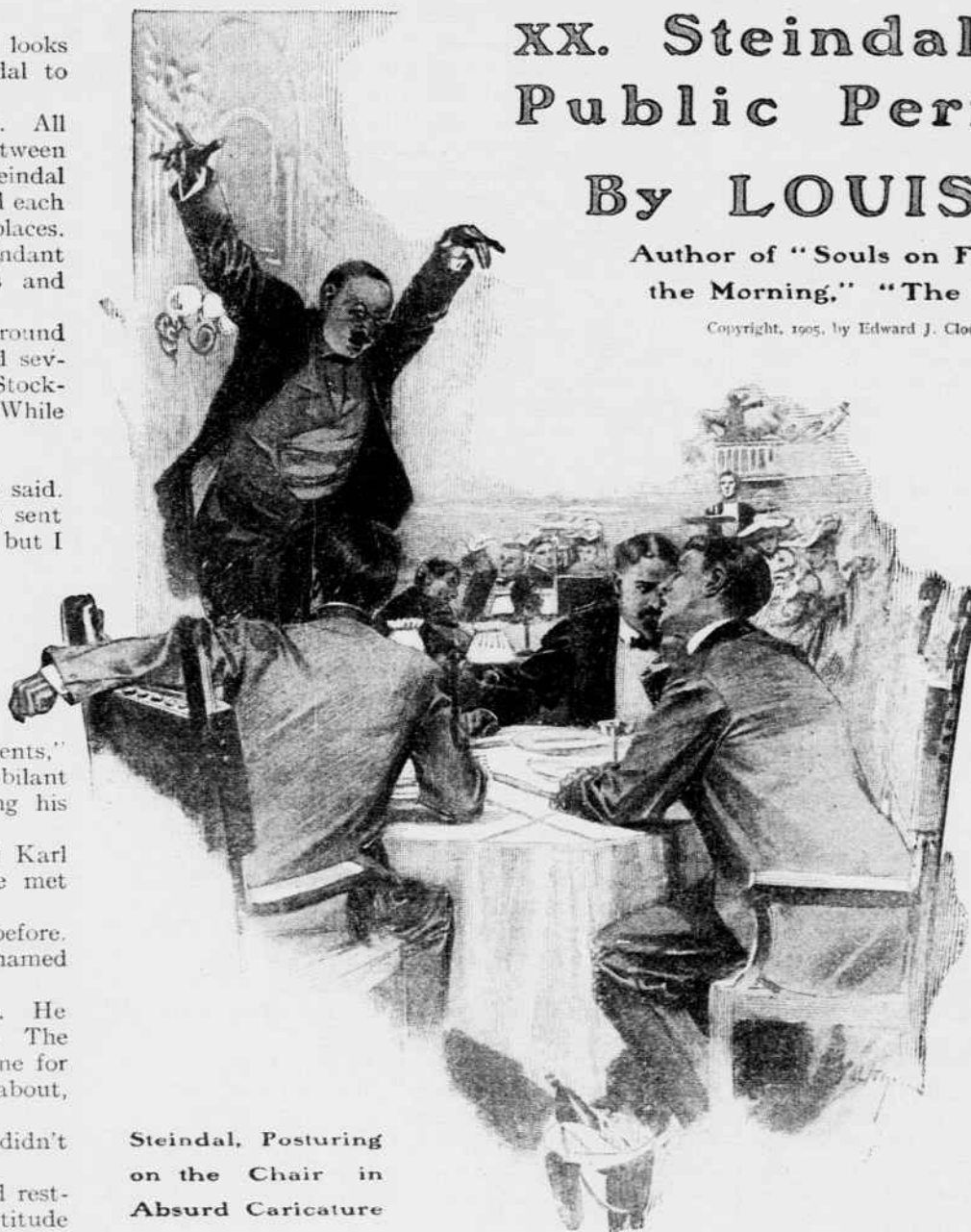
The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found at the end of this instalment on page 11

XX. Steindal Gives a
Public Performance

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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Steindal, Posturing
on the Chair in
Absurd Caricature

Karl whispered to a waiter. I saw that the conductor held a confabulation with the bassoon-player, and the band struck into an allegro movement which I did not recognize at once.

Suddenly Karl leaned forward. His eyes blazed with fire. Had the hotel clerk of former years been in the room he would have remembered that look.

"That is your cue, Mephisto," he said, his low-pitched voice vibrating with intense energy. "Up you get! On the chair! You know the words. That's it! Now!"

And Steindal, skipping to his feet, mounted the chair with surprising agility and began to sing, with a fine assumption of the *basso profundo* manner, the rollicking song with which Mephistopheles disturbed the village revels. What could be more amazing than the action, more appropriate than the air? It has been rendered in English:

Clear the way for the Calf of Gold!
In his pomp and pride adore him;
East or West, in heat or cold,
Weak and strong must bow before him!
Wise men do homage mute
To the image of the brute . . .

Steindal, posturing on the chair in absurd caricature of a Plançon or Edouard de Reszke, was fairly launched into the opening *strofa* before Hooper or I realized what was happening. Some women at neighboring tables shrank from us with alarm. People farther away rose and gazed at us wide-eyed. A sharp-witted genius, scenting some mischief, shouted "Bravo!" and the band, thinking an artistic joke was in train, kept up the accompaniment. Jules and an under-manager hurried toward us; but seeing that the diners were, if anything, inclined to applaud, they resolved to defer their appeal for orderly behavior on Steindal's part until he made an end. He sang both verses admirably, the band helping in the chorus, and with the final wild phrase

Tuo ministro è Belzebù,

a perfect hurricane of encouraging cries and rattling of cutlery came from all sides.

Steindal bowed in the approved style and descended from his rostrum. He was not disturbed in the least. Obviously, Karl held him in a state of complete aphanasia, and this magnate of a Rand which he had never seen had not the remotest

notion that he was making a supreme ass of himself. Nor was it altogether patent that others took that severe view. Certainly, the stock-broker regarded him with a pained curiosity, but most of those present seemed to look upon the escapade as the light-hearted ebullience of a foreigner.

Our waiters brought some variety of meat, goodness knows what, and Steindal tackled it with keen zest, first sluicing his strained vocal cords with more wine. The orchestra swung off into a pleasing waltz. Hooper and I, though disconcerted by the covert attention our party attracted, were beginning to take an intelligent interest in the dinner, when Karl called on his medium for another turn.

"In your vanished youth, Steindal," he hissed, "you were a circus acrobat. Before you gorge too much give us a contortion or two!"

Instantly the unhappy Wilhelm sprang upright again. He grabbed his chair, set it apart from the table with a professional bang on the floor, and forthwith stood on his head and hands. His coat and the white napkin flapped down over his face, coins rattled from his pockets, and his obese figure looked exceedingly comical as he poised himself feet upward, and slowly turned, so all might see and admire. After a pause, he bounced back to the floor, but only to grasp the chair in a new way and extend himself horizontally, resting on his hands.

This time there were no plaudits. Something approaching a panic reigned throughout the room. The song was deemed a pardonable extravagance, but these grotesque posturings savored of madness. Like everybody else, I was so taken up with Steindal's antics that I paid no heed to Karl, nor did my flurried thoughts credit him with creating the wave of fear and disgust which now converted popular tolerance into disapprobation.

Women shrieked; there was a rush of excited guests and perplexed waiters. Then somebody—probably the man who cried "Bravo!" a few minutes before—bawled:

"Turn him out! He is either mad or drunk!"

Absolutely heedless of the commotion he was causing, Steindal finished his balancing, gave a little skip reminiscent of the ring, smiled blandly, and kissed his finger-tips. Then he squatted on the carpet and endeavored to do that which was impossible for a man of his build: tried to cross his feet over his shoulders.

This was too much. Jules, aided by a couple of waiters, clutched Steindal and pulled him out of the knot. He became angry, swore outlandishly, fought, kicked, squealed, and was hauled out by main force, while a man gathered up his scattered money.

"And now," said Karl, with an air of placid relief, "now that I have made that self-satisfied little wretch the laughing-stock of London, let us have some dinner."

So that was the explanation of the extraordinary scene! Karl had not forgotten Steindal's outspoken rage when the hapless Armenian created a similar disturbance in a New-York restaurant. He divined that Steindal could be scarified only through his colossal vanity. "The laughing-stock of London!"—that

would be a barbed shaft; its wound would never heal. When Steindal regained possession of his senses he would learn the disastrous truth. Even if he escaped prosecution for disorderly conduct, some kind friend would surely tell him how he sang and balanced and contorted. He would howl and writhe in impotent fury. There was no legal redress. None would credit him, nor would he dare take that course. He could only accuse Karl with exercising some terrible influence upon him, and in that event the laughter would be even more wide-spread, while his overbearing reputation, which stood him in good stead in financial circles, must be lost irrecoverably.

The stock-broker hurried out.

"He has gone to look after his friend. It is a kindly act," I said.

"Guess he has gone to glue himself to the Paris telephone," commented Hooper dryly. "Steindal's stocks are mainly held in France. Let it once get round that he is cracked, and they will drop into the place beneath like the gentle dew from heaven."

"What will happen to Steindal, do you think?" I asked Karl.

"He is gradually recovering. In less than an hour he will be all right. I expect the hotel people, knowing his identity, will put him to bed and send for a doctor. But he wants no doctor. He will clamor for a purveyor of guns and daggers."

"You believe he will plan vengeance against you?"

"Most decidedly. He is no coward. His mother was a Mexican dancer. She taught him to throw a knife before he learned the alphabet. Ask him the meaning of *la cuchillada* and you will see his eyes glisten."

"Oh," I cried in a sudden heat, "this is intolerable! What a counsellor your father brought from Heidelberg when he summoned me!"

"Have no fear," said Karl, toying with a salad. "Steindal cannot injure me. The little beast! I could paralyze his uplifted hand."

Karl could do that, I knew. Nevertheless, I was a prey to disquieting thoughts.

Hooper, blessed with a temperament which would take an equable view of the Day of Judgment, began to review events in his practical way. "I can credit you with accomplishing almost anything in the present tense, Karl," he said; "but I am taken out of my stride when you dip into history. How did you know Steindal had been a circus acrobat?"

"You knew."

"Yes. Some one told me years ago. I thought of it while he was singing, but I have never mentioned it to you."

Karl smiled wearily. "That was enough," he said.

"My dear fellow, can you read my thoughts?"

"A little while ago I read the thought of every living being in this room. And what is more, I supplied the thoughts of most of them. Now, I would like to forget Steindal. Why did you fail to let me know you were in Paris?"

"I have a notion that any giving of information on my part would be kind of superfluous," laughed Hooper.

"You are mistaken. Here you are at my mercy. In Paris you are safe. The world holds nearly two thousand millions of people. Except under special circumstances, I cannot pretend to single out individuals."

CHAPTER XXI.

Hooper Suggests a Way Out

THOUGH Steindal was gone, we remained the center of observation. Perhaps others wondered, like Scapin, what he was doing in our boat. Karl, who was distinctly fatigued, did that which I had never seen him do before—he drank some wine. He seemed to be willing enough to talk freely, but held in leash by the presence of so many strangers. Hooper, I knew, was consumed with impatience, but he preserved the outward demeanor of a North American Indian. So there was a common agreement when I suggested that my sitting-room was the right place in which to smoke. Once there, Hooper threw aside the mask.

"I have the accumulated questions of five years to fire at you. Are you ready?" he said to Karl.

"Entirely ready. I would ask you only to remember that a Hindu ascetic once devoted thirty years to the consideration of one great question: 'Whence?' and when he emerged from retirement

he astonished his disciples by merely propounding another: 'Whither?'"

There was an interesting sound at the door as of one fumbling at the handle.

I rose, surprised that anyone should seek to enter without knocking. Then the door opened and Steindal appeared. I learned afterward that he had recovered rapidly from his seeming madness, and had persuaded the hotel attendants to leave him alone, on the plea that he would sleep. A doctor too, summoned hastily, bore out his statement that he was in a normal condition of health. By tipping a housemaid, who knew nothing of the scene in the restaurant, he reached my room.

As far as I could judge, he was unarmed. Nevertheless, I barred the way; but he paid no heed to me. He dodged, in order to see Karl.

"I want to speak to you," he said thickly, addressing Karl.

"Come in, then," was the answer.

Thinking that three of us could surely overpower him at once if he attempted violence, I stood aside.

Seen in the half-light of the corridor, Steindal looked his own tubby, commonplace self, but the bright interior of the room revealed the rough usage to which he had been subjected. His chin was scratched, his collar and shirt loosened by the breaking of a stud, the breast-pocket of his coat was torn, and his long, black, smooth hair ruffled.

The expression of his face offered a study in physiology. The corners of his thick, salacious lips turned upward with the scowl of an enraged animal. His eyes, usually black and beady, were now dark red and darting shifting glances at all parts of Karl's body. Their constant movement was fascinating. If you have ever seen a bullfight, and watched the last stand of the Andalusian monarch of the herd as he faces the matador, well aware that the bright straight blade in the man's right hand is ready to seek his heart's blood, yet compelled to watch the flutterings of the bit of red silk on the *muleta* in his predestined slayer's left hand, you will form some notion of the suppressed fury which gleamed from Steindal's quickly moving eyes.

Yet his voice, though it had lost its smoothness, was well under control. "Whatever else you may be, I don't suppose you are a coward," said he.

I believe to this day that Steindal could actually smell blood in that instant. His nostrils twitched slightly, and his tongue darted forth to salivate

his lips. Hooper and I might have been nonexistent for all the heed he paid to us.

"No, I am not," said Karl.

"Then you will travel with me to France tomorrow?"

"That would be useless, Steindal. I can paralyze your arm, root you immovable to the ground."

"Ah, but that would make you indeed a coward. Yet, I take the chance. I will fight you with my hands tied, if need be. My teeth will serve."

"I cannot fight you," said Karl slowly. "I refuse to murder you, and certainly I shall not let you murder me. No, Steindal, you must live. I am sorry to be so hard on you, but you really must continue to exist."

"Is that your final answer?"

"Absolutely."

"Do you assign a cause?"

"For you, punishment, and it may be retribution, to be followed perhaps by the emergence of a soul from your bloated body. For me, suffering too, in a form you cannot understand."

"I decline your terms," murmured Steindal, moistening his lips again and advancing a pace.

"Go!" said Karl sternly, and to my utter surprise the other man turned and left the room. We heard him walk steadily down the corridor and caught the click of his boots as he stepped on a marble staircase. It was Hooper who broke the queer silence which fell on us.

"You seem to have taken the measure of Steindal's backbone at any rate," he commented.

"Where I am concerned, he is no longer a free subject," said Karl wearily.

"Tell me," I interposed, "why you deal so harshly with a man you have never actually met before to-night?"

"Because I loathe such a creature. He represents the pig in man. He has brought horror and abasement to hundreds. Now he must wallow in the only degradation that makes him contemptible in his own esteem. But forgive me if I leave you. You and Hooper can find much to discuss, and I must be alone."

He stood upright and drew a hand across his eyes. I seemed to perceive a slackening of the muscles of his finely molded frame which was almost a symptom of complete enervation. It was a new and unaccountable alarm which impelled me to say:

"Will you go home, Karl, and promise me to try and sleep?"

"I am going home," he replied. "Good-night!"

Clearly he did not desire any courteous leave-taking in the vestibule. I did not offer to accompany him. When I knew that he had descended the stairs, thus avoiding the elevator and its possible publicity, I rejoined Hooper.

He was smoking, and his gaze was fixed on the ceiling. I was in no mood for talk just then. More by force of habit than otherwise I rang for a waiter and ordered whisky and soda. The mere presence of the man, with his servile affability and his laden tray, was a tonic in itself. He brought me back from illimitable depths to the workaday world.

"Do you partake?" I asked Hooper.

"Yep."

The cigar wedged between his teeth rendered the final labial the easier manner of speech. I found his presence soothing too. I poured out a small quantity of spirit, and while the waiter was uncorking a bottle of soda-water I looked out of the window. It was a glorious summer evening when last I saw the streets. Now the flaring lights were reflected in wavering zigzags on road and pavements, while the shining capes of bus-drivers and cabmen caught the eye as moving pyramids.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "it is raining!"

There was a loud report. The attendant had drenched himself.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered, "but you did make me jump an' no mistake."

"Better have the remainder of the soda poured over your head," snapped Hooper at me.

"But I tell you it is raining!" I shouted excitedly.

"Give it to me, waiter, if you are afraid," said Hooper firmly.

"Oh, I had forgotten you did not know that Karl has to exert many times the force in unsettled weather that he requires when the sky is clear. Hooper, he may not live days, let alone weeks."

I quailed before the American's warning glance, and ceased speaking. The waiter was glad to close the door on us, I am sure.

Hooper led me to a chair. "Sit down, partner," he said. "I have been trying to theorize. A

THE PET SQUIRREL

By Margaret Gebbie Hays



I'm glad I'm coming home from school
An' not just on my way,
Cause then I'd have no time to stop
To pet you an' to play.

If you are hungry, Squirrelie,
I guess you'll like this cake;
Be careful and not choke yourself—
Now don't, for goodness' sake!

certain Greek gentleman named Empedocles, dated 475 B. C., believed that he had solved the puzzle of life when he defined the love and hatred of the elements. I think we have reached his track. But you know the kind of elements we have to deal with, and I do not. Discourse to me of Karl and Maggie and—is there another woman?"

"There is," I said.

"Bully for me!" he cried delightedly. "The eternal feminine would have the shortest life on record if there weren't two of 'em. Now let's have the whole yarn. I'm a good listener."

So I told him everything, fact and fancy, until my voice gave out, and we were amazed to find I had been talking for nearly three hours. It was long past midnight when I noticed the clock.

"Let us to bed," I wheezed. "We must consult in the morning."

He in his turn looked out at the weather. "It has ceased raining and the stars are visible," he said.

"Thank goodness for that! Karl will experience some relief."

"I think not. If he and the rest of us are not qualifying for an asylum by believing the truth of what you have told me, don't you see that the strain is cumulative? He cannot, I may almost say he dare not, sleep. He is deliberately sacrificing himself to save those women. He thinks, and we agree with him, that his death will snap the tension. They will grieve over his loss, no doubt, but their tears will be a measure of salvation. I tell you, my friend, we are up against a hard proposition. Were it not utterly selfish, I could almost wish you had left me in Paris."

"I was tempted to share the responsibility with some one whom I could trust."

"Yes, I see that. And don't think I would shirk my duty to a comrade like Karl. Yet I fear for him. Something must be done and done quickly, if we would rescue him. Oh, if only I knew more of science and less of law! What is the meaning of this resistance we hear so much of? Is it the same thing in Steindal and Nora Cazenove? It seems to stir up ignoble passion in both, though the manner of it is so different to our perception. And that is strange, unless the question of sex enters largely into it."

"Affinity and repulsion are the two fundamental principles of all creation. I have heard you say, years ago, that Karl threw us back to first causes."

"We are dealing now with men and women of to-day," he cried, pacing up and down the room.

I had never before seen him so genuinely disturbed. His artificial coolness had melted, as ice might fall off a volcano in eruption after long quiescence. I had great respect for the clearness of his mental vision; there was also a certain consolation in witnessing this sudden upheaval. That a skilled lawyer, a man of great acumen in affairs, and, for one of his years, an astonishingly cool-headed judge of human nature, should be so perturbed by the issues submitted to him, offered some proof that I had not magnified their gravity.

"Do you think we can regard Steindal as a negligible quantity?" he asked, halting in front of me and piercing me with his large earnest eyes.

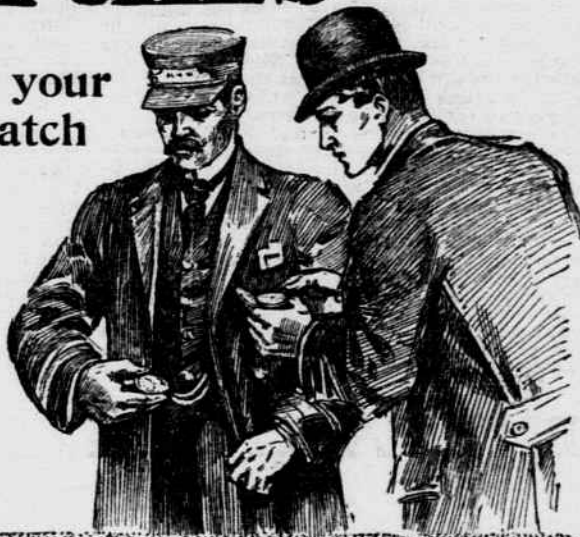
"It would seem to be reasonable from his latest attitude," I admitted.

"Then we are driven back on the women. What of this girl Nora? She is the chief difficulty. It is perfectly evident that the sympathetic bond, or whatever it is, which exists between Karl and Maggie, was broken, or remained in abeyance, from the day of Constantine's death until there sprang up some lover-like relationship between Karl and Nora. Then Maggie intervened—whether by her own volition or not is unknown and to an extent inconsequent. Karl recognized the impossibility of marriage with Nora, but it was beyond him to give a reason that would be accepted by his father, nor was he so callous as to offer up Maggie as a holocaust. Therefore, he has definitely adopted a course of

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action which demands his own death. There is no other alternative. Either Maggie or he must die. The way out, if there is one, lies with Nora or Maggie."

"But what can we do? We cannot kill one of them, even for the sake of our friend."

"No, but we can bring them together before it is too late."

"What good purpose will that accomplish?"

"It may achieve a hundred different purposes which are impracticable when one woman is in Italy and the other woman in England. Let us get them face to face and things will happen. Sit right down and write me a letter of introduction to Nora. Just say I am a friend of all parties, and leave the remainder of the explanation to me. I will take care of her, and of Karl too, not to mention Steindal, until you bring Maggie from the Castello Rondo."

"Until I bring—"

"Repetition is the vainest form of argument. Don't speak, there's a good fellow. Indeed, you can't. When all this trouble is through, I would advise you to consult a specialist. Weakness of the vocal chords is an early symptom of decay. Now write, while I look up the train service."

Hooper's confidence lent me new life. He rushed off to make inquiries beneath, and I sat down to write a note to Nora. In black and white the task was not so easy as Hooper would have it.

Ultimately, I wrote as follows:

It would not be just to you or to Karl were I to conceal my firm conviction that you both are faced with a most serious problem. Certain events which took place in this hotel to-night, combined with my own observations of Karl's health, force me to tell you that the ensuing week may see the gravest developments, as far as he is concerned. In my opinion, I can best help him by taking a journey to Italy without losing an unnecessary hour. I want you also to help, and I am sending you this letter by the hands of one who is a friend of Karl's, anxious to be of service to you, and thoroughly acquainted with the present critical condition of affairs. Trust him, as I hope you would trust me, to act for the common good.

I read through what I had written, not once, but half a dozen times. Letters to excite a young woman are dangerous as the boomerang in the hands of a novice. If the worst came to the worst, and Karl died, who could tell what hubbub might be raised by Nora Cazenove? At any rate it was inadvisable to allude more specifically to the uncanny workings of a sixth sense.

"Telegraphy and a Coroner's jury do not run in tandem," said Hooper, taking my view of the need there was to use guarded phrases. He also approved of the reference to Italy.

"She has jumped Maggie's claim, and she knows it. It may be my regrettable duty to make that clear right away," he remarked.

"Do not blame the girl," I said. "Remember that the match was made by Mr. Grier and Lord Sandilands."

"I guess that didn't worry Nora. But your best train leaves at nine in the morning, and you have a voice like a crow. If you don't give it a rest you will not be able to ask for your ticket. Leave Nora to me, there's a good chap. I'll fix her."

I had seen Nora ablaze with the fire of the gods, so I doubted the effect of Hooper's coercion or persuasiveness. Yet he had brought action where there was uncertainty, substituted ordered effort for chaos, and I was grateful to him. Hence, I slept and breakfasted, and caught the first morning express for the Continent.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegraphy*, or far-seeing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the languages of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he

KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

XXII. Nora Faces the Inevitable

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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I QUITTED Charing Cross in a state of nervous exaltation to which my seasoned heart had long been a stranger.

But Fate, the master playwright, had ordained that influences I had not foreseen should fill the stage for many an hour ere I reached the Castello Rondo in far-off Italy. In fact, none of us had taken into account Karl's mother.

Mrs. Grier was not enamoured of high society as it is understood in London. She was a German, and she had never lost her Teuton's tastes. First and necessarily a good housekeeper, she gave her spare time to reading. She hardly ever glanced at a newspaper, nor did she dawdle through more than one novel a year. She kept her household accounts, contrived economies in an annual expenditure of many thousands, looked after the practical management of certain estates, and for the rest saw as little as possible of fashionable folk, but isolated herself with some portentous professorial treatise on the more serious matters of life or sought relaxation in the pages of her beloved Schiller.

This was excellent while Grier senior was accumulating riches and Karl followed the beaten track leading to a suitable marriage and a peerage. But she had lost none of her maternal love for her wonderful son, and her shrewd eyes soon divined the anxiety of her husband, the silent endurance of Karl. At first her questions encountered a certain gentle evasiveness. She persisted, and the elder Grier admitted that all was not well between Karl and Nora.

Then the mother entered the arena, and you need never ask in whose behalf she drew the sword. "If Karl does not want to marry Nora Cazenove, why are you trying to force him into a distasteful match?" she demanded of her distressed partner.

"I am doing nothing of the kind," was the instant answer.

"Then who is doing it?"

"No one. He seemed to be happy in his engagement. All went well until this inf—this dreadful sixth sense of his seized upon him, threatening to wring the very soul out of him."

"I believe he has always hankered after Maggie Hutchinson."

"How can that be? We have not coerced his judgment. He has not made the slightest effort to meet her for years. I am not prone to superstition, but there are times when I imagine that the watch Constantine gave him is an evil thing, a constant reminder of the man's unhappy death."

To what a depth of misery must my old friend have been reduced before he would seek such an ignoble explanation of his sorrows!

"Unberufen! Unberufen!" cried Mrs. Grier, for she was born in the Black Forest, and the scientific essay was not yet written which would rescue her wholly from belief in cryptic omens of malign import.

On the morning of my departure for Como, Karl did not appear at breakfast. His mother went to him. She found him in his dressing-room, smoking in seeming content.

"Now, Karl," she said, sitting on an arm of his easy-chair and placing a loving hand on his shoulder, "tell me all about it."

He was far too wise to pretend to misunderstand. "There is not much to tell, mother," he said placidly. "I find that I cannot marry Nora, and in view of the widespread interest taken in our engagement, that is a sad thing—is it not?"

"What is stopping you from marrying her?" she asked.

"Some intangible influence which you women call love. It is an affinity whose properties are shared by all creation, from unicellular protozoa up, or down, to the highest anthropoids. Even air and

water are composed of sympathetic gases; so—"

"Karl, be serious."

"Mother, I am serious. Paris was drawn to Helen by a living force which leaped the strongest walls of reason and morality, and the same impetuous movement unites two atoms of hydrogen to one atom of oxygen in order to form water. Now wait a moment! Introduce a Menelaus or an atom of nitrogen, and you have an explosion."

"You are fencing with me, *liebchen*."

"Indeed, I am not."

"Then if Margaret Hutchinson is your Helen, and there is no Menelaus, you must tell Nora Cazenove that it would not be fair to her to take her as your wife when you love another."

"Do you think that is the best thing to do?"

"I am so sure of it that if you dislike the task I will go to her myself."

Karl saw that his mother meant what she said. Heavy-hearted by the necessity of it, he set himself deliberately to deceive her. "There is no harm in waiting a few days," he said.

"There is every harm. Your father is quite beside himself with care. I have never seen him so disturbed."

Karl bit his pipe firmly between his teeth. His father had kept the secret then! His mother did not know all!

"I have a reason for saying that," he continued after a slight pause. "However faithfully I may have worshiped Maggie from afar, there is no knowing how she regards me."

"But you do know"

"Not in the accepted meaning of the term. I may be blinded by my own conceit. To settle matters, an old friend has gone to Como to see how my innamorata regards me."

"An old friend, you say! Who is it that is

so greatly interested in my son?"

He knew that his mother's heart rebelled against the suggestion of a stranger taking part in affairs so vital to himself of which she had been kept in ignorance.

With a well-assumed carelessness, he told her how Hooper and I were planning to expedite his wooing, and he so insisted on the humor of our dark conspiracy, when he was fully aware of each act and word, that he won a smile to her kindly face. Yet her alarmed perplexity did not abate. There was a subtle change in Karl which in no way escaped her. He was thinner, altogether unstrung and devitalized. She was conscious, too, of a physical tension in his attitude which was strangely at variance with the wonted suppleness of an athletic youngster of his fine proportions.

"When does this embassy return?" she asked musingly.

"I cannot say. You forget that I have not been consulted," he grumbled with a well-feigned laugh.

"And Mr. Hooper remains in London?"

"That is a part of the plot."

"Very well. Be ready to take me to the hotel in half an hour. There is a flower-show at Richmond which I wish to visit. We shall call for Mr. Hooper, drive to Richmond, pass sometime at the show, and return here for tea."

In a word, Karl was to be tied to his mother's apron-strings for awhile. And Hooper was to be drawn judiciously. It was a simple expedient; Mrs. Grier had failed utterly to recognize the real nature of the problem which faced her, and not her alone, but all of us. Her son's sixth sense had always remained a thing apart and wholly incomprehensible. She had heard little of it during recent years. The pranks he used to play occasionally served only to amuse her. Thus, he could summon any servant in the house by causing that particular domestic to fancy he or she heard a bell or a voice. He was exceedingly reliable as a weather-prophet, especially when the conditions were settled for either rain or sunshine. Once,

when a guest, a *malade imaginaire*, was bothering Mrs. Grier and her cook by the multiplicity of dishes he could not eat and the few he could eat but which disagreed with him, Karl made him tackle an outrageous meal of many courses with a hearty gusto. The poor man's famished digestion stood the ordeal well, and he slept for twelve hours thereafter, to the great joy of the household and his own confusion.

Mrs. Grier kept the two young men busy all the day, and insisted on Hooper remaining to dinner that evening. She learned not a word which cleared the puzzle. Hooper and Karl were chiefly reminiscent in their talk. The shrewd American quickly took the cue of his friend's attitude. Neither by look nor speech did he betray the trust reposed in him. Mrs. Grier twice swung the conversation round to the occupants of the Castello Rondo. She did this neatly and without undue insistence, and just as cleverly did Hooper express his desire to meet such an exceptionally gifted girl as Maggie Hutchinson was, by all accounts.

Dear lady! She remained awake that night until assured that Karl was safe and sound in his room. She was bewildered, but far from alarmed. Yet she knelt and prayed long and earnestly for the welfare of her loved ones, husband and son, and her last conscious words, uttered with trembling lips ere she closed her tear-laden eyes, were:

"Karl, *mein liebchen*, Gott befohlen!"

Little did she dream that she owed her restful sleep to the influence which Karl exerted in her behalf, nor has she ever known the terrible strain she imposed by her well-meant efforts to pierce the mystery which surrounded him. That was mercifully kept from her. Had she ever realized that the long-drawn-out program she devised in order to distract his mind was really the quickest means to



"For Pity's Sake, Take Me Home!
Karl Is Dead"

bring him to utter destruction, she would never have forgiven herself.

Hooper was on the rack all the time. The signs which an anxious mother interpreted as lassitude and a weariness of spirit were clear evidence to him that Karl was suffering an agony of restraint.

"I was at my wits' end what to say or do," he told me subsequently. "I was afraid that Karl might crack up at any moment. Brain fever was the best thing I could hope for him, but somehow, though doctoring is a science I know less of than conchology, I felt that relief would not come in that way. Once or twice I managed to touch his hand as if by accident. He was cool and firm as a block of ice. He knew what I was up to and smiled at me in such despair! Guess I had a cold chill down my spine enough to give a rhinoceros influenza!"

"It was a heavy risk I took," went on my fellow-conspirator; "but I was sure that Karl was more taxed by his mother's close observation than by the manifold demands on his stamina entailed by other considerations. So I bluffed. Oxford was a natural goal. I suggested that he and I should visit our old varsity next day, and Mrs. Grier approved of the idea. That is how I managed to install him in our sitting-room at the hotel early the following morning. There he was at peace."

Karl showed a great desire at that time to discuss his sixth sense fully and freely with one who

might be trusted to listen without skepticism. He acquainted Hooper with many marvels which reached my ears in due course. And happily the freedom from restraint had the good effect of inducing a slight drowsiness. He would not admit it, but Hooper was convinced that he had not slept in the preceding four days at least. That afternoon he yielded sufficiently to the demands of outraged nature to sink into a heavy sleep, though we found on inquiry—not from him but from those whose well-being he was protecting at his own irreparable loss—that his control over them never slackened.

Thinking that the best thing possible had happened, Hooper calmly locked him in, and told the floor attendant to ask Grier to await his (Hooper's) return if he woke up and rang. Then, fast as a hansom could carry him, he hurried to Sandilands House, there to learn that the Hon. Nora Cazenove had driven to the Griers', with laudable intent to take Mrs. Grier and Karl to Hurlingham.

Hooper ascertained that Miss Cazenove would return home about half-past six to dress for dinner and the opera. Racing back to the hotel, Hooper found Karl still asleep. At six-thirty-five p. m. he coolly telephoned to Miss Nora, and just as coolly read her my letter of introduction over the wire.

"I guess I shook her up good and hard," he said to me, in the exchange of further confidences.

He pressed inflexibly for an immediate interview.

At all hazards now he was determined to make known to her the dangerous atmosphere in which her fiancé was existing.

"Her voice was a bit scared as she discussed things," he declared; "but after chewing on it for a minute or two she asked me to meet her at the opera at eight o'clock sharp. The woman who would chaperon her, and some other friends, would not be there until nearly nine. She would go in advance, leaving a message for her chaperon, and we could talk undisturbed. I allow I rather cottoned onto a girl who could fix things as slick as that."

Karl was seemingly sunk in the sleep of sheer weakness. Hooper counted on meeting Nora and returning to the hotel in time to arouse Karl for a late meal, and then see him safely home, or even detain him for the night after explaining matters to his father and mother. Indeed, things were going so well that he was buoyed up with a new hope. He dressed rapidly, reached Covent Garden, and saw a woman whom he took to be Nora Cazenove enter from a brougham, cross the vestibule while darting an interrogative glance at its denizens, and hasten up the stairs. He was right. An attendant took his card, the woman halted smilingly, and Hooper made himself known.

A well-bred, bright-eyed, alert young American is seldom at a discount under such conditions. The

Continued on page 12

THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN PARTY

By Clara Whitney Kaji

A VERITABLE "Happy Valley" did the Mikado's Park appear one glorious day in autumn, when at his command a brilliant company of foreign diplomats and ministers of state assembled in the enchanting environments to enjoy the hospitality of their imperial host. It was a chrysanthemum fête, and all, including the Emperor himself, had assembled to do homage to the royal flower of Japan.

Meeting in one of the beautiful rooms of the palace, the procession of dignitaries formed and took its way toward the rendezvous. A most picturesque and striking effect was produced by the gay dresses of the European women, the brilliantly uniformed attachés, the members of the different legations in their national costumes, and the ancient court dresses of the Japanese women, which transformed them from little gray moth-like creatures, into great splendid butterflies, all crimson, purple, green and gold. All this splendid display of brilliant coloring, glittering helmets and jewel-encrusted swords was headed by a venerable, stately figure in plain citizen's clothing, the Ambassador of the United States.

Under cover and shaded by curtains of royal purple bearing the Emperor's crest in gold, the chrysanthemums, Japan's pride and glory, the chosen emblem of the imperial house, bloomed in royal state. Brought to a wonderful degree of perfection, the blooms were infinite in variety and exquisite in coloring. None but the patient nature-loving Japanese gardener ever could have succeeded in attaining such perfection. Some of the stalks bore from five to eight hundred flowers each, while others were cultivated to produce one gorgeous bloom.

Each variety had a separate name indicated upon a small tablet, suggested by its appearance. Some of the names were poetical and pretty. One great scarlet-and-golden flower was called "Golden Dragon." An oval golden-yellow cluster was named "Golden Bells." A pure-white variety with wide petals was "The Moon on the Snow," while another white one of pyramid shape was "The Snow Mount." A lovely one of pink was named "Pretty Girl." One beautiful variety of buff with a sunset red lining was called "The Robe of Autumn Leaves." "Graceful Stork," "Lamp on the Snow," "Eternal Spring," "Dancing Girl," "Rampant Lion," were some of the fanciful names attached to various plants, all suggestive of the beauty of the flowers.

A poem hung to one of the stems which the guests were eager to read. It was written in a childish hand and roughly translated read:

When I visited this garden
Not a cloud was in the sky,
Not a breath of wind on earth.
The charming flowers were dressed as gaily
As the lovely ladies who came to view them,
Both showing forth the skill of the gardener
And the wisdom of their Creator.

Slowly the brilliant procession passed on through the chrysanthemum pavilions, until they joined a company of Japanese of rank who were await-

ing the approach of the diplomats under some trees near the bend of a wide avenue, where genial greetings and introductions of dignitaries took place and much stately courtesy was interchanged.

Of the meetings with the men who since distinguished themselves in the war with Russia, none is more pleasant to recall than the Marquis Oyama, who has been Marshal of the Japanese armies in Manchuria. A tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, with frank almost boyish face and an infectious laugh, he had no suggestion of the grim warrior, the terror of the Russians. When a friendly viscount presented the General to me, there seemed a certain incongruity between the portly figure with the broad breast covered with decorations and orders and the peculiar light and waltzing step with which he advanced. He proved a pleasing personality, however, and a delightful half-hour was spent in his company. He could not speak English, but was fluent in the use of French, and quick at catching one's meaning when attempts at Japanese were made by the halting foreign tongue.

Our pleasant converse was brought to a halt by a call to proceed to an open space a short distance away, to greet the Emperor and Empress, who were on their way. The diplomats arranged themselves on one side of the graveled path, with attachés and invited guests on the other. Our group came first, as our minister was doyen of the diplomatic corps and was given precedence everywhere. The others, French, German, Italian, Austrian, Russian and Chinese, all in brilliant uniforms, stood in their order down the line.

The imperial procession approached, headed by the Emperor in the uniform of Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Japan. He was taller and much better-looking than his pictures would cause one to believe. He appeared to be about five feet ten in height, of rather a stout build, with a light-



olive complexion, rather heavy features, a quick eye and a mild benevolent expression on his face as he cordially shook the hands of the diplomats and their ladies, bowing gracefully as he was made to understand their polite speeches through an interpreter. He wore a mustache and goatee which gave a length to a face already long—not handsome, but a face full of dignity and character when at rest. When he held out his hand to a German Countess, she bent in a swift curtsy over it on one knee to the ground. Those nearest the Mikado caught a surprised, half-amused expression on his face as if he thought: "Well, this is a new kind of obeisance!"

It was interesting to learn from one of the Japanese men that the Emperor objects to extremes of fashion of any kind, and when wide sleeves puffed at the shoulders were in fashion some years ago he objected to the Empress wearing them on her foreign dresses, and so, like a dutiful wife, she appeared with moderate-sized sleeves when everyone else wore the immense balloon-sleeves of the period.

The Empress followed, dressed in Japanese court robes of beautiful brocade. The outer robe was of a lovely deep blue, upon which were many rich and beautiful designs in gold tracery. Her under-robe just showing at the neck and bosom was snowy white, while her kilted skirt, visible where the rich outer robe swept back, was a rich crimson. She wore shoes, and carried a French parasol the deep fringe of which hung down so as almost to conceal her face. She was dainty, but small—not larger than a child of ten in America—and had a pleasant oval face, with the high aristocratic features and full under lip, so much admired in Japan. She was powdered profusely, and wore her hair flattened out on a halo-like frame all round her head, with a well-oiled tress hanging nearly to the hem of her robe at the back. The maids of honor who followed her were all in brilliant court dress of brocade in purple, scarlet, green and blue.

The procession headed by their majesties then reformed and followed the royal host to a pavilion, where a fine collation was spread, of which we partook in the royal presence. The Emperor and Empress on their elevated seats sipped lemonade and in silence observed their strange guests, but ate nothing themselves. They were doubtless shocked to see the European women waited upon by princes, counts, lords, admirals and other dignitaries, ordering them to bring them this or that dainty or to remove their plates, and eating—yes actually eating in company! The younger Japanese men vied with the others in polite attentions, and must have presented a strange sight to the older generation who had been accustomed to see the women wait upon the men.

The imperial party soon afterward left the pavilion, the guests all standing with bowed heads as they retired, and then followed leisurely to their various conveyances at the gates and were soon out of the charming palace grounds into the prosaic streets of Tokio, hieing homeward with pleasant recollections of an Emperor's hospitality.

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"MY YEAR OF FREEDOM"

Written on the anniversary of her release from English prisons, also appears in next Sunday's Magazine Section

SHREDS AND PATCHES

By Nixon Waterman

Unless you thirst, what bliss for you can sparkle from the spring?
Unless you hunger, can the feast a perfect pleasure bring?
Unless you grow weary, what to you are beds of down?
Unless your heart shall bear a cross, why seek you for a crown?
Unless you've sometime been "dead broke," 'tis useless, quite, to try
To tell you what a lot of joy a dollar bill will buy.

INGRATITUDE

His cup—unless he's a saintly man—
Of wrath must be brimming full
When the kindly vegetarian
Is chased by an angry bull.

A HAIRLESS GENIUS

Were the managers who seek
Something novel and unique
In the way of entertainment up to snuff,
They'd find some piano-smasher
Bald as a potato-masher,
Which would be a nude departure, sure enough.

HIGH CARD

In life's great game of "strictly biz"—
As fierce as cinch or keno—
Our "Oil King" Rockefeller is,
No doubt, big keroseno.

THE WOMAN'S PART

The world's a stage and life a play—
Few find a real bonanza;
And he who weds and has to pay
For gowns his wife buys day by day,
Ah! he is willing, quite, to say
She's an extravaganza.

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 10

spice of the unusual procedure, flavored by a certain curiosity, led Nora to receive him graciously, if with a not unnatural shyness arising from the innuendos of my letter and Hooper's own persistence in seeking the rencounter.

He lost no time in tackling the subject for which she had accorded the rendezvous. Once they were seated in the box, Hooper plunged into a clear, decisive, and to any ears save those of a woman in love, convincing history of Karl's sixth sense and its latest astounding developments. Though she protested vehemently, and threatened (though probably not in earnest in this) to leave the theater, Hooper spared her no shred of the evidence which proved that Karl was killing himself on her account.

Never did a nice young man carry out a harder self-imposed ordeal with a nice young woman than Hooper that evening in his impassioned plea to Nora Cazenove for his friend's life.

"I never let up on her an instant," he said in his own picturesque way. "We had a heart-to-heart talk. The storming of San Juan Hill was child's play to the way in which I hurled my battalions of fact against her intrenchments of romance. When I pictured Karl's impending collapse, the inconsolable despair of his parents, her own unending self-reproach, and even the broken-hearted sorrow of her successful rival, I got her to the point of yielding. I pitied her for her suffering, but I promised her the reward of the consciousness of having

acted nobly. She and Karl and Maggie were the victims of circumstances. They could no more help what had happened than moths driven out to sea by a summer hurricane. One of them must let go for the good of all. If she renounced Karl voluntarily, there was a chance, and perhaps only a remote chance, that a tragedy might be averted. I could not guarantee that. But it was the one way out, in your judgment and mine; while her marriage with Karl was simply not to be thought of, because he would be dead within a week."

He kept until the last the fact that Karl was even then lying in the hotel, weary almost unto dissolution, utterly spent by the struggle which he had waged in her behalf. It seemed to him that the intensity of his convictions had borne down the barriers Karl himself had erected in Nora's heart and brain. She was on the point of yielding. The words trembled on her lips which would set Karl free; but the dénouement came in a fashion which neither expected.

Hitherto she had been greatly distressed; yet the exigencies of time and place restrained her protests to the spoken word, the flashing eye, the tremulous lip. Suddenly she rose to her feet and staggered back into the dark interior of the box. Had not Hooper caught her in his arms she would have fallen.

"Oh, take me home, take me home!" she wailed. "For pity's sake, do not leave me! Karl is dead!"

To be concluded next Sunday

THE EARTH'S DAUGHTER

Continued from page 4

moon's volcanoes. Here too were the lunar rills, great cracks six to eight feet in breadth, a mile in length and of such great depth that they are popularly regarded as bottomless.

The suggestion has been made that the mass of the moon, when torn away from the earth, left the great scar now filled by the Pacific Ocean, and the shape of that ocean, supplemented by the peculiarities of the Hawaiian volcanoes, certainly goes far to support that view.

The coast-line of the Pacific is nearly that of a great circle whose center lies on the Tropic of Capricorn, in longitude one hundred and seventy west, about five hundred miles south of Samoa. It is bounded everywhere, from Cape Horn to the East Indies, by a continuous row of active or extinct volcanoes. Toward the center of this circle the volcanic peaks of Hawaii, Samoa and New-Zealand are situated with reference to the circumference much as the central peaks of a lunar volcano are situated with reference to the rim. In other words, the general shape of the bed of the Pacific Ocean is that of the crater of a great volcano, much like Kilauea, much like the great craters of the moon.

Now, the bed of the Atlantic Ocean has an entirely different shape, and this

difference has never been explained. Generally speaking, its eastern coast-line and its western coast-line fit into each other so naturally and so symmetrically that they seem to be parts of a torn fabric. This is so greatly true that it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were torn apart; that when some great cataclysm occurred where the bed of the Pacific now is the newly formed crust of the earth was so torn apart and shifted that the rent formed the bed of the Atlantic as the departing mass formed the circular bed of the Pacific. When the earth had sufficiently cooled for water to condense these two depressions appear to have filled and to have thus formed our two great oceans. If the reader will take an ordinary terrestrial globe and draw a line from the southern point of Nova Scotia to the coast of Dutch Guiana, and then suppose all the region west of this line to be land, as appears to have once been the case, the way in which the two sides of the Atlantic fit together will strikingly appear.

In further support of the theory is the strong probability that the earth's surface was solid when the moon was created, and the certainty, this being so, that the catastrophe would have left a permanent scar. Geologists are not unanimous regarding these questions, but the majority

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KARL GRIER

THE STRANGE STORY OF A
MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

XXIII. "A Struggle 'Twixt Love and Death"

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of
the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

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AND now you shall hie with me to Italy. The slow Italian train deposited me at Como at fourteen-eleven o'clock, which was slightly in advance of the hour Frank Hooper called at Sandilands House. There I ascertained that the woman and mansion I was in search of were in the neighborhood of Bellaggio. I took a steamer for a two hours' journey on the lake. When I saw the superb panorama opening up in front, when the Villa d'Este spread its wondrous array of terraces, temples, waterfalls, gardens and fountains before my astonished eyes, I was paid for the long delays I had experienced.

The lake is shaped somewhat on the lines of the Three Legs of the Isle of Man, with Bellaggio perched on a dividing promontory. I reached the landing-stage at exactly six-forty-five P. M., Greenwich time. At no great distance I noticed the round towers of a castellated building nestling among the trees of a rock-guarded point.

An intelligent-looking veturino seized me, but ere I yielded I pointed to the building which caught my eye. "Castello Rondo?" I cried.

"Sì, signor." He smiled.

"Signora Hutchinson?"

"Per certo, signor." He grinned all over his face.

Anyhow, the words had a reassuring sound. I gave him the name of the hotel, and he appeared to regard my advent as a license to kill all who dared to cross his path. The coachman swore at his horse, at pedestrians, chickens, dogs and other charioteers, and interlarded his scurrility with appeals to the saints.

A tub and a change of raiment removed the dust of empires. Now that I was actually in the same locality as Maggie Hutchinson, the means whereby I was to achieve my object were not so clear as the object itself. By hook or by crook I hoped to bring Miss Margaret and her mother back with me to London. The first train in reason left Como the following afternoon, and was timed to reach Victoria twenty-nine hours later.

So, two whole days must pass before Hooper, to whom I had telegraphed my arrival, could expect relief. Would it be too late? And in any event would the women consent to accompany me? I was consumed with impatience, so perplexed and worried that I despatched a second telegram to Hooper, asking him to wire me news of some sort. I strove to eat, but was too eager for action to sit through a dinner of many courses.

Ultimately I resolved to visit the Castello Rondo much earlier than politeness permitted, on the supposition that its occupants dined at the usual hour.

My heart sank in my boots when I raised a ponderous knocker, a wrought-iron ring in the mouth of a beautifully modeled lion's head, and delivered the first note of my mandate to Karl's lady-love.

I was admitted into a medieval courtyard—ancient in architectural design, that is, because the building was not old. Troubled though I was, a glance showed that the mansion was modern enough in its luxuries and equipment. Beyond a Grecian colonnade lay a smooth carpet of grass. Behind it a series of terraces stretched down to the lake. Although the water was crimson with the glory of the setting sun, although clipped shrubs and ornamental flower-beds were still glorious in the light of day, I was positively startled to see that the nearest lawn was the identical spot I had visited during the momentary spell Karl had cast upon me when we dined together the night of my return from Heidelberg.

I had scarce noted the landscape of my waking



I Cried in a Frenzy for Help

dream when a tall elegant-looking young man came to me. I recognized him at once. He was the third figure of that uncanny moonlit scene—the "Italian, of good birth, madly in love with Maggie."

"I regret to say that Miss Hutchinson is indisposed," he said in excellent English.

I have encountered several well-born Italians who are warranted to get up a frantic passion in five minutes for any nice young woman dowered with great wealth. I am glad to say I took this cavalier's measure in a glance. I was sure he had snatched my card from the stupid domestic who came with him to the courtyard, and was interposing a barrier between Maggie and me.

"Did Miss Hutchinson send that message to me?" I asked.

"No, not exactly. She does not receive at this hour."

"You have mistaken an urgent matter for a mere social call," I answered. "I have come straight to this house from London. I must see Miss Hutchinson immediately. Kindly send my card to her. She knows my name."

To avoid a scene, I let him down lightly. But when one man wishes to tell another that he is a cur, there are many varieties of speech. He flushed darkly, yet he had the wit to take the *via media* I offered.

"I am sorry," he said, with a bow of excessive courtesy. "The servant did not explain matters." He gabbled some instructions in Italian, handed over my pasteboard, and proceeded to question me politely about my business.

The waiting was ended by the appearance of Maggie herself. In the rich half-light of that even-

ing in wonderland, I thought I had never seen a woman so ethereally beautiful. The plump school-girl contour had given place to a delightfully piquant femininity. Surprise, pleasure, a vague feeling of alarm, enlivened her mobile face and incarnadined her pale cheeks with a delicious rose-tint.

I was quick to note too that she glanced at the Italian with some astonishment, even as she flitted toward me with outstretched hands, nor did she pay heed to the explanatory lie he murmured rapidly in his own language. I learned afterward that it was his presence for which she was "indisposed." But let him pass. I set eyes on him only once again—at the railway station.

"I am delighted to see you!" she cried. "Remember you? Of course I do! But is it true what Baptisto said—that you have traveled from London on some errand of importance to me?"

"It is quite true," I said.

"Oh, come this way. It is nothing serious, I hope? Is—is Mrs. Grier ill?"

"No. It is on Karl's behalf I am here."

"Karl? Why Karl? I have not—met him in many years."

The slight pause, with its distinctive choice of a word, did not escape me. She was leading me through the house, a treasury of art in canvas and stone, and she had now ushered me into a room which, as I fully anticipated, was the boudoir-studio in which I had already seen her.

We were alone. I last beheld her on her knees in that identical apartment, and the memory of her tear-stained face surged in on me. It was no time to pick and choose expressions. The stereotyped language which I had framed to convey my thoughts was wholly inadequate

to the demands of an interview fraught with such a momentous result.

I placed a hand on her shoulder and I fear there was somewhat of a break in my voice as I said: "I know much about you two. I cannot hold back my message. Karl at this instant is engaged in a desperate struggle between love and death. I come to you for him, if not from him. I want you to return with me to England and save him."

"Save him?" she repeated, her large brown eyes dilating with a terror the true cause of which I did not divine instantly.

"Yes. I am speaking from my heart. Karl is at death's door. I and another acquainted with all the circumstances believe that you can bring him back to life. But you must come quickly. Even now you may be too late."

She faced me with a vehemence that was altogether unexpected. "What do you mean?" she cried. "You speak in riddles. What is Karl to me? I have driven him out of my heart, crushed his very image in my brain! He is nothing to me."

Her excited protest aroused my resentment. "You too are using words which are meaningless if judged only by the common laws of entity. Yet it is not a week since you knelt here, in a passion of tears, and wrapped Karl in your innermost soul. Do not deceive yourself any longer. He is your preordained mate, and he is pining for you. Yet he is giving his life to rescue you from emotions which cause you poignant suffering. Go to him! You cannot, you must not, continue to resist him!"

Poor girl! She looked wildly into my eyes and then shrank away from me with a heartbreaking sob. She could not choose but believe me. In some respects, I was as thoroughly unstrung as she. I did not stop to consider whether or not I had taken the best way to win her to my point of view. Yet I endeavored most desperately—and it is somewhat to my credit, I fancy—to rescue the situation from the tornado into which it was plunged so suddenly.

"Try and listen to me calmly," I said, for Maggie

THE master story by the master story-teller of the world, "Sir Nigel: A Companion to The White Company," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, starts as a serial in this Sunday Magazine section December 3. You can read it nowhere else.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Fall of the Curtain

was crumpled up in a low chair, and gasping, without tears, in that agonizing manner of women when misery vanquishes them. "Karl loves you, and you love him. The sovereign passion has made a battle-ground of your hearts. You are at once happy and miserable, conscious of a superhuman ecstasy, yet self-condemned to separation from the one being who is all in all to you. The tension cannot endure. For five years the voluntary screen erected by you placed him and you in a spiritual trance. It has fallen now, and forever, yielding to the rude assault of those who would dare to sever the bond which unites you until death. Is it not time you flew to your lover's side? Do you hold your scruples dearer than his life?"

"No, no, not that!" she whispered. "None can be to Karl what I have been. But I am fearful of myself, fearful that I may destroy what I cannot create. Oh, what shall I say to make you understand that I have withheld myself from him not for my own sake but for his?"

"Let me reassure you there. Though Karl has never spoken to me of his love for you, I am sure he appreciates your self-sacrifice to the uttermost degree. And I too, vaguely yet sincerely as I conceive a life beyond the grave, have formed some idea of the burden you have borne. You are an inseparable element of Karl's existence. Owing to you, and through you, he developed faculties whose potency now threatens to overwhelm him. You are part of his very being, the spontaneous Eve of his earthly Paradise. Joined with you, he rises beyond the clouds of our present knowledge. Bereft of you, he sinks back to the level of every-day humanity. Do not force me to say harsh things of an obstinacy which keeps you apart."

"Come now, Miss Hutchinson, I have said sufficient to prove to you that one other in the world, besides you and Karl, has probed the depths of the enigma which has terrified you for years. You are a woman to-day, not the timid girl who first saw visions on board the Merlin, and you have all a woman's capacity for boundless love. The fight and the dread are ended. You must come with me to Karl, and all will be well."

The need of further speech had gone. Maggie, clasping her hands on her knees, was gazing at me with eyes which saw not, and I was waiting as though for some dread sentence which should snap invisible chains of wondrous strength. Then suddenly a great and astonishing change came over her face.

From abounding melancholy her aspect altered to that of transfixed horror. She sprang from the chair in which she was sitting, and caught my arm with the tenacious strength of partial dementia.

"It is too late!" she muttered in a terrible voice. "Steindal has murdered Karl! And I too have helped to kill him! Oh, may Heaven forgive me!"

She herself sank as one dead. I held her while I cried in a frenzy for help. The wonder is that I did not collapse by her side.

I SUPPOSE there are some supercilious mortals who will cavil at what they may be pleased to term the sensationalism of those doings in the London opera-house and the Italian villa. There will surely be others ready to scoff at the fine rage into which Hooper and I worked ourselves in order to arrange the somewhat involved love affairs of a friend. Well, I can only reply that Karl did not die—in fact, if they turn back to the opening lines of this history, they will find his future career, a peaceful life blessed by an enchanted matrimony, set forth in the clearest words at my command.

However, I wish to explain why it came about that Nora Cazenove and Maggie Hutchinson actually knew that Karl was suddenly stricken out of consciousness, a state which, to their overlaid souls, was equivalent to his death.

Karl, locked in the suite of rooms at the Pall Mall Hotel, awoke from his restful sleep about eight o'clock. He was surprised to see by the shadows and the appearance of the streets that the hour was really as late as a glance at a clock revealed to his incredulous eyes. He wondered why and where Hooper had gone. Thinking that his friend, having evidently dressed for dinner, was dining alone rather than disturb him, he rang for the valet, and then came the explanation of the locked door. He yielded to a quick anger and ordered the attendant to open the outer door immediately. Of course he was obeyed. Then he went down-stairs and entered the restaurant.

"Ask the chef to prepare a *poulette en casserole*," he said to Jules the head waiter.

*

Left to himself, Karl's thoughts began to wander. He asked himself how Hooper and I were speeding on our missions, because by this time he knew what friends were doing. It is no matter for surprise that he followed me rather than the American in his musings. He was aware of that which I only suspected—that Maggie had shut him out from the sanctity of her presence until her edict was burned up in the electric ardor of the new conditions set in motion by Karl's proposed marriage to Nora and the mere suggestion of her own union to the Italian.

Then he looked at his watch, Constantine's gift, and, after noting the hour, eight-forty p. m., he idly read the inscription inside the gold cover. By a queer trick of memory, his mind went back to the starlit sky and the black waters of the Bay of Bengal. He heard again the splash of the oars, saw the Armenian clinging to the buoy and plunging frantically, and renewed his childish awe at the long rows of shining lights in the ship's hull and the way in which her huge, dark bulk towered above the tiny boat when the sailors pulled alongside. Then the black mass seemed to topple over on him, there was a blaze of vivid light, and Karl lost consciousness.

What had happened was this. Steindal, vengeful as an infuriated ape, entered the restaurant just as Karl opened his watch. His dark eyes contracted and darted a lambent glare at the stalwart figure

seated, as it transpired, at the very table where the dramatic agent had indulged in his antics a few nights earlier. He snatched a full bottle of champagne from the ice-pail in which it rested beside a neighboring table and dealt Karl a murderous blow with it on the back of the head.

Maggie, who actually saw and heard what took place, gave a far clearer account of it than the horrified witnesses in the restaurant. "With an activity I would not have credited in a man of his corpulence, and which he certainly did not exhibit in his normal life, Steindal, after he struck Karl, turned and ran out of the room, upsetting two tables and some chairs, and disappeared through a narrow doorway. Some gentlemen rushed after him, and others helped to raise Karl, who had fallen as one dead, headlong on the table."

Nora Cazenove knew nothing of this. She was only acutely aware of the snapping of the invisible link which held her fast. Hence, it is easy enough to understand the different cries of horror and bewilderment with which each girl announced her dread discovery.

A policeman, strolling past the Pall Mall exit from the hotel through which Steindal gained the street, supplied a succinct narrative of subsequent events so far as the would-be murderer was concerned. At the curb was standing an empty hansom, the driver of which was fastening the nose-bag on its accustomed hook beneath the "dicky." Steindal sprang into the vehicle, leaned over the splash-board, seized the reins and shook the horse into a fast gallop.

The animal, a Londoner by adoption, was accustomed to this frenzied leap into activity when a whistling fare was to be secured from a rival. Being a careless beast, it kept on the right-hand side of the road, which in England is the wrong side, and after a brief career in comparative safety, met a heavy bus coming round the corner from Waterloo Place.

Steindal, yelling hysterically in Spanish (he went back to his Mexican mother's tongue, you see, when the lightning struck him) urged the horse to charge the oncoming Colossus. But the horse knew better than that, and swerved into the open space in front of the Duke of York's column. The unoccupied square was traversed at full speed. Ere the steed, far wiser than the man, could check its wild progress, it was flying down the long flight of steps into St. James's Park.

The horse, thoroughly frightened now, lost its coolness when the level ground was reached once more. It dashed on blindly, caught the vehicle against a tree, and the policemen and the wayfarers who then came on the scene extricated the insensible traveler from the ruins of the cab. He had been badly injured by the plunging hoofs, and fully six months elapsed before he was restored to health and Paris. In that time a great many things had happened. Steindal thenceforth passed out of Karl's life. No action was taken against him for the attempted murder. The mad act was attributed to sudden mania, but he was warned that he must avoid England in future, if he would not undergo the punishment of the law.

Hooper was first to restore order out of chaos. The

Continued on page 18

A COCKATOO AT THE 'PHONE

By Ruth Everett

THE well-known animal trainer Frank C. Bostock not long ago owned two birds, a cockatoo and a macaw, which struck up a wonderful affection for each other. That the love took a deeper hold on the cockatoo, which was a female, circumstances afterward seemed to prove.

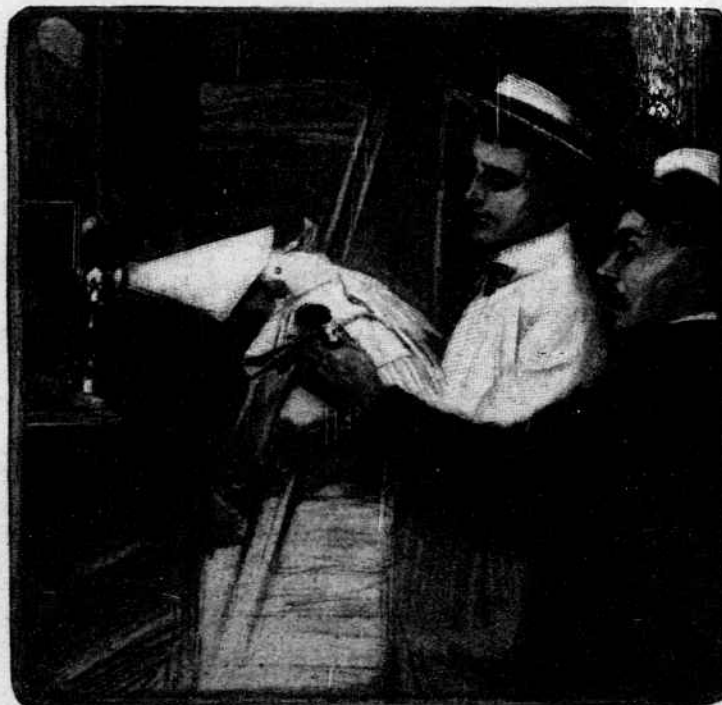
The lovers had perches close together. The macaw was an incessant talker, and the cockatoo an equally good listener; hence there were no family jars. The macaw found his delight in preening his gaudy plumage before his affectionate companion, and in telling her that he was "It" when it came to the macaw family; all of which the gentle cockatoo seemed to believe and delight in; for she was clearly enamoured of the gaudy "wesket" of her associate.

But the exigencies of business separated the lovesick pair, the macaw being sent to Detroit, while the cockatoo remained in Cleveland.

The faithful female lost her appetite, the daintiest titbits she had ever known failing to tempt her. She literally, to all appearances, was dying slowly of a broken heart.

One day Mr. Bostock had the cockatoo in his arms, in his office, when the long-distance telephone bell rang, and he soon was talking with his representative in Detroit.

It so happened that the macaw was in the



office at Detroit, and mingled with the words that came over the line, and high above them, was its discordant clatter. The cockatoo fluttered her wings, struggled in the arms of her owner, and looked everywhere for her lost lover. There could be no mistake: she had heard and recognized the voice of her dear one.

But to put their suspicions to the proof, a paper cone top was fastened over the mouthpiece at each end of the telephone; and then the birds were brought up to them to talk to each other.

Such another chattering and conference as was held then it is safe to say never passed between feathered lovers before nor since. The delight of the cockatoo was well worth seeing. What the gaudy, feathered lover may have said to his faithful mistress only could be guessed at; but it no doubt set everything straight, for the cockatoo consented to eat her breakfast that morning, and took up the burdens of her life cheerfully after that.

Whenever she seemed downhearted, they would bring her up to the telephone and let her talk for awhile with the macaw; which seemed to make her contented; and at last she forgot her old love and took up with a new one.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES OUTDONE

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

THINK of all the famous authors of our day and call to mind their greatest and best work, and then say which of them is best qualified to put forth a volume that will endure as long as English literature is extant. You will concede, no doubt, that no such work has been put forth yet in this twentieth century. You will also concede, doubtless, that among the three or four authors likely to write such a book is the distinguished creator of "Sherlock Holmes." But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's literary fame rests upon "The White Company," rather than upon "Sherlock Holmes"—all the critics say that—and the former story is scarcely less popular to-day than the latter. Another "White Company" might be easily your guess.

And another "White Company" tale it is to be. The hero of "The White Company" came upon the scene of action in his forty-sixth year, and so conducted himself in peace and war that he was the most revered and happiest man in all England. Sir Nigel Loring, he was called. But of his youth and early manhood no man to this day knoweth—no man save one, Sir A. Conan Doyle.

In his latest and greatest story Sir Arthur takes up Nigel Loring at the age of twenty-two, just as he is setting forth in life to mend with his sword the fallen fortunes of his noble house and family. "Sir Nigel: A Companion to The White Company," is therefore the appropriate title for the new story. Sir Arthur himself claims it for his "Masterpiece," and the few critics and editors who have been favored with early readings of it say that it is unquestionably the greatest historical romance ever written—as much greater than "The White Company" as Doyle himself is greater than he was at the outset of his literary career.

"Sir Nigel" will start as a serial in this Sunday Magazine Section on December 3, and as it is as long a story as "The White Company" it will run throughout the December, January and February issues. Nowhere else can it be procured in book or other form. The exclusive American serial rights were secured at the largest price ever paid in America for any story, and for a sum far in excess of the record price heretofore. It was the biggest and choicest plum in the literary orchard—the biggest grown in the literary world in many years—and prize plums from this orchard are dearer far to-day than ever before, as every magazine publisher will concede.

The first instalment of "Sir Nigel" is a lengthy one; but it is brimming full of action and interest—such thrilling interest, in fact, that no one who reads it can lay it down without blessing himself that the entire volume and a tireless clock are not before him. It is a story of which it can be said, more truthfully perhaps than of any other, that it should be read in instalments, for every chapter is a superb and wondrous word-picture to be admired by itself. Like a long gallery of masterpieces in the painter's art, "Sir Nigel" presents a too-imposing array of scene and action for the mind to comprehend and appreciate all of it in one view. And another remarkable thing about it is that many of the chapters will almost insist upon being read aloud in the family circle or in the class-room.

"Sir Nigel" will be handsomely illustrated by J. C. Coll—no, you never may have heard of Mr. Coll, but you will.

THE EDITOR.

KARL GRIER

Continued from page 10

manner in which he rushed Nora Cazenove out of the box and into her own brougham astonished the opera-goers and made the "front of the house" gasp.

Did he take her to Sandilands House? If ever you meet him, ask him, and you will hear an expressive Americanism.

Somewhat unjustly, he rated Nora all the way from Covent Garden to the hotel. His indignation was pardonable. Karl was his friend, and Nora he had met for the first time half an hour earlier. If Karl was really dead, Hooper held that Nora's unreasonable passion was the chief cause of his death. Perchance, the masterful spirit he showed during that turbulent drive went a long way toward taming the impulsive nature of a lovable and beautiful woman, for, queer whirligig of a world that it is, Nora is now Mrs. Hooper, and a dear friend indeed of Maggie's.

Well, the anguish of that night in

Como has long passed away, so I will not attempt to harrow your feelings by describing the heart-broken grief of Maggie, the scarcely less frenzied anxiety of her mother, the turmoil and worry and wild guessing at eventualities which racked us during three weary hours. When Steindal vanished from the restaurant, so did Maggie's perceptiveness fade away. She strove with a fierce longing to follow the little cortège which carried Karl up-stairs. It was useless. The veil had fallen. She moved and spoke with the hopeless air of a woman beaten to her knees. I think she was overborne by the experiences of that trying period. Had Karl died, I am sure she would not have survived him long.

I quitted the Castle at ten o'clock. Some English-speaking servant told the vetturino to drive slowly. Yet an hour later I needed his daring, because a lame horse brought me back all too slowly to



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Karl lives. Doctors predict recovery.

By some miracle it reached me that night. Be sure I pounded hard on the lion's-head knocker of the Castello Rondo to convey the glad news.

Other messages to hand in the morning rescued our journey to London from the misery which must have attended it otherwise. The Italian count saw us off from Como. I did not grudge him that happiness. It was his parting glimpse of his divinity—and her fortune.

Slow as the mail train seemed to us in its scurry through Italy, Switzerland and France, we passed many a weary hour in England before Karl recovered his five senses, to say nothing of the sixth. During four days he lay prone at the gate of death, his breathing slow, labored and stertorous, the pupils of his eyes dilated unequally.

But splendid surgery saved him. The injury was so serious that a prompt operation, carried out before his parents were even aware of his condition, alone pulled him back from the void.

Steindal's blow, delivered on the side rather than on the back of the head, caused a depressed fracture of the skull, a tiny bit of bone being driven into the temporosphenoidal lobe. The resultant concussion, too, passed rapidly into a compression of the brain arising from effusion of blood. It was the breaking of the bottle which delivered Karl from instant death. Had such a heavy implement retained its solidity, the shock must necessarily have been fatal.

The expert surgeon who carried out the requisite trephining gave me these details after one of his visits. Karl was yet unconscious, and this was the fourth morning after the attack.

Maggie, frail ghost, waylaid us in the corridor. "Doctor," she whispered, "may I see him?"

Medical men are *telegnomists* in their way. He had noticed her the previous day, soon after our arrival, in fact, and his professional eye was attracted by her ethereal beauty. "Yes," he said. "That will do no harm. But you must promise to keep quiet."

"I promise," she answered.

He led her to the room where Karl lay, tended by hospital nurses. None hindered, so I went with them. Maggie was braver than I thought. She moved noiselessly to the head of the bed and stooped over the recumbent form. Karl was restless, almost fretful. The light was dim, yet I distinctly caught the unspoken question on Maggie's lips as she turned and looked at the surgeon. He nodded.

She bent and kissed Karl lightly on the forehead, where the bandages left a little space. Then she murmured, never so tenderly: "Karl, *mera piyará*, I am here!"

What Heaven-sent inspiration moved that "maiden with the meek brown eyes" to utter those Persian words of endearment? Many a year had passed since Karl and she spoke Hindustani to each other. She had almost forgotten the language, yet the first gush of impulse renewed the fount, and here was she calling him her sweetheart as she was wont to do in the lisping childhood of far-away Darjiling.

The doctor told me that it was coincidence—blessed explanation!—that consciousness frequently returned on the fourth day in such cases; but however it may be, Karl looked up at Maggie in the most natural way and said rationally:

"I thought you would come, dear. Don't leave me again."

Were I writing a mere novel I would, of course, dwell on the joys of convalescence—describe in touching phrase the quiet content of those two turtle-doves, when one might sit and read to the other bits of news of the outer world, pausing ever and anon to ask, with the love-light in her glance, if he was sure she was not tiring him. What between Mrs. Grier and Maggie and two of those human angels who wore the uniform of

some great hospital, never was man so waited on.

Yet, seeing that I embarked on a semi-scientific voyage with the pen, so must I end my quest in similar strain. The surgeon who described Karl's injuries so lucidly became curious as to the meaning of certain hints dropped by Hooper and myself, more especially when he chanced to hear the elder Grier denouncing *telegnomy* and all its arts.

Gradually, feeling my way with the wariness of a mole, I led him along the underground paths of the sixth sense, as far as I could track them. He listened with increased interest. Ultimately he asked me to introduce him to Sir William Macpherson. They discussed learnedly for a long time, and they agreed at last in a mild definition:

"The upper temporosphenoidal lobe contains the cortical auditory center," they said. "The functions of the middle and lower lobes are not definitely ascertained. Karl Grier is stated to have exhibited abnormal manifestations of unrecognized cerebral activities, and as these seem to have ceased since he received a blow, it is advisable to point out that the resultant fracture of the skull caused a lesion of the two lobes in question."

They would go no further than that in writing; but they went a long way further in speech, and if any encouragement on the part of those eminent specialists could have induced Karl to recover his lost faculties, that encouragement was certainly forthcoming.

He has unhesitatingly declined to attempt any such thing. He is happy in his wife, his children and his surroundings, and he is not willing to tempt the fates again. He has admitted to me that he is still aware of tidal influence (which, be it remembered, affects the solid earth as well as the unstable water), and he believes he has the power, if he chose to exert it, of seeing and hearing far more of other people's business than he desires to know.

But he refuses to face the unknown again. He carried the experiment far beyond the bounds of present scientific investigation. I have described some part of the inquiry and its outcome. Both of us are content to allow others to take up the threads of knowledge where they have fallen from our hands.

THE END

At Right Angles With Cupid

Continued from page 6

by the hand and gazing on them as if the cover was about to be screwed down for the last time; while Miss Berdina Springer, in her quavering soprano, began singing "Beulah Land." This last was entirely too much for the two mothers, who embraced and mingled tears, just as if they had lost a child instead of gained one.

"Danged gloomy! eh, teacher?" whispered Denial.

As I walked home I thought much of the anonymous gift and found it a pleasant little mystery to grapple with. I canvassed the neighbors carefully, but could think of no one likely to make such an elaborate present. My reverie was disturbed as I entered the Currier yard by a low call from the wood-shed. It was Si, and he motioned for me to approach.

"Could ye lend me twenty dollars till I git my pay from Methuel next month, school-teacher?" he asked gravely. "I had ter make out quite a lot of money this month, an' find I'm short."

The mystery of the haircloth furniture was solved in an instant. "Took nearly a hundred, Si?" I prodded, as I met his request.

"Well, I don't care fer that. I knew she—" Then he broke off in confusion.

"Ah, Si," I admonished; "try and forget."

"I can't, teacher. Don't tell nothin' ter nobody."



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